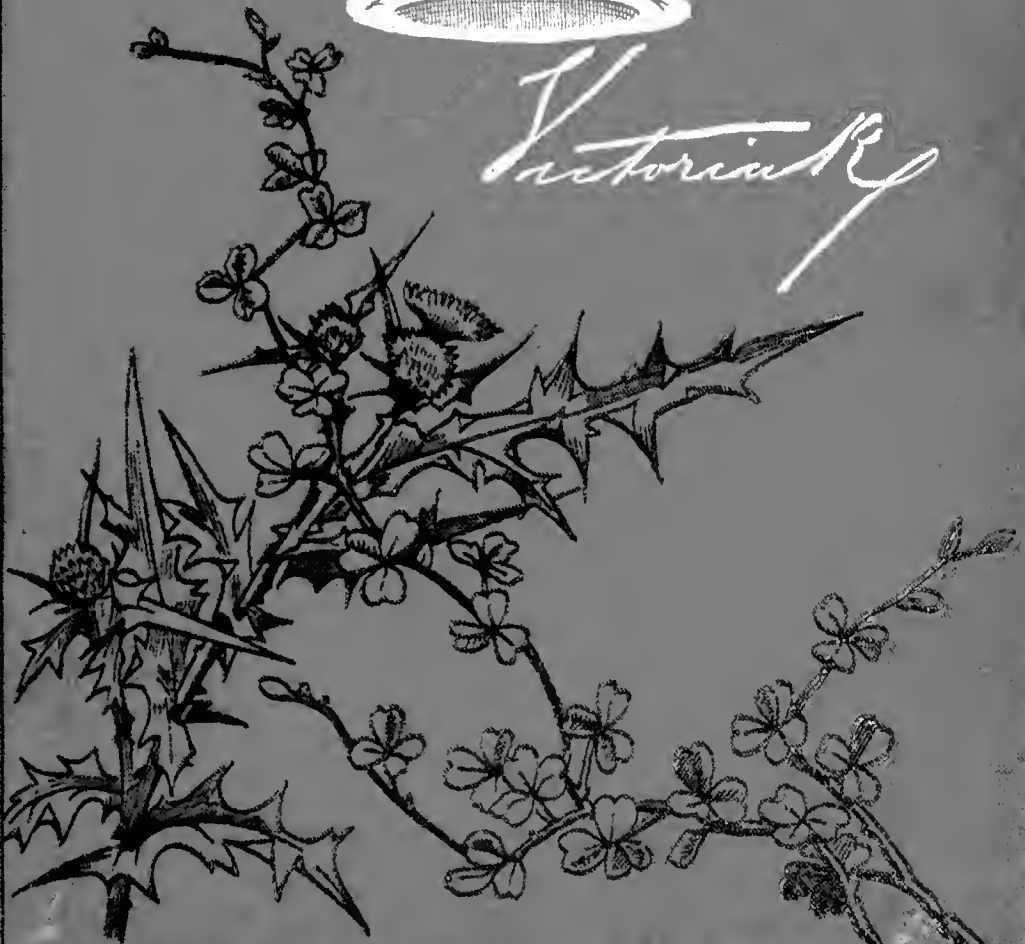


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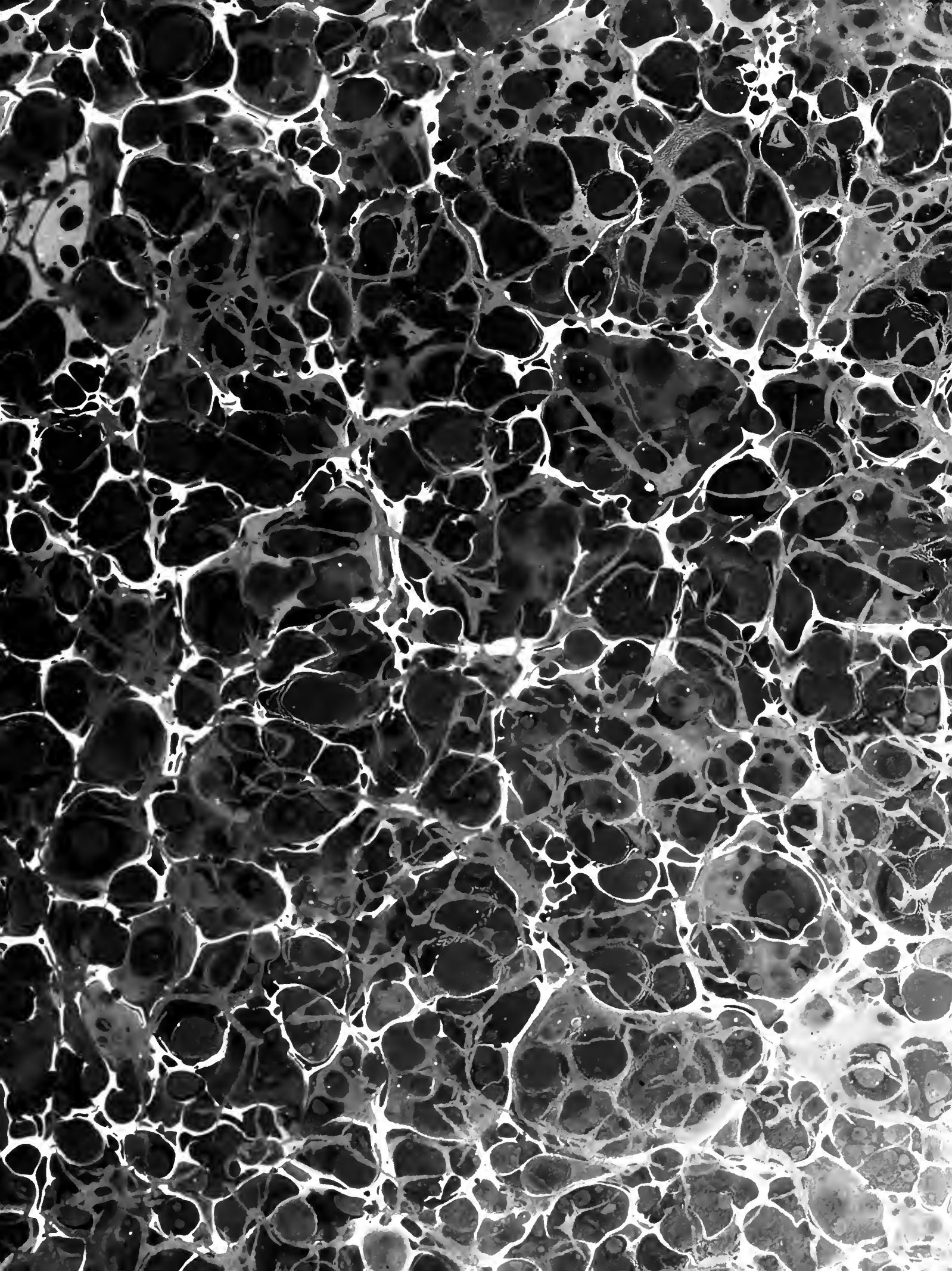




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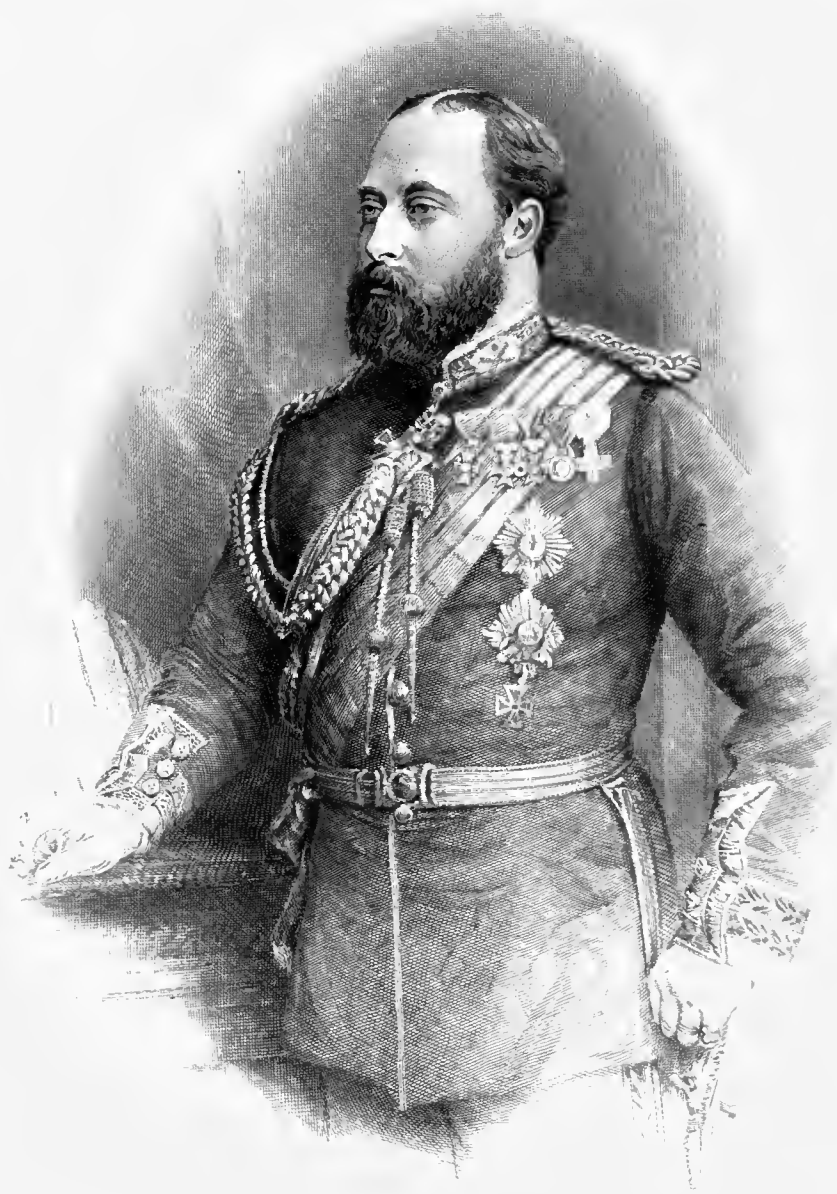


LIFE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

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HER THE PRINCE OF WALES

LIFE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY-
THE QUEEN.



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LEGISLATIVE
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LIFE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

BY
SARAH TYTLER

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

47

LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A.

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHAPTER I.

ROYAL PROGRESSES TO BURGHLEY, STOWE, AND STRATHFIELDSAYE.

ON the 29th of November the Queen went on one of her visits to her nobility. We are told, and we can easily believe, these visits were very popular and eagerly contested for. In her Majesty's choice of localities it would seem as if she loved sometimes to retrace her early footsteps by going again with her husband to the places where she had been, as the young Princess, with the Duchess of Kent. The Queen went at this time to Burghley, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. The tenantry of the different noblemen whose lands she passed through lined the roads, the mayors of the various towns presented addresses, the school children sang the National Anthem.

At Burghley, too, Queen Elizabeth had been before Queen Victoria. She also had visited a Cecil. The Maiden Queen had travelled under difficulties. The country roads of her day had been so nearly impassable that her only means of transit had been to use a pillion behind her Lord Steward. Her seat in the chapel was pointed out to the Queen and Prince Albert when they went there for morning prayers. Whether or not both queens whiled away a rainy day by going over the whole manor-house, down to the kitchen, we cannot say; but it is not likely that her Majesty's predecessor underwent the ordeal to her gravity of passing through a gentleman's bedroom and finding his best wig and whiskers displayed upon a block on a chest of drawers. And we are not aware that Queen Elizabeth witnessed such an interesting family rite as that which her Majesty graced by her presence. The youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter was christened in the chapel, at six o'clock in the evening, before the Queen, and was named for her "Lady Victoria Cecil," while Prince Albert stood as godfather to the child. After the baptism the Queen kissed her little namesake, and Prince Albert presented her with a gold cup bearing the inscription, "To Lady Victoria Cecil, from her

godfather Albert.” At dinner the newly-named child was duly toasted by the Queen’s command.

The next day the royal party visited “Stamford town,” from which the Mayor afterwards sent Prince Albert the gift of a pair of Wellington boots, as a sample of the trade of the place. The drive extended to the ruins of another manor-house which, Lady Bloomfield heard, was built by the Cecils for a temporary resort when their house of Burghley was swept. The Queen and the Prince planted an oak and a lime, not far from Queen Elizabeth’s lime. The festivities ended with a great dinner and ball, at which the Queen did not dance. Most of the company passed before her chair of State on the dais, as they do at a drawing-room.

On the 29th of December an aged English kinswoman of the Queen’s died at the Ranger’s House, Blackheath, where she held the somewhat anomalous office of Ranger of Greenwich Park. This was Princess Sophia Matilda, daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, George III.’s brother, and sister of the late Duke of Gloucester, the husband of his cousin, Princess Mary.

Her mother’s history was a romance. She was the beautiful niece of Horace Walpole, the illegitimate daughter of his brother, the Earl of Orford. She married first the Earl of Waldegrave, and became the mother of the three lovely sisters whom Sir Joshua Reynolds’s brush immortalised. The widowed countess caught the fancy of the royal Duke, just as it was said, in contemporary letters, that another fair young widow turned the head of another brother of the King’s. George III. refused at first to acknowledge the Duke of Gloucester’s marriage, but finally withdrew his opposition. If, as was reported, the Duke of York married Lady Mary Coke, the marriage was never ratified. The risk of such marriages caused the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, which rendered the marriage of any member of the royal family without the consent of the reigning sovereign illegal. The children of the Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess were two—Prince William and Princess Sophia Matilda. They held the somewhat doubtful position, perhaps more marked in those days, of a family royal on one side of the house only. The brother, if not a very brilliant, an inoffensive and not an illiberal prince, though wicked wags called him “Silly Billy,” improved the situation by his marriage with the amiable and popular Princess Mary, to whom a private gentleman, enamoured by hearsay with her virtues, left a considerable fortune. We get a passing glimpse of the sister, Princess Sophia Matilda, in Fanny Burney’s diary. She was then a pretty, sprightly girl, having apparently inherited some of her beautiful mother’s and half-sisters’ attractions. She was admitted to terms of considerable familiarity and intimacy with her

royal cousins; and yet she was not of the circle of Queen Charlotte, neither could she descend gracefully to a lower rank. No husband, royal or noble, was found for her. One cannot think of her without attaching a sense of loneliness to her princely estate. She survived her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, ten years, and died at the age of seventy-two at the Ranger's House, Blackheath, from which she had dispensed many kindly charities. At her funeral the royal standard was hoisted half-mast high on Greenwich Hospital, the Observatory, the churches of St. Mary and St. Alphege, and on Blackheath. She was laid, with nearly all her royal race for the last two generations, in the burial-place of kings, St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Prince Albert occupied his stall as a Knight of the Garter, with a mourning scarf across his field-marshal's uniform.

In the middle of January, 1845, the Queen and Prince Albert went on a visit to the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, which was still unstripped of its splendid possessions and interesting antiquarian relics. The huge gathering of neighbours and tenants included waggons full of labourers, admitted into the park to see the Queen's arrival and the illumination of the great house at night.

The amusements of the next two days, the ordinary length of a royal visit, began with *ballues* for the Prince, when the accumulation of game was so enormous that, in place of the fact being remarkable that "he hit almost everything he fired at," it would have been singular if a good shot could have avoided doing so. Fifty beaters, so near each other that their sticks almost touched, entered a thick cover and drove the game past the place where the sportsmen were stationed, into the open space of the park. Out the hares rushed from every quarter, "so many of them, that it was often impossible to stop more than one out of half-a-dozen. The ground immediately in front of the shooters became strewn with dead and dying. . . . It was curious to behold the evident reluctance with which the hares left their retreat, and then their perplexity at finding themselves so beset without. Many actually made for the canal, and swam like dogs across a piece of water nearly a hundred yards wide, shaking themselves upon landing, and making off without any apparent distress. The pheasants were still more averse 'to come and be killed.' For some time not one appeared above the trees. The cocks were heard crowing like domestic fowls, as the numerous tribe retreated before the sticks of the advancing army of beaters. Upon arriving, however, at the edge of the wood, quite a cloud ascended, and the slaughter was proportionately great."

"Slaughter," not sport, is the appropriate word. One cannot help thinking that so it must have struck the Prince; nor are we surprised that, on the next opportunity he had of exercising a sportsman's legitimate vocation, with the good qualities of patience,

endurance, and skill, which it is calculated to call forth, emphatic mention is made of his keen enjoyment.

Besides shooting there was walking for both ladies and gentlemen, to the number of twenty guests, "in the mild, clear weather," in the beautiful park. There was the usual county gathering, in order to confer on the upper ten thousand, within a radius of many miles, the much-prized honour of "meeting" the Queen at a dinner or a ball. Lastly, her Majesty and the Prince planted the oak and the cedar which were to rank like heir-looms, and be handed down as trophies of a royal visit and princely favour, to future generations.

The Queen and Prince Albert returned to Windsor on the evening of Saturday, the 18th of January, and on the afternoon of Monday, the 20th, they started again to pay a long-projected visit to her old friend the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye. It was known that the Duke had set his heart on entertaining his sovereign in his own house, and she not only granted him the boon, but in consideration of his age, his laurels, and the long and intimate connection between them, she let the visit have more of a private and friendly character than the visits of sovereigns to subjects were wont to have. However, the country did not lose its gala. Arches of winter evergreens instead of summer flowers, festive banners, loyal inscriptions, yeoman corps, holiday faces, met her on all sides. At Swallowfield—a name which Mary Russell Mitford has made pleasant to English ears—"no less a person than the Speaker of the House of Commons," the representative of an old Huguenot refugee, the Right Honourable John Shaw Lefevre, commanded the troop of yeomanry.

The Iron Duke met his honoured guests in the hall and conducted them to the library. Every day the same formula was gone through. "The Duke takes the Queen in to dinner, sits by her Majesty, and after dinner gets up and says, 'With your Majesty's permission I give the health of her Majesty,' and then the same to the Prince. They then adjourn to the library, and the Duke sits on the sofa by the Queen (almost as a father would sit by a daughter) for the rest of the evening until eleven o'clock, the Prince and the gentlemen being scattered about in the library or the billiard-room, which opens into it. In a large conservatory beyond, the band of the Duke's grenadier regiment plays through the evening."

There was much that was unique and kindly in the relations between the Queen and the greatest soldier of his day. He had stood by her baptismal font; she had been his guest, when she was the girl-Princess, at Walmer. He had sat in her first Council; he had witnessed her marriage; she was to give his name to one of her sons; in fact, he had taken

part in every event of her life. The present arrangements were a graceful, well-nigh filial, tribute of affectionate regard for the old man who had served his country both on the battle-field and in the senate, who had watched his Queen's career with the keenest interest, and rejoiced in her success as something with which he had to do.

The old soldier also gave the Prince shooting, but it was the "fine wild sport" which might have been expected from the host, and which seemed more to the taste of the guest. And in the party of gentlemen who walked for miles over the ploughed land and through the brushwood, none kept up the pace better than the veteran.

The weather was broken and partly wet during the Queen's stay at Strathfieldsaye, and in lieu of out-of-door exercise, the tennis-court came into request. Lord Charles Wellesley, the Duke's younger son, played against professional players, and Prince Albert engaged Lord Charles and one of the professional players, the Queen looking on.

When the visit was over, the Duke punctiliously performed his part of riding on horseback by her Majesty's carriage for the first stage of her journey.

Comical illustrations are given of the old nobleman and soldier's dry rebuffs, administered to the members of the press and the public generally, who haunted Strathfieldsaye on this occasion.

The first was in reply to a request for admission to the house on the plea that the writer was one of the staff of a popular journal commissioned to give the details of the visit. "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to say he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press." The other was in the form of a still more ironical notice put up in the grounds, "desiring that people who wish to see the house may drive up to the hall-door and ring the bell, but that they are to abstain from walking on the flagstones and looking in at the windows."

In February the Queen opened Parliament in person for what was destined to be a stormy session, particularly in relation to Sir Robert Peel's measure proposing an increased annual grant of money to the Irish Roman Catholic priests' college of Maynooth. In the Premier's speech, in introducing the Budget, he was able to pay a well-merited compliment on the wise and judicious economy shown in the management of her Majesty's income, so that it was equal to meet the heavy calls made upon it by the visits of foreign sovereigns, who were entertained in a manner becoming the dignity of the sovereign, "without adding one tittle to the burdens of the country. And I am not required, on the part of her Majesty," went on Sir Robert Peel, "to press for the extra expenditure of one single shilling on account of these unforeseen causes of increased expenditure.

I think, to state this is only due to the personal credit of her Majesty, who insists upon it that there shall be every magnificence required by her station, but without incurring a single debt." In order to show how the additional cost of such royal hospitality taxed the resources even of the Queen of England, it may be well to give an idea of the ordinary scale of housekeeping at Windsor Castle. Lady Bloomfield likens the kitchen-fire to Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace. Even when there was no company, from fifteen to twenty joints hung roasting there. In one year the number of people fed at dinner in the Castle amounted to a hundred and thirteen thousand !

Shall we be accused of small moralities and petty lessons in thrift if we say that this passage in Sir Robert Peel's speech recalls the stories of the child-Princess's training, in a wholesome horror of debt, and the exercise of such little acts of self-denial as can alone come in a child's way ; that it brings to mind the Tunbridge anecdote of the tiny purchaser on her donkey, bidden to look at her empty purse when a little box in the bazaar caught her eye, and prohibited from going further in obtaining the treasure, till the next quarter's allowance was due ? Well might the nation that had read the report of Sir Robert Peel's speech listen complacently when it heard in the following month of the Queen's acquisition of a private property which should be all her own and her husband's, to do with as they chose. Another country bestowed, upon quite different grounds, on one of its sovereigns the honourable title of King Honest Man. Here was Queen Honest Woman, who would not buy what she could not afford, or ask her people to pay for fancies in which she indulged, regardless of her means. A different example had been presented by poor Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who, after a course of what their most faithful servants admitted to be grievous misrule and misappropriation of public dignities and funds—to satisfy the ambition and greed of favourites or their friends—in the face of national bankruptcy, private ruin, and widespread disaffection, in the very death-throes of the Revolution, chose that time of all others to buy—under whatever specious pretext of exchange and indemnification—for him who had already so many hunting-seats, the fresh one of Rambouillet ; for her, who had Little Trianon in its perfection, the new suburban country house of St. Cloud.

Osborne at Wexmouth, bounded in the advantages which the royal couple sought. It was in the Isle of Wight, which her Majesty had loved in her girlhood, with the girdle of sea that gave such assurance of the much-courted, much-needed seclusion, as could hardly be procured elsewhere—certainly not within a reasonable distance of London. It was a lovely place by nature, with no end of capabilities for the practice of the Prince's pleasant faculty of land-sea, sea-gardening, with which he had already done wonders in the circum-



scribed grounds of Buckingham Palace and the larger field of Windsor. There were not only woods and valleys and charming points of view—among them a fine look at Spithead; the woods went down to the sea, and the beach belonged to the estate. Such a quiet country home for a country and home-loving Queen and Prince, and for the little children, to whom tranquillity, freedom, the woods, the fields, and the sea-sands were of such vital and lasting consequence, was inestimable.

In addition to other outlets for an active, beneficent nature, Osborne, with its works of building, planting, and improving going on for years to come, had also its farms, like the Home Farm at Windsor. And the Prince was fond of farming no less than of landscape-gardening—proud of his practical success in making it pay, deeply interested in all questions of agriculture and their treatment, so as to secure permanent employment and ample provision for the labourers. Prince Albert's love of animals, too, found scope in these farming operations. When the Queen and the Prince visited the Home Farm the tame pigeons would settle on his hat and her shoulders. The accompanying engraving represents the pasture and part of the Home Farm at Osborne. "The cow in the group was presented to her Majesty by the Corporation of Guernsey, when the Queen visited the Channel Islands; the animal is a beautiful specimen of the Alderney breed, and is a great favourite . . . on the forehead of the cow is a V distinctly marked; a peculiarity, it may be presumed, which led to the presentation; the other animals are her calves."

In the course of this session of Parliament, the Queen sought more than once to mark her acknowledgment of the services of Sir Robert Peel, round whose political career troubles were gathering. She acted as sponsor to his grandchild—the heir of the Jersey family—and she offered Sir Robert, through Lord Aberdeen, the Order of the Garter, an offer which the Prime Minister respectfully declined in words that deserve to be remembered. He sprang from the people, he said, and was essentially of the people, and such an honour, in his case, would be misapplied. His heart was not set upon titles of honour or social distinction. His reward lay in her Majesty's confidence, of which, by many indications, she had given him the fullest assurance; and when he left her service the only distinction he courted was that she should say to him, "You have been a faithful servant, and have done your duty to your country and to myself."

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN'S POWDER BALL.

ON the evening of the 6th of June, 1845, her Majesty, who was at Buckingham Palace for the season, gave another great costume ball, still remembered as her Powder Ball—a name bestowed on it because of the universally-worn powder on hair and periwigs. It was not such a novelty as the Plantagenet Ball had been, neither was it so splendidly fantastic nor apparently so costly a performance; not that the materials used in the dresses were less valuable, but several of them—notably the old lace which was so marked a feature in the spectacle that it might as well have been called “The Lace Ball”—existed in many of the great houses in store, like the family diamonds, and had only to be brought out with the other heirlooms, and properly disposed of, to constitute the wearer *en grande tenue*. No doubt trade was still to be encouraged, and Spitalfields, in its chronic adversity, to be brought a little nearer to prosperity by the manufacture of sumptuous stuffs, in imitation of gorgeous old brocades, for a portion of the twelve hundred guests. But these motives were neither so urgent nor so ostensible, and perhaps the ball originated as much in a wish to keep up a good custom once begun, and to show some cherished guests a choice example of princely hospitality, as in an elaborate calculation of forced gain to an exotic trade.

The period chosen for the representation was much nearer the present. It was only a hundred years back, from 1740 to 1750. It may be that this comparative nearness fettered rather than emancipated the players in the game, and that, though civil wars and clan feuds had long died out, and the memory of the Scotch rebellion was no more than a picturesque tragic romance, a trifle of awkwardness survived in the encounter, face to face once more, in the very guise of the past, of the descendants of the men and women who had won at Prestonpans and lost at Culloden. It was said that a grave and stately formality distinguished this ball—a tone attributed to dignified, troublesome fashions—stranger then, but which since these days have become more familiar to us.

No two more attractive figures presented themselves that night than the sisters-in-law, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester, the one in her sixtieth the other in her seventieth year. The third royal duchess in the worthy trio, who represented long and well the royal matronhood of England, the Duchess of Cambridge, was, along with her Duke, prevented from being present at the Queen's ball in consequence of a recent death in her family. The Duchess of Kent wore a striped and "flowered" brocade, with quantities of black lace relieving the white satin of her train. The Duchess of Gloucester, sweet pretty Princess Mary of more than fifty years before, came in the character of a much less happy woman, Marie Leczinska, the queen of Louis XV. She must have looked charming in her rich black brocade, and some of the hoards of superb lace—which she is said to have inherited from her mother, Queen Charlotte—edged with strings of diamonds and agraffes of diamonds, while over her powdered hair was tied a *fichu capuchin* of Chantilly.

Among the multitude of guests assembled at Buckingham Palace, the privileged few who danced in the Queen's minuets, as well as the members of the royal family, arrived by the Garden Gate and were received in the Yellow Drawing-room. Included in this select company was a German princess who had lately married an English subject—Princess Marie of Baden, wife of the Marquis of Douglas, not the first princess who had wedded into the noble Scotch house of Hamilton, though it was many a long century since Earl Walter received—

all Arran's isle
To dower his royal bride.

The Queen had special guests with her on this occasion—her brother the Prince of Leiningen, the much-loved uncle of the royal children; and the favourite cousin of the circle, the young Duchesse de Nemours, with her husband. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by their visitors, the various members of the English royal family present at the ball, and the different suites, passed into the ball-room at half-past ten. The first dance, the graceful march of the German *polonaise*, was danced by all, young and old, the bands striking up simultaneously, and the dance extending through the whole of the State apartments, the Queen leading the way, preceded by the Vice-Chamberlain, the Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household, and two gentlemen ushers to clear a space for her. After the *polonaise* the company passed slowly before the Queen. A comical incident occurred in this part of the programme through the innocent mistake of an old infantry officer, who in his progress lifted his peaked hat and gave the Queen a military salute, as he walked by.

Then her Majesty left the ball-room and repaired to the throne-room, where the first

minuet was formed. It is only necessary to recall that most courtly of slow and graceful dances to judge how well suited it was for this ball. The Queen danced with her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge. Her Majesty wore a wonderful dress of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, with daisies and poppies worked in silks, and shaded the natural colours; trimmings and ruffles of exquisite old lace, stomacher covered with old lace and jewels, the saque set off with scarlet ribands, the fair hair powdered under a tiara and crown of diamonds, dainty white satin shoes with scarlet rosettes—a diamond in each rosette, the Order of the Garter on the arm, the Star and Riband of the Order.

Prince George was less fortunate in the regimentals of a cavalry officer a century back; for, as it happened, while the costume of 1740–50 was favourable to women and to civilians, it was trying to military men.

Prince Albert danced with the Duchesse de Nemours. These two had been early playmates who never, even in later and sadder days, got together, without growing merry over the stories and jokes of their childhood in Coburg. The Prince must have been one of the most graceful figures there, in a crimson velvet coat edged with gold and lined with white satin, on the left breast the splendid Star of the Order of the Garter, shoulder-strap and sword inlaid with diamonds, white satin waistcoat brocaded with gold, breeches of crimson velvet with gold buttons, shoes of black kid with red heels and diamond buckles, three-cornered hat trimmed with gold lace, edged with white ostrich feathers, a magnificent loop of diamonds, and the black cockade of the Georges, not the white cockade of the Jameses.

His golden-haired partner was in a tastefully gay and fantastic as well as splendid costume of rose-coloured Chinese damask, with gold blonde and pearls, over a petticoat of point d'Alençon, with a deep border of silver and silver rosettes. The stomacher of brilliants and pearls, on the left shoulder a nosegay with diamond wheat-ears interspersed, shoes of purple satin with fleurs-de-lys embroidered in gold and diamonds, as became a daughter of France, and gloves embroidered with similar fleurs-de-lys.

There were many gay and gallant figures and fair faces in that minuet of minuets. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was meant to dance with the young Marchioness of Douro, but she by some strange chance came too late for the honour, and her place was supplied by another young matron and beauty, Lady Jocelyn, formerly Lady Fanny Cowper. Prince Leiningen, who wore a white suit faced with blue and a buff waistcoat edged with silver lace, danced with Lady Mount-Edgcumbe. The Duke of Beaufort once more disputed with the Earl of Wilton the distinction of being the finest gentleman present.

The Queen danced in four minuets, standing up in the second with Prince Albert. This minuet also included several of the most beautiful women of the time and of the Court; notably Lady Seymour, one of the Sheridan sisters, the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament; and Lady Canning.

After the second minuet the Queen and all the company returned to the ball-room, where two other minuets, those of Lady Jersey and Lady Chesterfield, were danced, and between them was given Lady Breadalbane's strathspey. There was such crowding to see these dances that the Lord Chamberlain had difficulty in making room for them. While Musard furnished special music for the minuets and quadrilles, adapting it in one case from airs of the '45, the Queen's piper, Mackay, gave forth, for the benefit of the strathspey and reel-dancers, the stirring strains of "Miss Drummond of Perth," "Tullochgorum," and "The Marquis of Huntly's Highland Fling," which must have rung with wild glee through the halls of kings.

Lady Chesterfield's minuet was the last dance before supper, served with royal splendour in the dining-room, to which the Queen passed at twelve o'clock. After supper the Queen danced in a quadrille and in the two next minuets. Her first partner was the Duc de Nemours, who wore an old French infantry general's uniform—a coat of white cloth, the front covered with gold embroidery, sleeves turned up with crimson velvet, waistcoat and breeches of crimson velvet, stockings of crimson silk, and red-heeled shoes with diamond buckles. In the second minuet her Majesty had her brother, the Prince of Leiningen, for her partner. The ball was ended, according to a good old English fashion, by the quaint changing measure of "Sir Roger de Coverley," known in Scotland as "The Haymakers," in which the Queen had her husband for her partner. This country-dance was danced in the picture gallery.

Let who would be the beauty at the Queen's ball, there was at least one poetess there in piquant black and cerise, with cerise roses and priceless point à l'aiguille, Lady John Scott, who had been the witty heiress, Miss Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode. She wrote to an old refrain one of the most pathetic of modern Scotch ballads—

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

The beauty of the ball was the Marchioness of Douro, who not so long ago had been the beauty of the season as Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, when she caught the fancy of the elder son and heir of the Duke of Wellington. In this case beauty was not unadorned, for the lovely Marchioness,* the Greek mould of whose

* Her likeness is familiar to many people in an engraving from a well-known picture of the Duke of Wellington showing his daughter-in-law the field of Waterloo.

head attracted the admiration of all judges, was said to wear jewels to the value of sixty thousand pounds, while the superb point-lace flounce to her white brocade must have been a source of pious horror to good Roman Catholics, since it was believed to have belonged to the sacred vestments of a pope.

We have said that lace and jewels gave the distinguishing stamp to the ball—such lace!—point d'Alençon, point de Bayeux, point de Venise, point à l'aiguille, Mechlin, Guipure, Valenciennes, Chantilly, enough to have turned green with envy the soul of a cultured *petit-maitre*, an æsthetic fop of the present day.

Some of the jewels, no less than the lace, were historical. The Marchioness of Westminster, besides displaying *sabots* of point-lace, which had belonged to Caroline, queen of George II., wore the Nassuk and Arcot diamonds.

Miss Burdett-Coutts wore a lustrous diadem and necklace that had once graced the brow and throat of poor Marie Antoinette, and had found their way at last into jewel-cases no longer royal, owing their glittering contents to the wealth of a great city banker.

A word about the antiquated finery of the Iron Duke, with which the old soldier sought to please his young mistress. It provoked a smile or two from the more frivolous as the grey, gaunt, spindle-shanked old man stalked by, yet it was not without its pathetic side. The Duke wore a scarlet coat, a tight fit, laced with gold, with splendid gold buttons and frogs, the brilliant star of the Order of the Garter, and the Order of the Golden Fleece, a waistcoat of scarlet cashmere covered with gold lace, breeches of scarlet kerseymere trimmed with gold lace; gold buckles, white silk stockings, cocked hat laced with gold, sword studded with rose diamonds and emeralds.

It is nearly forty years since these resplendent masquers trod the floors of Buckingham Palace, and if the changes which time has brought about had been foreseen, if the veil which shrouds the future had been lifted, what emotions would have been called forth!

Who could have borne to hear that the bright Queen and giver of the fête would pass the years of her prime in the mournful shade of disconsolate widowhood? That the pale crown of a premature death was hovering over the head of him who was the life of her life, the active promoter and sustainer of all that was good and joyous in that great household, all that was great and happy in the kingdom over which she ruled?

Who would have ventured to prophesy that of the royal kindred and cherished guests, the Prince of Leiningen was to die a landless man, the Duc de Nemours to spend long years in exile, the Duchesse to be cut down in the flower of her womanhood? Who would have guessed that this great nobleman, the head of an ancient house, was to perish

by a miserable accident in a foreign hotel; that his sister, the wife of an unfortunate statesman, was to be dragged through the mire of a divorce court; that the treasures of a princely home were to pass away from the race that had accumulated them, under the strokes of an auctioneer's hammer? Who could have dreamt that this fine intellect and loving heart would follow the lord of their destiny to Hades, and wander there for evermore distracted, in the land of shadows, where there is no light of the sun to show the way, no firm ground to stay the tottering feet and groping hands? As for these two fair sisters in Watteau style of blue and pink, and green and pink taffetas, lace, and pearls, and roses—surely the daintiest, most aristocratic shepherdesses ever beheld—one of them would have lost her graceful equanimity, reddened with affront, and tingled to the finger-tips with angry unbelief if she had been warned beforehand that she would be amongst the last of the high-born, high-bred brides who would forfeit her birthright and her presence at a Queen's Court by agreeing to be married at the hands of a blacksmith instead of a bishop, before the rude hymeneal altar at Gretna.

But to-night there was no alarming interlude, like a herald of evil, to shake the nerves of the company—nothing more unpropitious than the *contretemps* to an unlucky lady of being overcome by the heat and seized with a fainting-fit, which caused her over-zealous supporters to remove her luxuriant powdered wig in order to give her greater air and coolness, so that she was fain, the moment she recovered, to hide her diminished head by a rapid discomfited retreat from what remained of the revelry.

On the 21st of June the Queen and the Prince, with the Lords of the Admiralty, inspected the fleet off Spithead. The royal yacht was attended by a crowd of yachts belonging to the various squadrons, a throng of steamboats and countless small boats. The Queen visited and went over the flagship—which was the *St. Vincent*—the *Trafalgar*, and the *Albion*. On her return to the yacht she held a levee of all the captains of the fleet. A few days afterwards she reviewed her fleet in brilliant, breezy weather. The royal yacht took up its position at Spithead, and successive signals were given to the squadron to “Lower sail,” “Make sail,” “Shorten sail and reef,” and “Furl topgallant sails,” all the manœuvres—including the getting under way and sailing in line to St. Helen's—being performed with the very perfection of nautical accuracy. The review ended with the order, “Furl sails, put the life-lines on, and man yards,” which was done as only English sailors can accomplish the feat, while the royal yacht on its return passed through the squadron amidst ringing cheers.

During the earlier part of the summer Sir John Franklin sailed with his ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, in search of that North Pole which, since the days of Sir Hugh

Montgomery, "a captain tall," has been at once the goal and snare of many a gallant English sailor. The good ships disappeared under the horizon, never to reach their haven. By slow degrees oblivion, more or less profound, closed over the fate of officers and men, while, for lack of knowledge of their life or death, the light of many a hearth was darkened, and faithful hearts sickened with hope deferred and broke under the strain. As one instance, out of many, of the desolation which the silent loss of the gallant expedition occasioned, sorrow descended heavily on one of the happy Highland homes among which the Queen had dwelt the previous summer. Captain, afterwards Lord James, Murray, brother of Lord Glenlyon, was married to Miss Fairholme, sister of one of the picked men of whom the explorers were composed. When no tidings of him came, year after year, from the land of mist and darkness, pining melancholy seized upon her and made her its prey.

In the month of July the King of the Netherlands, who, as Prince of Orange, had served on the Duke of Wellington's staff at the close of the Peninsular War, came to England and took up his quarters at Mivart's Hotel, the Queen being in the Isle of Wight, where he joined her. Prince Albert met the King at Gosport and escorted him to Osborne. On his return to London the King, who was already a general in the English army, received his appointment as field-marshal, and reviewed the Household troops in Hyde Park. He paid a second visit to the Queen at Osborne before he left Woolwich for Holland.

A curious accident happened when the Queen prorogued Parliament on the 9th of August. The Duke of Argyle, an elderly man, was carrying the crown on a velvet cushion, when, in walking backwards before the Queen, he appeared to forget the two steps, leading from the platform on which the throne stands to the floor, and stumbled, the crown slipping from the cushion and falling to the ground, with the loss of some diamonds. The Queen expressed her concern for the Duke instead of for the crown; but on her departure the keeper of the House of Lords appeared in front of the throne, and prevented too near an approach to it, with the chance of further damage to the dropped jewels. The misadventure was naturally the subject of a good deal of private conversation in the House.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO GERMANY.

ON the evening of the day that she prorogued Parliament, the Queen and the Prince, with the Earl of Aberdeen as the minister in attendance, started from Buckingham Palace that she might pay her first visit to Germany. Surely none of all the new places she had visited within the last few years could have been of such surpassing interest to the traveller. It was her mother's country as well as her husband's, the home of her brother and sister, the place of which she must have heard, with which she must have had the kindest associations from her earliest years.

The first stage of the journey—in stormy weather, unfortunately—was to Antwerp, where the party did not land till the following day, when they proceeded to Malines, where they were met by King Leopold and Queen Louise, who parted from their royal niece at Verviers. On the Prussian frontier Lord Westmoreland, the English ambassador, and Baron Bunsen met her Majesty. “To hear the people speak German,” she wrote in her Journal, “to see the German soldiers, seemed to me so singular. I overheard people saying that I looked very English.”

At Aix-la-Chapelle the King and Prince of Prussia received the visitors and accompanied them to Cologne. The ancient dirty town of the Three Kings gave the strangers an enthusiastic reception. The burghers even did their best to get rid of the unsavoury odours which distinguish the town of sweet essences, by pouring eau-de-Cologne on the roadways.

At Brühl the Queen and the Prince were taken to the palace, where they found the Queen of Prussia, whose hostility to English and devotion to Russian interests when Lord Bloomfield represented the English Government at Berlin, are recorded by Lady Bloomfield. With the Queen was her sister-in-law, the Princess of Prussia, and the Court. The party went into one of the *salons* to hear the famous tattoo played by four hundred musicians, in the middle of an illumination by means of torches and coloured lamps. The

Queen was reminded that she was in a land of music by hearing at a concert, in which sixty regimental bands assisted, "God save the Queen" better played than she had ever heard it before. "We felt so strange to be in Germany at last," repeats her Majesty, dwelling on the pleasant sensation, "at Brühl, which Albert said he used to go and visit from Bonn."

The next day the visitors went to Bonn, accompanied by the King and Queen of Prussia. At the house of Prince Fürstenberg many professors who had known Prince Albert were presented to the Queen, "which interested me very much," the happy wife says simply. "They were greatly delighted to see Albert and pleased to see me. . . . I felt as if I knew them all from Albert having told me so much about them." The experience is known to many a bride whose husband takes her proudly to his old *alma mater*.

The day was made yet more memorable by the unveiling of a statue to Beethoven. But, by an unlucky *contresens*, the royal party on the balcony found the back of the statue presented to their gaze. The *Freischützen* fired a *feu-de-joie*. A chorale was sung. The people cheered and the band played a *Dusch*—such a flourish of trumpets as is given in Germany when a health is drunk.

The travellers then went to the Prince's "former little house." The Queen writes, "It was such a pleasure for me to be able to see this house. We went all over it, and it is just as it was, in no way altered. . . . We went into the little bower in the garden, from which you have a beautiful view of the *Kreuzberg*—a convent situated on the top of a hill. The *Siebengebirge* (seven mountains) you also see, but the view of them is a good deal built up."

This visiting together the ground once so familiar to the Prince formed an era in two lives. It was the fulfilment of a beautiful, brilliant expectation which had been half dim and vague when the ardent lad was a quiet, diligent student, living simply, almost frugally, like the other students at the university on the Rhine, and his little cousin across the German Ocean, from whom he had parted in the homely red-brick palace of Kensington, had been proclaimed Queen of a great country. The prospect of their union was still very uncertain in those days, and yet it must sometimes have crossed his mind as he built air-castles in the middle of his reading; or strolled with a comrade along those old-fashioned streets, among their population of "wild-looking students," with long fair hair, pipes between their lips, and the scars of many a sword-duel on forehead and cheek; or penetrated into the country, where the brown peasant women, "with curious caps and handkerchiefs," came bearing their burden of sticks from the forest, like figures

in old fairy tales. He must have told himself that the time might come when something like the transformation of a fairy-tale would be effected on his account; the plain living and high-thinking and college discipline of Bonn be exchanged for the dignity and influence of an English sovereign's consort. Then, perhaps, he would bring his bride to the dear old "fatherland," and show her where he had dreamt about her among his books.

At the banquet in the afternoon the accomplished King gave the Queen's health in a speech fit for a poet. He referred to a word sweet alike to British and German hearts. Thirty years before it had echoed on the heights of Waterloo from British and German tongues, after days of hot and desperate fighting, to mark the glorious triumph of their brotherhood in arms. "Now it resounds on the banks of our fair Rhine, amidst the blessings of that peace which was the hallowed fruit of the great conflict. That word is 'Victoria.' Gentlemen, drink to the health of her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and to that of her august consort."

"The Queen," remarked Bunsen, "bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him and kissed his cheek, then took her seat again with a beaming countenance."

After the four-o'clock dinner, the royal party returned to Cologne, and from a steamer on the Rhine saw, through a drizzle of rain which did not greatly mar the spectacle, a splendid display of fireworks and illumination of the town, in which the great cathedral "seemed to glow with fire."

We quote a picturesque description of the striking scene. "The Rhine was made one vast *feu-de-joie*. As darkness closed in, the dim city began to put forth buds of light. Lines of twinkling brightness darted like liquid gold or silver from pile to pile, then by the bridge of boats across the river, up the masts of the shipping, and along the road on the opposite bank. Rockets now shot from all parts of the horizon. The royal party embarked in a steamer at St. Tremond and glided down by the river. As they passed the banks blazed with fireworks and musketry. At their approach the bridge glowed with redoubled light, and, opening, let the vessel pass to Cologne, whose cathedral burst forth a building of light, every detail of the architecture being made out in delicately-coloured lamps—pinkish, with an underglow of orange. Traversing in carriages the illuminated and vociferous city, the King and his companions returned by the railroad to Brühl."

Next morning there was a great concert at Bonn—part of the Beethoven festival, in which much fine music was given, but, oddly enough, not much of Beethoven's, to her

Majesty's regret. The Queen drove to the University—in the class-rooms of which the Prince had sat as a student—and saw more of the professors who had taught him, and of students similar to those who had been his class-fellows. Then she went once more to Cologne, and visited its glory, the cathedral, at that time unfinished, returning to Brühl to hail with delight the arrival of the King and Queen of the Belgians. "It seems like a dream to them and to me to see each other in Germany," the Queen wrote once more. The passages from her Majesty's Journal read as if she were pleased to congratulate herself on being at last with Prince Albert in his native country.

The last day at Cologne ended in another great concert, conducted by Meyerbeer, for which he had composed a cantata in honour of the Queen. Jenny Lind sang in the concert. It was her Majesty's first opportunity of hearing the great singer, who, of all her sister singers, has most identified herself with England, and from her noble, womanly character and domestic virtues, endeared herself to English hearts.

The tutelary genius of the river which is the Germans' watchword was not able to procure the Queen her weather for her sail on its green waters. Rain fell or threatened for both of the days. Not even the presence of three queens—of England, Prussia, and Belgium—two kings, a prince consort, an archduke, and a future emperor and empress, could propitiate the adverse barometer, or change the sulky face of the sky. Between showers the Queen had a glimpse of the romantic scenery, and perhaps Ehrenbreitstein was most in character when the smoke from the firing of twenty thousand troops "brought home to the imagination the din and lurid splendours of a battle."

The halt was made at Schlossenfels, which included among its distinguished guests Humboldt and Prince Metternich. Next day the King and Queen of Prussia took leave of their visitors, still under heavy rain. The weather cleared afterwards for a time, however, and beautiful Bingen, with the rest of the Rhenish country, was seen in sunshine. The only inconvenience remaining was the thunder of canons and rattle of muskets which every loyal village kept up.

At Mayence the Queen was received by the Governor, Prince William of Prussia, and the Austrian commander, while the Prussian and Austrian troops, with their bands, gave a torchlight serenade before the hotel windows. On the rest-day which Sunday secured, the Queen saw the good nurse who had brought the royal pair into the world. Her Majesty had also her first introduction to one of her future sons-in-law—an unforeseen kinsman then—Prince Louis of Hesse, whom she noticed as "a very fine boy of eight, nice, and full of intelligence."

There were still long leagues to drive, posting, before Coburg could be reached, and

the party started from Mayence in two travelling carriages as early as seven o'clock next morning. They went by Frankfort to Aschaffenburg, where they were met by Bavarian troops and a representative of the King on their entrance into Bavaria. Through woodland scenery, and fields full of the stir of harvest, where a queenly woman did not relish the spectacle of her sister-women treated as beasts of burden, the travellers journeyed to Würzburg. There Prince Luitpold of Bavaria met and welcomed them to a magnificent palace, where the luggage, which ought to have preceded the wearied travellers, was not forthcoming. Another long day's driving, beginning at a little after six in the morning, would bring the party to Coburg. By one o'clock they were at the old prince-bishop's stately town of Bamberg. In the course of the afternoon the Queen had changed horses for the last time in Franconia. "I began," she wrote, "to feel greatly moved, agitated indeed, in coming near the Coburg frontier. At length we saw flags and people drawn up in lines, and in a few minutes more were welcomed by Ernest (the Duke of Coburg) in full uniform. . . . We got into an open carriage of Ernest's with six horses, Ernest sitting opposite to us."

The rest of the scene was very German, quaintly picturesque and warm-hearted. "The good people were all dressed in their best, the women in pointed caps, with many petticoats, and the men in leather breeches. Many girls were there with wreaths of flowers." A triumphal arch, a Vice-Land-Director, to whose words of greeting the Queen replied, his fellow-officials on either side, the people welcoming their prince and his queen in "a really hearty and friendly way."

The couple drove to what had been the pretty little country house of their common grandmother, the late Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, and found King Leopold and Queen Louise awaiting them there. He also was an honoured son of Coburg, pleased to be present on such a proud day for the little State. He and his queen took their places beside Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—Ernest Duke of Coburg mounting on horseback and riding beside the carriage as its chief escort. In this order the procession, "which looked extremely pretty," was formed. At the entrance to the town there was another triumphal arch, beneath which the Burgomaster addressed the royal couple. "On the other side stood a number of young girls dressed in white, with green wreaths and scarfs, who presented us with bouquets and verses."

Oh! what anxious, exciting, girlish rehearsals must have been gone through beforehand.

"I cannot say how much I felt moved on entering this dear old place, and with difficulty I restrained my emotion. The beautifully-ornamented town, all bright with

wreaths and flowers, the numbers of good affectionate people, the many recollections connected with the place—all was so affecting. In the Platz, where the *Rathhaus* and *Rigierungshaus* are, which are fine and curious old houses, the clergy were assembled, and Ober-Superintendent Genzler addressed us very kindly—a very young-looking man for his age, for he married mamma to my father, and christened and confirmed Albert and Ernest.” Neither was the motherly presence of her whose marriage vow the Ober-Superintendent had blessed, who had done so much to contribute to the triumph of this day, wanting to its complete realization of all that such a day should have been. The Duchess of Kent was already on a visit to her nephew, standing on the old threshold—once so well known to her—ready to help to welcome her daughter, prepared to show her the home and cherished haunts of her mother’s youth. As the carriage drew up, young girls threw wreaths into it. Beside the Duchess of Kent were the Duchess and Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, Prince Albert’s sister-in-law and stepmother. The staircase was full of cousins. “It was an affecting but exquisite moment, which I shall never forget,” declared the Queen.

But in the middle of the gratification of the son of the house who thus brought his true wife under its roof-tree, and of his satisfaction of being with her there, the faithful hearts did not forget the late sovereign and house-father who had hoped so eagerly to welcome them to the ancestral home. They were there, but his place was filled by another. At Coburg and at Rosenau, which had been one of the old Duke’s favourite resorts, his memory haunted his children. “Every sound, every view, every step we take makes us think of him and feel an indescribable hopeless longing for him.”

By an affectionate, thoughtful provision for their perfect freedom and enjoyment, Rosenau, Prince Albert’s birthplace, was set apart for the Queen and the Prince’s occupation on this very happy occasion when they visited Coburg, and still it is the widowed Queen’s residence when she is dwelling in the neighbourhood. Beautiful in itself among its woods and hills, it was doubly beautiful to both from its associations. The room in which the Queen slept was that in which the Prince had been born. “How happy, how joyful we were,” the Queen wrote, “on awaking to find ourselves here, at the dear Rosenau, my Albert’s birthplace, the place he most loves. . . . He was so happy to be here with me. It is like a beautiful dream.”

Fine chorales were sung below the window by some of the singers in the Coburg theatre. Before breakfast the Prince carried off the Queen to see the upper part of the house, which he and his brother had occupied when children. “It is quite in the roof, with a tiny little bedroom on each side, in one of which they both used to sleep with Florschütz,

their tutor.* The view is beautiful, and the paper is still full of holes from their fencing; and the very same table is there on which they were dressed when little."

The days were too short for all that was to be seen and done. The first day there was a visit to the fortress overhanging the town, which looks as far away as the sea of trees, the Thüringerwald. It has Luther's room, with his chair and part of his bed.

In the evening the Queen went to the perfect little German theatre, where Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was given, and the audience sang "God save the Queen" to German words.

The next day the visitors drove to Kalenberg, another of the Duke's seats. In the evening they held a reception at the palace, when not only those persons who had the magic prefix *von* to their names were admitted, but deputations of citizens, merchants, and artisans were presented, the Queen praising their good manners afterwards.

The following day was the Feast of St. Gregorius, the children's festival, in which thirteen hundred children walked in procession through Coburg, some in fancy dresses, most of the girls in white and green. Three girls came up to the palace balcony and sang a song in honour of the Queen. Then great and small repaired to the meadow—fortunately the fine weather had set in—where there were tents decorated with flowers, in which the royal party dined, while the band played and the children danced "so nicely and merrily, waltzes, polkas, and it was the prettiest thing I ever saw," declared the Queen.

"Her Majesty talked to the children, to their great astonishment, in their own language. Tired of dancing and processions, and freed from all awe by the ease of the illustrious visitors, the children took to romps, 'thread my needle,' and other pastimes, and finally were well pelted by the royal circle with bon-bons, flowers and cakes," is the report of another observer.

The day ended with a great ball at the palace.

The next day was spent more quietly in going over old favourite haunts, among them the cabinet or collection of curiosities, stuffed birds, fossils, autographs, &c., which had been formed partly by the Princes when boys. Prince Albert continued to take the greatest interest in it, and had made the Queen a contributor to its treasures. At dinner the Queen tasted *bratürste* (roasted sausages), the national dish of Coburg, and pronounced it excellent, with its accompaniment of native beer. A royal neighbour,

* The Prince was then such a mere child that the tutor used to carry him in his arms up and down stairs. One is reminded of the old custom of appointing noble governors for royal children of the tenderest years, and of the gracious pathetic relations which sometimes existed between bearded knights and infant kings. Such was the case where Sir David Lindsay of the Mount and little King James V. were concerned, when the pupil would entreat the master for a song on the lute with childish peremptoriness, "P'ay, Davie Lindsay, p'ay!"

Queen Adelaide's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, joined the party at dinner, and the company witnessed the performance of Schiller's *Bride of Messina* at the theatre.

On Sunday the August weather was so hot that the Queen and the Prince breakfasted for the second time out of doors. In the course of the morning they drove over with Duke Ernest and the Duchess to St. Moritz Kirche—equivalent to the cathedral of the town. The clergy received the party at the door of the church, and the Ober-Superintendent Genzler made a brief oration "expressive of his joy at receiving the great Christian Queen who was descended from their Saxon dukes, who were the first Reformers, and at the doors of the church where the Reformation was first preached." The Queen describes the service as like the Scotch Presbyterian form, only with more ceremony and more singing. The last impressed her deeply. The pastor preached a fine sermon. The afternoon's drive led through scenery which, especially in its pine woods, resembled the Scotch Highlands, and ended in the *Thiergarten*, where the Duke reared his wild boars.

"I cannot think," the Queen wrote longingly, "of going away from here. I count the hours, for I have a feeling here which I cannot describe—a feeling as if my childhood also had been spent here." No wonder; Coburg was home to her, like her native air or her mother tongue; she must have learnt to know it at her mother's knee. Her husband's experience was added to the earlier recollection of every salient point, every *Haus-Mührchen*; and never were husband and wife more in sympathy than the two who now snatched a short season of delight from a sojourn in the cradle of their race.

Another brilliant sunshiny day—which the brother Princes spent together reviving old associations in the town, while the Queen sketched at Rosenau—closed with the last visit to the theatre, when the people again sang "God save the Queen," adding to it some pretty farewell verses.

The last day which the Queen passed in Coburg was, by a happy circumstance, the Prince's birthday—the first he had spent at Rosenau since he was a lad of fifteen, and, in spite of all changes, the day dawned full of quiet gladness. "To celebrate this dear day in my beloved husband's country and birthplace is more than I ever hoped for," wrote her Majesty, "and I am so thankful for it; I wished him joy so warmly when the singers sang as they did the other morning." The numberless gifts had been arranged by no other hands than those of the Queen and the Prince's brother and sister-in-law on a table "dressed with flowers." Peasants came in gala dress,* with flowers, music, and dancing to

* The Queen admired greatly many of the peasant costumes, often as serviceable and durable as they were becoming, which she saw in Germany. She expressed the regret so often uttered by English travellers that English labourers and workers at handicrafts, in place of retaining a dress of their own, have long ago adopted a tawdry version of the fashions of the upper classes. Unfortunately the practice is fast becoming universal.

offer their good wishes. In the afternoon all was quiet again, and the Queen and the Prince took their last walk together, for many a day, at Rosenau, down into the hayfields where the friendly people exchanged greetings with them, drank the crystal clear water from the stream, and looked at the fortifications which two princely boys had dug and built, as partly lessons, partly play.

The next day at half-past eight the travellers left "with heavy hearts," measuring the fateful years which were likely to elapse before Coburg was seen again. The pain of parting was lessened by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, who accompanied their guests to the Duke's other domain of Gotha. The way led through Queen Adelaide's country of Meiningen, and at every halting-place clergymen with addresses more or less discursive, and "white and green young ladies," literally bombarded the travellers with speeches, flowers, and poems. At last the Duke of Coburg's territory was again entered after it was dark, and the party reached the lovely castellated country-seat of Reinhardtsbrunn, amidst forest and mountain scenery, with its lake in front of the house, set down in the centre of a mining population that came up in quaint costumes, with flaming torches, to walk in procession past the windows. The Queen was charmed with Reinhardtsbrunn, and would fain have lingered there, but time pressed, and she was expected in the course of the next afternoon at Gotha, on a visit to the Prince's aged grandmother who had helped to bring him up, and was so fondly attached to her former charge.

The old lady at seventy-four years of age anticipated the visit. She travelled the distance of eight miles before breakfast, in order to take her grandchildren by surprise. "I hastened to her," is the Queen's account, "and found Albert and Ernest with her. She is a charming old lady, and though very small, remarkably nice-looking, erect and active, but unfortunately very deaf. . . . She was so happy to see us, and kissed me over and over again. Albert, who is the dearest being to her in the world, she was enraptured to see again, and kissed so kindly. It did one's heart good to see her joy."

In the afternoon the travellers proceeded to Gotha, which was in a state of festival and crowded with people. The Queen and the Prince resided at the old Duchess's house of Friedrichsthal, where the greatest preparations, including the hanging of all her pictures in their rooms, had been made for them. The first visit they paid in Gotha was a solemn one, to the chapel which formed the temporary resting-place of the body of the late Duke, till it could be removed to its vault in Coburg. Then the rooms in which the father had died were visited. These were almost equally melancholy, left as they had been, unchanged, with the wreaths that had decorated the room for his last birthday still there;

"and there is that sad clock which stopped just before he died." Who that has seen in Germany these faded wreaths, with their crushed, soiled streamers of white riband, can forget the desolate aspect which they lend to any room in which they are preserved!

There was a cabinet or museum here, too, to inspect, and the curious old spectacle of the popinjay to be witnessed, in company with the Grand Duke of Weimar and his son. This kind of shooting was harmless enough, for the object aimed at was a wooden bird on a pole. The riflemen, led by the rifle-king (*schützen-könig*), the public officials, and deputations of peasants marched past the platform where the Queen stood, like a pageant of the Middle Ages. All the princes, including King Leopold, fired, but none brought down the bird; that feat was left for some humbler hero.

On the Queen's return from the popinjay she had the happiness to meet Baroness Lehzen, her old governess, who had come from Bükeburg to see her Majesty. During the next few days the old friends were often together, and the Queen speaks with pleasure of the Baroness's "unchanged devotion," only she was quieter than formerly. It must have appeared like another dream to both, that "the little Princess" of Kensington, travelling with her husband, should greet her old governess, and tell her, under the shadow of the great Thüringerwald, of the four children left behind in England.

The next day the forest itself was entered, when "the bright blue sky, the heavenly air, the exquisite tints," gave a crowning charm to its beauties. The road lay through green glades which occasionally commanded views so remote as those of the Hartz Mountains, to *Jägersruh*, a hunting-lodge on a height "among stately firs that look like cedars." Here the late Duke had exerted all his skill and taste to make a hunter's paradise, which awoke again the regretful thought, "How it would have pleased him to have shown all this himself to those he loved so dearly!"

But *Jägersruh* was not the goal of the excursion; it was a "deer-drive" or battue, which in Germany at least can be classed as "a relic of mediæval barbarism." A considerable space in the forest was cleared and enclosed with canvas. In the centre of this enclosure was a pavilion open at the sides, made of branches of fir-trees, and decorated with berries, heather, and forest flowers; in short, a sylvan bower provided for the principal company; outside a table furnished with powder and shot supplied a station for less privileged persons, including the chasseurs or huntsmen of the Duke, in green and gold uniforms.

Easy-chairs were placed in the pavilion for the Queen, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess Alexandrina, while Prince Albert, King Leopold, the Prince of Leiningen, and Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince's uncle, stood by the ladies. Stags to the number of upwards of thirty, and other game, were driven into the enclosure, and between

the performances of a band which played at intervals, the gentlemen loaded their rifles, and fired at the helpless prey in the presence of the ladies.

Her Majesty records in her Journal, "As for the sport itself, none of the gentlemen like this butchery." She turns quickly from the piteous slaughter to the beautiful, peaceful scenery.

A quiet Sunday was spent at Gotha. Monday was the *Lieder fest*, or festival of song, to which, on this occasion, not only the townspeople and villagers from all the neighbouring towns and villages came with their banners and bands, but every small royalty from far and near flocked to meet the Queen of England. These innumerable cousins repaired with the Queen to the park opposite the Schloss, and shared in the festival. The orchestra, composed of many hundreds of singers, was opposite the pavilion erected for the distinguished visitors. Among the fine songs, rendered as only Germans could render them, songs composed by Prince Albert and his brother, and songs written for the day, were sung. Afterwards there was a State dinner and a ball.

The last day had come, with its inevitable sadness. "I can't—won't think of it," wrote the Queen, referring to her approaching departure. She drove and walked, and, with her brother-in-law and his Duchess, was ferried over to the "Island of Graves," the burial-place of the old Dukes of Gotha when the duchy was distinct from that of Coburg. An ancient gardener pointed out to the visitors that only one more flower-covered grave was wanted to make the number complete. When the Duchess of Gotha should be laid to rest with her late husband and his fathers, then the House of Gotha, in its separate existence, would have passed away.

One more drive through the hayfields and the noble fir-trees to the vast Thüringerwald, and, "with many a longing, lingering look at the pine-clad mountains," the Queen and the Prince turned back to attend a ball given in their honour by the townspeople in the theatre.

On the following day the homeward journey was begun. After partings, rendered still more sorrowful by the fact that the age of the cherished grandmother of the delightful "dear" family party rendered it not very probable that she, for one, would see all her children round her again, the Duke and Duchess of Coburg went one stage with the travellers, and then there was another reluctant if less painful parting.

The Queen and the Prince stopped at the quaint little town of Eisenach, which Helen of Orleans was yet to make her home. They were received by the Grand Duke and Hereditary Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, with whom the strangers drove through the autumn woods to the famous old fortress of the Wartburg, which, in its time, dealt a deadly blow

to Roman Catholicism by sheltering, in the hour of need, the Protestant champion, Luther. Like the good Protestants her Majesty and the Prince were, they went to see the great reformer's room, and looked at the ink-splash on the wall—the mark of his conflict with the devil—the stove at which he warmed himself, the rude table at which he wrote and ate, and above all, the glorious view over the myriads of tree-tops with which he must have refreshed his steadfast soul. But if Luther is the hero of the Wartburg, there is also a heroine—the central figure of that “Saint's Tragedy” which Charles Kingsley was to give to the world in the course of the next two or three years—St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, the tenderest, bravest, most tortured soul that ever received the doubtful gain of canonization. There is the well by which she is said to have ministered to her sick poor, half-way up the ascent to the Wartburg, and down in the little town nestling below, may be seen the remains of an hospital bearing her name.

From Fulda, where the royal party slept, they journeyed to Goethe's town of Frankfurt, where Ludwig I., who turned Munich into a great picture and sculpture gallery, and built the costly Valhalla to commemorate the illustrious German dead, dined with her Majesty.

At Biberich the Rhine was again hailed, and a steamer, waiting for the travellers, carried them to Bingen, where their own little vessel, *The Fairy*, met and brought them on to Deutz, on the farther side from Cologne. The Queen says naïvely that the Rhine had lost its charm for them all—the excitement of novelty was gone, and the Thüringerwald had spoiled them. Stolzenfels, Ehrenbreitstein, and the Sieben-Gebirge had their words of praise, but sight-seeing had become for the present a weariness, and after Bonn, with its memories, had been left behind, it was a rest to the royal travellers—as to most other travellers at times—to turn away their jaded eyes, relinquish the duty of alert observation, forget what was passing around them, and lose themselves in a book, as if they were in England. Perhaps the home letters had awakened a little home-sickness in the couple who had been absent for a month. At least, we are given to understand that it was of home and children the Queen and the Prince were chiefly thinking when they reached Antwerp, to which the King and Queen of the Belgians had preceded them, and re-embarked in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, though it was not at once to sail for English waters. In gracious compliance with an urgent entreaty of Louis Philippe's, the yacht was to call, as it were in passing, at Tréport.

On the morning of the 8th of September the Queen's yacht again lay at anchor off the French seaport. The King's barge, with the King, his son, and son-in-law, Prince Joinville, and Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, and M. Guizot, once more came along-

side. After the friendliest greetings, the Queen and Prince Albert landed with their host, though not without difficulty. The tide would not admit of the ordinary manner of landing, and Louis Philippe in the dilemma fell back on a bathing-machine, which dragged the party successfully if somewhat unceremoniously over the sands.

The Queen of the French was there as before, accompanied among others by her brother, the Prince of Salerno and his Princess, sister to the Emperor of Austria. The crowd cheered as loudly as ever; there seemed no cloud on the horizon that bright, hot day; even the plague of too much publicity and formality had been got rid of at Château d'Eu. The Queen was delighted to renew her intercourse with the large, bright family circle—two of them her relations and fast friends. “It put me so much in mind of two years ago,” she declared, “that it was really as if we had never been away;” and the King had to show her his *Galerie Victoria*, a room fitted up in her honour, hung with the pictures illustrating her former visit and the King's return visit to Windsor.

Although she had impressed on him that she wished as much as possible to dispense with state and show on this occasion, the indefatigable old man had been at the trouble and expense of erecting a theatre, and bringing down from Paris the whole of the *Opéra Comique* to play before her, and thus increase the gaiety of the single evening of her stay.

Only another day was granted to Château d'Eu. By the next sunset the King was conducting his guests on board the royal yacht and seizing the last opportunity, when Prince Albert was taking Prince Joinville over the *Fairy*, glibly to assure the Queen and Lord Aberdeen that he, Louis Philippe, would never consent to Montpensier's marriage to the Infanta of Spain till her sister the Queen was married and had children.

At parting the King embraced her Majesty again and again. The yacht lay still, and there was the most beautiful moonlight reflected on the water. The Queen and the Prince walked up and down the deck, while not they alone, but the astute statesman Aberdeen, congratulated themselves on how well this little visit had prospered, in addition to the complete success of the German tour. With the sea like a lake, and sky and sea of the deepest blue, in the early morning the yacht weighed anchor for England. Under the hot haze of an autumn noonday sun the royal travellers disembarked on the familiar beach at Osborne. The dearest of welcomes greeted them as they “drove up straight to the house, for there, looking like roses, so well and so fat, stood the four children.”

The Queen referred afterwards to that visit to Germany as to one of the happiest times in her life. She said when she thought of it, it made her inclined to cry, so pure and tender had been the pleasure.

CHAPTER IV.

RAILWAY SPECULATION—FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP—SIR ROBERT PEEL'S RESOLUTIONS—
BIRTH OF PRINCESS HELENA—VISIT OF IBRAHIM PASHA.

ONE thousand eight hundred and forty-five had begun with what appeared a fresh impetus to national prosperity—a new start full of life and vigour, by which the whole resources of the country should be at once stirred up and rendered ten times more available than they had ever been before. This was known afterwards as “the Railway Mania,” which, like other manias, if they are not mere fever-fits of speculation, but are founded on real and tangible gains, had its eager hopeful rise, its inflated disproportioned exaggeration, its disastrous collapse, its gradual recovery, and eventually its solid reasonable success. In 1845 the movement was hurrying on to the second stage of its history.

The great man of 1845 was Hudson the railway speculator, “the Railway King.” Fabulous wealth was attributed to him; immense power for the hour was his. A seat in Parliament, entrance into aristocratic circles, were trifles in comparison. We can remember hearing of a great London dinner at which the lions were the gifted Prince, the husband of the Queen, and the distorted shadow of George Stephenson, the bourgeois creator of a network of railway lines, a Bourse of railway shares; the winner, as it was then supposed, of a huge fortune. It was said that Prince Albert himself had felt some curiosity to see this man and hear him speak, and that their encounter on this occasion was prearranged and not accidental.

The autumn of 1845 revealed another side to the country's history. The rainy weather in the summer brought to sudden hideous maturity the lurking potato disease. Any one who recalls the time and the aspect of the fields must retain a vivid recollection of the sudden blight that fell upon acres on acres of what had formerly been luxuriant vegetation, under the sunshine which came late only to complete the work of destruction; the withering and blackening of the leaves of the plant, the sickening fetid odour of the decaying bulbs, which tainted the heavy air for miles; the dismay that

filled the minds of the people, who, in the days of dear corn, had learnt more and more to depend upon the cultivation of potatoes, to whom their failure meant ruin and starvation.

This was especially the case in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, where the year closed in gloom and apprehension; famine stalked abroad, and doles of Indian corn administered by Government in addition to the alms of the charitable, alone kept body and soul together in fever-stricken multitudes.

About this time also, like another feature of the spirit of adventure which sent Franklin to the North Pole, and operated to a certain extent in the flush of railway enterprise, England was talking half chivalrously, half commercially, and alas! more than half sceptically, of Brook and Borneo, and the new attempt to establish civilization and herald Christianity under English influence in the far seas. All these conflicting elements of new history were felt in the palace as in other dwellings, and made part of Queen Victoria's life in those days.

A great statesman closed his eyes on this changing world. Earl Grey, who had been in the front in advocating change in his time, died.

A brave soldier fell in the last of his battles. Sir Robert Sale, who had been the guest of his Queen a year before, having returned to India and rejoined the army of the Sutlej on fresh disturbances breaking out in the Punjab, was killed at the battle of Moodkee.

Something of the wit and humour of the country was quenched or undergoing a transformation and passing into other hands. Two famous English humorists, Sydney Smith and Tom Hood the elder, went over to the great majority.

By the close of 1845 it had become clear that a change in the Corn Laws was impending. In the circumstances Sir Robert Peel, who, though he had been for some time approaching the conclusion, was not prepared to take immediate steps—who was, indeed, the representative of the Conservative party—resigned office. Lord John Russell, the great Whig leader, was called upon by the Queen to summon a new Ministry; but in consequence of difficulties with those who were to have been his colleagues, Lord John was compelled to announce himself unable to form a Cabinet, and Sir Robert Peel, at the Queen's request, resumed office, conscious that he had to face one of the hardest tasks ever offered to a statesman. He had to encounter "the coolness of former friends, the grudging support of unwilling adherents, the rancour of disappointed political antagonists."

In February, 1846, the royal family spent a week at Osborne, glad to escape from the strife of tongues and the violent political contention which they could do nothing to quell. The Prince was happy, "out all day," directing the building which was going on, and

laying out the grounds of his new house; and the Queen was happy in her husband and childrens' happiness. During this short absence Sir Robert Peel's resolutions were carried, and his Corn Bill, which was virtually the repeal of the Corn Laws, passed. He had only to await the consequences.

In the middle of the political excitement a single human tragedy, which Sir Robert Peel did something to prevent, reached its climax. Benjamin Haydon, the painter, the ardent advocate, both by principle and practice, of high art, took his life, driven to despair by his failure in worldly success—especially by the ill-success of his cartoons at the exhibition in Westminster Hall.

On the 25th of May a third princess was born, and on the 20th of June Sir Robert Peel's old allies, the Tories, who had but bided their time for revenge, while his new Whig associates looked coldly on him, conspired to defeat him in a Government measure to check assassination in Ireland, so that he had no choice save to resign. He had sacrificed himself as well as his party for what he conceived to be the good of the nation. His reign of power was at an end; but for the moment, at least, he was thankful.

To Lord John Russell, who was more successful than on an earlier occasion, the task of forming a new Ministry was intrusted. The parting from her late ministers, on the 6th of July, was a trial to the Queen, as the same experience had been previously. "Yesterday," her Majesty wrote to King Leopold, "was a very hard day for me. I had to part from Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so much overcome that it quite upset me. We have in them two devoted friends. We felt so safe with them. Never during the five years that they were with me did they ever recommend a person or a thing that was not for my or the country's best, and never for the party's advantage *only*. . . . I cannot tell you how sad I am to lose Aberdeen; you cannot think what a delightful companion he was. The breaking up of all this intercourse during our reign is deplorable."

In the separation the Queen to a nearer and dearer friend, whom only death could remove from her. "Albert's use to me, and I may say to the country, by his firmness and sagacity in these moments of trial, is beyond all belief." And beyond all gainsaying must have been the deep satisfaction with which the uncle, who was like a father, heard the repeated assurance of how successful had been his work—what a blessing had rested upon it.

Here is a note of exultation on the political changes from the opposite side of the House. Lord Campbell wrote: "The transfer of the ministerial offices took place at Buckingham Palace on the 6th of July. I ought to have been satisfied, for I received



two seals, one for the Duchy of Lancaster and one for the County Palatine of Lancaster. My ignorance of the double honour which awaited me caused an awkward accident, for, when the Queen put two velvet bags into my hand, I grasped one only, and the other with its heavy weight fell down on the floor, and might have bruised the royal toes, but Prince Albert good-naturedly picked it up and restored it to me."

In July the Court again paid a short visit to Osborne, that the Queen's health might be recruited before the baptism of the little Princess. Her Majesty earnestly desired that the Queen of the Belgians might be present, as the baby was to be the godchild of the young widow of Queen Louise's much-loved brother, the late Duc d'Orléans. Unfortunately the wish could not be fulfilled. The child was christened at Buckingham Palace. She received the names of "Helena Augusta Victoria." Her sponsors were the Duchesse d'Orléans, represented by the Duchess of Kent; the Duchess of Cambridge; and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The illustration represents the charming little Princess at rather a more advanced age.

At the end of July Prince Albert was away from home for a few days. He visited Liverpool, which he had greatly wished to see, in order to lay the foundation-stone of a Sailors' Home and open the Albert Dock. In the middle of the bustle and enthusiasm of his reception he wrote to the Queen: "I write hoping these lines, which go by the evening post, may reach you by breakfast time to-morrow. As I write you will be making your evening toilette, and not be ready in time for dinner.* I must set about the same task and not, let me hope, with the same result. I cannot get it into my head that there are two hundred and fifty miles between us. . . . I must conclude and enclose, by way of close, two touching objects—a flower and a programme of the procession."

The same day the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar: "I feel very lonely without my dear master; and though I know other people are often separated for a few days, I feel habit could not make me get accustomed to it. This I am sure you cannot blame. Without him everything loses its interest. . . . It will always be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days." Then she added with a ring of foreboding, "And I pray God never to let me survive him." She concluded with the true woman's proud assertion, "I glory in his being seen and heard."

* The Queen dressed quickly, but sometimes she relied too much on her powers in this respect, and failed in her wonted punctuality.

CHAPTER V.

AUTUMN YACHTING EXCURSIONS—THE SPANISH MARRIAGES—WINTER VISITS.

IN the beginning of August the Queen and the Prince, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, went again to Osborne. This autumn the Queen, the Prince and their two elder children, made pleasant yachting excursions, of about a week's duration each, to old admired scenes and new places. In one of these Baron Stockmar was with them, since he had come to England for a year's visit. He expressed himself as much gratified by the Prince's interest and judgment in politics, and his opinion of the Queen was more favourable than ever. "The Queen improves greatly," he noted down as the fruits of his keen observation, "and she makes daily advances in discernment and experience. The candour, the tone of truth, the fairness, the considerateness with which she judges men and things, are truly delightful; and the ingenuous self-knowledge with which she speaks of herself is simply charming." The yachting excursions included Babbicombe, with the red rocks and wooded hills, which gave the Queen an idea of Italy, where she had never been, "or rather of a ballet or play where nymphs are to appear;" and Torbay, where William of Orange landed. It was perhaps in reference to that event that her Majesty made her little daughter "read in her English history." It seems to have been the Queen's habit, in these yachting excursions, to take upon herself a part, at least, of the Princess Royal's education. "Beautiful Dartmouth" recalled—it might be all the more, because of the rain that fell there—the Rhine with its ruined castles and its Lurlei. Plymouth Harbour and the shore where the pines grew down to the sea, led again to Mount Edgecumbe, always lovely. But first the Queen and the Prince steamed up the St. Germans and the Tamar rivers, passing Trematon Castle, which belonged to the little Duke of Cornwall, and penetrated by many windings of the stream into lake-like regions surrounded by woods and abounding in mines, which made the Prince think of some parts of the Danube. The visitors landed at Cothele, and drove up to a fine old house unchanged since Henry VII.'s

time. When they returned in the *Fairy* to the yacht proper, they found it in the centre of a shoal of boats, as it had been the last time it sailed in these waters.

Prince Albert made an excursion to Dartmoor, and could have believed he was in Scotland, while her Majesty contented herself with another visit to Mount Edgecumbe, the master of which, a great invalid, yet contrived to meet her near the landing-place at which his wife and sons, with other members of the family, had received the royal visitor. The drowsy heat and the golden haze were in keeping with the romantically luxuriant glories of the drive, which the Queen took with her children and her hostess. The little people went in to luncheon while the Queen sketched.

After Prince Albert's return in the afternoon, the visit was repeated. "The finest and tallest chestnut-trees in existence," and the particularly tall and straight birch-trees, were inspected, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits examined. Well might they flourish at Mount Edgecumbe, since Plymouth was Sir Joshua's native town, and some of the Edgecumbe family were among his first patrons, when English art stood greatly in need of such patronage.

The next excursion was an impromptu run in lovely weather to Guernsey, which had not been visited by an English sovereign since the days of King John. The rocky bays, the neighbouring islands, the half-foreign town of St. Pierre, with "very high, bright-coloured houses," illuminated at night, pleased her Majesty greatly. On the visitors landing they were met by ladies dressed in white singing "God save the Queen," and strewing the path with flowers. General Napier, a white-haired soldier, received the Queen and presented her with the keys of the fort. The narrow streets through which she drove were "decorated with flowers and flags, and lined with the Guernsey militia." The country beyond, of which she had a glimpse, was crowned with fine vegetation.

Whether or not it was to prevent Jersey, with St. Helier's, from feeling jealous, ten days later the Queen and the Prince, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, the usual suite, Lord Spencer, and Lord Palmerston, set out on a companion trip to the sister island. The weather was colder and the sea not so calm. Indeed, the rolling of the vessel in Alderney Race was more than the voyagers had bargained for. After it became smoother the little Prince of Wales put on a sailor's dress made by a tailor on board, and great was the jubilation of the Jack Tars of every degree.

The whole picturesque coast of Jersey was circumnavigated in order to reach St. Helier's, which was gained when the red rocks were gilded with the setting sun. A little later the yacht was hauled up under the glow of bonfires and an illumination. On a splendid September day, which lent to the very colouring a resemblance to Naples, the Queen passed between

the twin towers of Noirmont Point and St. Aubin, and approached Elizabeth Castle, with the town of St. Helier's behind it. The Queen landed amidst the firing of guns, the playing of military bands, and the roar of cheers, the ladies of the place, as before, strewing her path with flowers, and marshalling her to a canopy, under which her Majesty received the address of the States and the militia. The demonstrations were on a larger and more finished scale than in Guernsey, greater time having been given for preparation.

The French tongue around her arrested the Queen's attention. So did a seat in one of the streets filled with French women from Granville, "curiously dressed, with white handkerchiefs on their heads." The Queen drove through the green island, admiring its orchards without end, though the season of russet and rosy apples was past for Jersey. The old tower of La Hogue Bie was seen, and the castle of Mont Orgueil was still more closely inspected, the Queen walking up to it and visiting one of its batteries, with a view across the bay to the neighbouring coast of France. Mont Orgueil is said to have been occupied by Robert of Normandy, the unfortunate son of William the Conqueror. Her Majesty heard that it had not yet been taken, but found this was an error, though it was true the island of Guernsey had never been conquered.

The close of the pleasant day was a little spoilt by the heat and glare, which sent the Queen ill to her cabin. The next day saw the party bound for Falmouth, where they arrived under a beautiful moon, with the sea smooth as glass—not an unacceptable change from the rolling swell of the first part of the little voyage.

Something unexpected and unwelcome had happened before the close of the excursion, while the French coast which the Queen had hailed with so much pleasure was still full in sight. Whether the news which arrived with the other dispatches had anything to do with the fit of indisposition that rendered the heat and glare unbearable, it certainly marred the enjoyment of the last part of her trip. Before quitting Jersey the Queen was made acquainted with the fact that Louis Philippe's voluntary protestations with regard to the marriage of his son, the Duc de Montpensier, had been so many idle words. He had stolen a march both upon England and Europe generally. The marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with the Infanta Luisa of Spain was announced simultaneously with the marriage of her sister, the Queen of Spain, to her cousin the Duc de Cadiz.

Everybody knows at this date how futile were Louis Philippe's schemes for the aggrandisement of his family, and how he learnt by bitter experience, as Louis XIV. had done before him, that a coveted Spanish alliance, in the very fact of its attainment, meant disaster and humiliation for France.

Louis Philippe had the grace, as we sometimes say, to shrink from writing to

announce the double marriage against which he had so often solemnly pledged himself to the Queen. He delegated the difficult task to Queen Amélie, who discharged it with as much tact as might have been expected from so devoted a wife and kind a woman.

The Queen of England's reply to this begging of the question is full of spirit and dignity:—

“OSBORNE, *September 10th*, 1846.

“MADAME,—I have just received your Majesty's letter of the 8th, and I hasten to thank you for it. You will perhaps remember what passed at Eu between the King and myself. You are aware of the importance which I have always attached to the maintenance of our cordial understanding, and the zeal with which I have laboured towards this end. You have no doubt been informed that we refused to arrange the marriage between the Queen of Spain and our cousin Leopold (which the two Queens* had eagerly desired) solely with the object of not departing from a course which would be more agreeable to the King, although we could not regard the course as the best.† You will therefore easily understand that the sudden announcement of this double marriage could not fail to cause us surprise and very keen regret.

“I crave your pardon, Madame, for speaking to you of politics at a time like this, but I am glad that I can say for myself that I have always been *sincere* with you. Begging you to present my respectful regards to the King, I am, Madame, your Majesty's most devoted friend,

“VICTORIA.”

The last yachting excursion of the season was to Cornwall. The usual party accompanied the Queen and the Prince, the elder children, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, her Majesty managing, as before, to hear her little daughter repeat her lessons. Lizard Point and Land's End were reached. At Penzance Prince Albert landed to inspect the copper and serpentine-stone works, while the Queen sketched from the deck of the *Fairy*. As the Cornish boats clustered round the yacht, and the Prince of Wales looked down with surprise on the half-outlandish boatmen, a loyal shout arose, “Three cheers for the Duke of Cornwall.”

The romantic region of St. Michael's Mount, dear to the lovers of Arthurian legends, was visited, the Queen climbing the circuitous path up the hill to enter the castle, the Prince mounting to the tower where “St Michael's chair,” the rocky seat for betrothed

* The reference is to the young Queen of Spain and her mother the Queen-dowager Christina.

† The confining of the Queen of Spain's selection of a husband to a Bourbon prince, a descendant of Philip V.

couples, still tests their courage and endurance. Each man and woman races up the difficult path, and the winner of the race who first sits down in the chair claims the right to rule the future home.

The illustration from a painting by Stanfield represents the imposing pile of the "old religious house" crowning the noble rock, the royal yacht lying off the shore commanding St. Michael's Mount, the numerous spectators on shore and in boats haunting the royal footsteps—in short, the whole scene in the freshness and stir which broke in upon its sombre romance.

On Sunday service was held under the awning with its curtains of flags, Lord Spencer—a captain in the navy—reading prayers "extremely well." On Monday there was an excursion to the serpentine rocks, where caves and creeks, cormorants and gulls, lent their attractions to the spot. At Penryn the corporation came on board, "very anxious to see the Duke of Cornwall." The Queen makes a picture in writing of the quaint interview. "I stepped out of the pavilion on deck with Bertie. Lord Palmerston told them that that was the Duke of Cornwall, and the old mayor of Penryn said he hoped 'he would grow up a blessing to his parents and his country.'"

The party were rowed up the beautiful rivers Truro and Tregony, between banks covered with stunted oaks or woods of a more varied kind down to the water's edge, past charming pools, creeks, and ferries, with long strings of boats on the water and carts on the shore, and a great gathering of people cheering the visitors, especially when the little Duke of Cornwall was held up for them to see. The Queen took delight in the rustic demonstration, so much in keeping with the place, and the simple loyalty of the people.

Her Majesty went to Fowey, and had the opportunity of driving through some of the narrowest, steepest streets in England, till she reached the hilly ground of Cornwall, "covered with fields, and intersected with hedges," and at last arrived at her little son's possession, the ivy-covered ruin of the old castle of Restormel, an appanage of the Duchy of Cornwall, in which the last Earl of Cornwall had resided five hundred years before.

The Queen also visited the Restormel iron-mines. She was one of the comparatively few ladies who have ventured into the nether darkness of a pit. She saw her underground subjects as well as those above ground, and to the former no less than to the latter she bore the kindly testimony that she found them "intelligent good people." We can vouch for this that these hewers and drawers of ore, in their dark-blue woollen suits, the arms bare, and caps with the candles or lamps stuck in the front, lighting up the pallid grimy faces, would be fully conscious of the honour done them, and would yield to no ruddy,



fustian-clad ploughman or picturesque shepherd, with his maud and crook, in loyalty to their Queen.

The Queen and the Prince got into a truck and were drawn by the miners, the mineral agent for Cornwall bringing up the rear, into the narrow workings, where none could pass between the truck and the rock, and "there was just room to hold up one's head, and not always that." As it is with other strangers in Pluto's domains, her Majesty "felt there was something unearthly about this lit-up cavern-like place," where many a man spent the greater part of his life. But she was not deterred from getting out of the truck with the Prince, and scrambling along to see the veins of ore, from which Prince Albert was able to knock off some specimens. Daylight was dazzling to the couple when they returned to its cheerful presence.

The last visit paid in Cornwall was by very narrow stony lanes to "Place," a curious house restored from old plans and drawings to a fac-simile of a Cornwall house of the past, as it had been defended by one of the ancestresses of the present family, the Treffrys,* against an attack made upon her, by the French, during her husband's absence. The hall was lined with Cornwall marble and porphyry.

On the 15th of September the new part of Osborne House was occupied for the first time by its owners. Lady Lyttelton chronicled the pleasant event and some ceremonies which accompanied it. "After dinner we were to drink the Queen and Prince's health as a 'house-warming.' And after it the Prince said very naturally and simply, but seriously, 'We have a hymn' (he called it a psalm) 'in Germany for such occasions. It begins'—and then he repeated two lines in German, which I could not quote right, meaning a prayer to 'bless our going out and coming in.' It was long and quaint, being Luther's. We all perceived that he was feeling it. And truly entering a new house, a new palace, is a solemn thing to do, to those whose probable span of life in it is long, and spite of rank, and health, and youth, down-hill now."

Sir Theodore Martin, who quotes Lady Lyttelton's letters in the "Life of the Prince Consort," gives such a hymn, which is a paraphrase of the 121st Psalm, as it appears in the Coburg *Gesang-Buch*, and supplies a translation of the verse in question.

Unsern ausgang segne Gott,
 Unsern eingang gleicher-massen ;
 Segne unser täglich brod,
 Segne unser thun und lassen.
 Segne uns mit sel'gem sterben,
 Und mach uns zu Himmel's Erben.

* By Tre, Con and Pen,
 You may know the Cornish men.

God bless our going out, nor less
 Our coming in, and make them sure ;
 God bless our daily bread, and bless
 Whate'er we do, whate'er endure ;
 In death unto his peace awake us,
 And heirs of his salvation make us.

"I forgot," writes Lady Lyttelton again, "much the best part of our breaking in, which was that Lucy Kerr (one of the maids of honour) insisted on throwing an old shoe into the house after the Queen, as she entered for the first night, being a Scotch superstition. It looked too strange and amusing. She wanted some melted lead and sundry other charms, but they were not forthcoming. I told her I would call her *Luckie*, and not *Lucy*."

During the autumn the Princess of Prussia, who was on a visit to her aunt, Queen Adelaide, went to Windsor Castle, where Madame Bunsen met her. "I arrived here at six," writes Madame Bunsen, "and at eight went to dinner in the great hall, hung round with Waterloo pictures, the band playing exquisitely, so placed as to be invisible, so that what with the large proportions of the hall and the well-subdued lights, and the splendours of plate and decorations, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Stanley, and Miss Dawson were beautiful enough to represent an ideal queen's ideal attendants.

"The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with the expression of countenance that she has when pleased with what surrounds her, and which you know I like to see. The old Duke of Cambridge failed not to ask after you.

"This morning at nine we were all assembled at prayers in the private chapel, then went to breakfast, headed by Lady Canning; after which Miss Stanley took the Countess Haach and me to see the collection of gold plate. Three works of Benvenuto Cellini, and a trophy from the Armada, an immense flagon or wine-fountain, like a gigantic old-fashioned smelling-bottle, and a modern Indian work—a box given to the Queen by an Indian potentate—were what interested me the most. Then I looked at many interesting pictures in the long corridor.

"I am lodged in what is called the Devil's Tower, and have a view of the Round Tower, of which I made a sketch as soon as I was out of bed this morning."

In October the Queen and the Prince spent several days on a private visit to the Queen-dowager at her country house of Cashiobury. From Cashiobury the royal couple went on, in bad weather, to Hatfield House, which had once been a palace, but had long been the seat of the Cecils, Marquises of Salisbury. Here more than anywhere else

Queen Victoria was on the track of her great predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, while the virgin queen was still the maiden princess, considerably oppressed by her stern sister Queen Mary. Queen Victoria inspected all the relics of the interesting old place, "the vineyard," the banqueting-room fallen down into a stable, and the oak still linked with the name of Queen Bess.

At Hatfield there was a laudable innovation on the usual round of festivities. From four to five hundred labourers were regaled on the lawn with a roasted ox and hogsheads of ale.

On the 1st of December, the Queen and Prince, who had been staying at Osborne, paid the Duke of Norfolk a visit at Arundel. Not only was the Duke the premier duke and Earl-Marshal of England, but he held at this time the high office in the Household of Master of the Horse. The old keep and tower at Arundel were brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Queen's presence, and bonfires lit up the surrounding country. The Duke of Wellington was here also, walking about with the Queen, while the younger men shot with Prince Albert. On the second day of her stay her Majesty received guests in the state drawing-room. The third day included the usual commemorative planting of trees in the Little Park. In the evening there was dancing, in which the Queen joined.

There were great changes, ominous of still further transitions, in the theatrical and literary world. Liston, the famous comedian who had delighted a former generation, was dead, and amateur actors, led by authors in the persons of Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, &c. &c., had come to the front, and were winning much applause, as well as solid benefits for individuals and institutions connected with literature requiring public patronage. A man and a woman unlike in everything save their cordial admiration for each other, bore down all opposition in the reading world: William Makepeace Thackeray, in 1846, in spite of the discouragement of publishers, started his "Vanity Fair," and Charlotte Brontë, from the primitive seclusion of an old-fashioned Yorkshire parsonage, took England by storm with her impassioned, unconventional "Jane Eyre." The fame of these two books, while the authors were still in a great measure unknown, rang through the country.

Art in England was still following the lines laid down for the last twenty or thirty years, unless in the case of Turner, who had entered some time before on the third period of his work, the period marked by defiance and recklessness as well as by noble power.

CHAPTER VI.

INSTALLATION OF PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE.

ONE thousand eight hundred and forty-seven began with the climax of the terrible famine in Ireland, and the Highlands, produced by the potato disease, which, commencing in 1845, had reappeared even more disastrously in 1846. In the Queen's speech in opening Parliament, she alluded to the famine in the land with a perceptibly sad fall of her voice.

In spite of bad trade and bad times everywhere, two millions were advanced by the Government for the relief of the perishing people, fed on doles of Indian meal; yet the mortality in the suffering districts continued tremendous.

In February, 1847, Lord Campbell describes an amusing scene in the Queen's closet. "I had an audience, that her Majesty might prick a sheriff for the county of Lancaster, which she did in proper style, with the bodkin I put into her hand. I then took her pleasure about some Duchy livings and withdrew, forgetting to make her sign the parchment roll. I obtained a second audience, and explained the mistake. While she was signing, Prince Albert said to me, 'Pray, my lord, when did this ceremony of pricking begin?' CAMPBELL. 'In ancient times, sir, when sovereigns did not know how to write their names.' QUEEN, as she returned me the roll with her signature, 'But we now show we have been to school.' " In the course of the next month his lordship gives a lively account of dining along with his wife and daughter at Buckingham Palace. "On our arrival, a little before eight, we were shown into the picture gallery, where the company assembled. Bowles, who acted as master of the ceremonies, arranged what gentlemen should take what lady. He said, 'Dinner is ordered to be on the table at ten minutes past eight, but I bet you the Queen will not be here till twenty or twenty-five minutes after. She always thinks she can dress in ten minutes, but she takes about double the time.' True enough, it was nearly twenty-five minutes past eight before she appeared; she shook hands with the ladies, bowed to the gentlemen, and proceeded to the *salle à manger*. I had to take in Lady Emily de Burgh, and was third on her Majesty's right, Prince

Edward of Saxe-Weimar and my partner being between us. The greatest delicacy we had was some very nice oat-cake. There was a Highland piper standing behind her Majesty's chair, but he did not play as at State dinners. We had likewise some Edinburgh ale. The Queen and the ladies withdrawing, Prince Albert came over to her side of the table, and we remained behind about a quarter of an hour, but we rose within the hour from the time of our sitting down to dinner. . . . On returning to the gallery we had tea and coffee. The Queen came up and talked to me. She does the honours of the palace with infinite grace and sweetness, and considering what she is both in public and domestic life, I do not think she is sufficiently loved and respected. Prince Albert took me to task for my impatience to get into the new House of Lords, but I think I pacified him, complimenting his taste. A dance followed. The Queen chiefly delighted in a romping sort of country-dance, called the *Tempête*. She withdrew a little before twelve.

The beginning of the season in London was marked by two events in the theatrical and operatic world. Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Pierce Butler) reappeared on the stage, and was warmly welcomed back. Jenny Lind sang for the first time in London at the Italian Opera House in the part of "Alice" in *Roberto il Diavolo*, and enchanted the audience with her unrivalled voice and fine acting.

In the month of May, in the middle of the Irish distress, the great agitator of old, Daniel O'Connell, died in his seventy-second year, on his way to Rome. The news of his death was received in Ireland as only one drop more in the full cup of national misery. In the same month of May another and a very different orator, Dr. Chalmers, the great impassioned Scotch divine, philosopher, and philanthropist, one of the leaders in the disruption from the Church of Scotland, died in Edinburgh, in his sixty-eighth year.

Prince Albert had been elected Chancellor of Cambridge University—a well-deserved compliment, which afforded much gratification both to the Queen and the Prince. They went down to Cambridge in July for the ceremony of the installation, which was celebrated with all scholarly state and splendour.

"The Hall of Trinity was the scene of the ceremony for which the visit was paid. Her Majesty occupied a chair of state on a dais. The Chancellor, the Prince in his official robes, supported by the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of Oxford, the Bishop of Oxford, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and the Heads of the Houses entered, and the Chancellor read an address to her Majesty congratulatory on her arrival. Her Majesty made a gracious reply and the Prince retired with the usual profound obeisances, a proceeding which caused her Majesty some amusement," so says the *Annual Register*. This part of the day's proceedings seems to have made a lively impression on those who witnessed it.

Bishop Wilberforce gives his testimony. "The Cambridge scene was very interesting. There was such a burst of loyalty, and it told so on the Queen and Prince. E—— would not then have thought that he looked cold. It was quite clear that they both felt it as something new that he had earned, and not she given, a true English honour; and so he looked so pleased and she so triumphant. There was also some such pretty interludes when he presented the address, and she beamed upon him and once half smiled, and then covered the smile with a gentle dignity, and then she said in her clear musical voice, 'The choice which the University has made of its Chancellor *has my most entire approbation.*'" The Queen records in her Diary, "I cannot say how it agitated and embarrassed me to have to receive this address and hear it read by my beloved Albert, who walked in at the head of the University, and who looked dear and beautiful in his robes, which were carried by Colonel Phipps and Colonel Seymour. Albert went through it all admirably, almost absurd, however, as it was for us. He gave me the address and I read the answer, and a few kissed hands, and then Albert retired with the University."

After luncheon a Convocation was held in the Senate House, at which the Queen was present as a visitor. The Prince, as Chancellor, received her at the door, and led her to the seat prepared for her. "He sat covered in his Chancellor's chair. There was a perfect roar of applause," which we are told was only tamed down within the bounds of sanity by the dulness of the Latin oration, delivered by the public orator. Besides the princes already mentioned, and several noblemen and gentlemen, Sir George Grey, Sir Harry Smith (of Indian fame), Sir Roderick Murchison, and Professor Müller, received university honours.

Her Majesty and the new Chancellor dined with the Vice-Chancellor at Catherine Hall—probably selected for the honour because it was a small college, and could only accommodate a select party. After dinner her Majesty attended a concert in the Senate House—an entertainment got up in order to afford the Cambridge public another opportunity of seeing their Queen. Later the Prince went to the Observatory, and her Majesty walked in the cool of the evening in the little garden of Trinity Lodge, with her two ladies.

The following day the royal party again went to the Senate House, the Prince receiving the Queen, and conducting her as before to her seat. With the accompaniment of a tremendous crowd, great heat, and thunders of applause, the prize poems were read, and the medals distributed by the Prince. Then came the time for the "Installation Ode," written at the Prince's request by Wordsworth, the poet laureate, set to music, and

sung in Trinity Hall in the presence of the Queen and Prince Albert with great effect. Poetry, of all created things, can least be made to order; yet the ode had many fine passages and telling lines, besides the recommendation claimed for it by Baroness Bunsen: "The Installation Ode I thought quite affecting, because the selection of striking points was founded on fact, and all exaggeration and humbug were avoided."

The poem touched first on what was so prominent a feature in the history of Europe in the poet's youth—the evil of unrighteous and the good of righteous war, identifying the last with the successes of England when Napoleon was overthrown.

Such is Albion's fame and glory ;
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

Then the measure changes to a plaintive strain.

But lo ! what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall ?
The rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the isle's delight :
Flower and bud together fall,
A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

Hope and cheer return to the song.

Time a chequered mantle wears,
Earth awakes from wintry sleep ;
Again the tree a blossom bears.
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep ;
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn,
They tell that your future Queen is born.

A little later is the fine passage—

Time in his mantle's sunniest fold
Uplifted on his arms the child,
And while the fearless infant smiled
Her happy destiny foretold.
Infancy, by wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty ;
Youth by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty ;
Womanhood, in pure renown
Seated on her lineal throne,
Leaves of myrtle in her crown
Fresh with lustre all their own ;
Love, the treasure worth possessing
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied.

After a brief period of rest, which meant a little quiet "reading, writing, working, and drawing"—a far better sedative for excited nerves than entire idleness—the Queen

and the Prince attended a flower-show in the grounds of Downing College, walking round the gardens and entering into all the six tents, "a very formidable undertaking, for the heat was beyond endurance and the crowd fearful." In the evening there was a great dinner in Trinity Hall. "Splendid did that great hall look," is Baroness Bunsen's admiring exclamation; "three hundred and thirty people at various tables . . . the Queen and her immediate suite at a table at the raised end of the hall, all the rest at tables lengthways. At the Queen's table the names were put on the places, and anxious was the moment before one could find one's place." Then the Queen gave a reception in Henry VIII.'s drawing-room, when the masters, professors and doctors, with their wives, were presented. When the reception was over, at ten o'clock, in the soft dim dusk, a little party again stole out, to see with greater leisure and privacy those noble trees and hoary buildings. Her Majesty tells us the pedestrians were in curious costumes: "Albert in his dress-coat with a mackintosh over it, I in my evening dress and diadem, and with a veil over my head, and the two princes in their uniforms, and the ladies in their dresses and shawls and veils. We walked through the small garden, and could not at first find our way, after which we discovered the right road, and walked along the beautiful avenues of lime-trees in the grounds of St. John's College, along the water and over the bridges. All was so pretty and picturesque, in particular the one covered bridge of St. John's College, which is like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. We stopped to listen to the distant hum of the town; and nothing seemed wanting but some singing, which everywhere but here in this country we should have heard. A lattice opened, and we could fancy a lady appearing and listening to a serenade."

Shade of quaint old Fuller! thou who hast described with such gusto Queen Elizabeth's five days' stay at Cambridge, what wouldst thou not have given, hadst thou lived in the reign of Victoria, to have been in her train this night? Shades more formidable of good Queen Bess herself, Bluff King Hal, Margaret Countess of Richmond, and that other unhappy Margaret of Anjou, what would you have said of this simple ramble? In truth it was a scene from the world of romance, even without the music and the lady at the lattice. An ideal Queen and an ideal Prince, a thin disguise over the tokens of their magnificence, stealing out with their companions, like so many ghosts, to enjoy common sights and experiences, and the little thrill of adventure in the undetected deed.

On the last morning there was a public breakfast in the grounds of Trinity College, attended by thousands of the county gentry of Cambridge and Lincolnshire. "At one the Queen set out through the cloisters and hall and library of Trinity College, to pass through the gardens and avenues, which had been connected for the occasion by a

temporary bridge over the river, with those of St. John's." Madame Bunsen and her companions followed her Majesty, and had the best opportunity of seeing everything, and in particular "the joyous crowd that grouped among the noble trees." The Queen ate her *déjeuner* in one of the tents, and on her return to Trinity Lodge, she and Prince Albert left Cambridge at three o'clock for London. Baroness Bunsen winds up her graphic descriptions with the statement, "I could still tell much of Cambridge—of the charm of its 'trim gardens,' of how the Queen looked and was pleased, and how well she was dressed, and how perfect in grace and movement."

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND AND STAY AT ARDVERIKIE.

ON the 11th of August her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Leiningen, attended by a numerous suite, left Osborne in the royal yacht for Scotland. They followed a new route and succeeded, in spite of the fogs in the Channel, in reaching the Scilly Isles. The voyage, to begin with, was not a pleasant one. There had been a rough swell on the sea as well as fogs off shore. The children, and especially the Queen, on this occasion suffered from sea-sickness. However, her Majesty landed on the tiny island of St. Mary's.

As the royal party approached Wales the sea became calmer and the sailing enjoyable. The yacht and its companions lay in the great harbour of Milford Haven, under the reddish-brown cliffs. Prince Albert and the Prince of Leiningen went to Pembroke, while the Queen sat on the deck and sketched.

On a beautiful Sunday the Queen sailed through the Menai Straits in the *Fairy*, when the sight of "Snowdon rising splendidly in the middle of the fields and woods was glorious." The "grand old Castle of Caernarvon" attracted attention; so did Plas Newydd, where her Majesty had spent six weeks, when she had visited Wales as Princess Victoria, in one of her girlish excursions with the Duchess of Kent. The Isle of Man, with the town of Douglas, surmounted by bold hills and cliffs, a castle and a lighthouse, looked abundantly picturesque, but the landing there was reserved for the return of the voyagers, though it was on this occasion that a tripping Manxman described Prince Albert, in a local newspaper, as leading the Prince Regent by the hand; a slip which drew from the Prince the gay rejoinder that "usually one has a regent for an infant, but in Man it seems to be precisely the reverse."

The Mull of Galloway was the first Scotch land that was sighted, and just before entering Loch Ryan the huge rock, Ailsa Craig, with its moving clouds of sea-fowl, rose to view.

Arran and Goatfell, Bute and the Bay of Rothesay, were alike hailed with delight. But the islands were left behind for the moment, till more was seen of the Clyde, and Greenock, of sugar-refining and boat-building fame, was reached. It was her Majesty's first visit to the west coast of Scotland, and Glasgow poured "down the water" her magistrates, her rich merchants, her stalwart craftsmen, her swarms from the Gorbels and the Saut Market, the Candle-rigs and the Guse-dibs. Multitudes lined the quays. No less than forty steamers over-filled with passengers struggled zealously in the wake of royalty. "Amidst boats and ships of every description moving in all directions," the little *Fairy* cut its way through, bound for Dumbarton.

On the Queen's return to Greenock she sailed past Roseneath, and followed the windings of Loch Long, getting a good view of the Cobbler, the rugged mountain which bears a fantastic resemblance to a man mending a shoe. At the top of the loch, Ben Lomond came in sight. "There was no sun, and twice a little mist; but still it was beautiful," wrote the Queen.

On "a bright fresh morning" in August, when the hills were just "slightly tipped with clouds," the Queen sailed through the Kyles of Bute, that loveliest channel between overtopping mountains, and entered Loch Fyne, another fine arm of the sea, of herring celebrity.

A Highland welcome awaited the Queen at the little landing-place of Inverary, made gay and fragrant with heather. Old friends, whom she was honouring by her presence, waited to receive her, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle—the latter the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, who was also present with her son, Lord Stafford, her unmarried daughter, Lady Caroline Leveson-Gower, and her son-in-law and second daughter, Lord and Lady Blantyre. An innocent warder stood in front of the old feudal keep. In the course of the Queen's visit to Germany she had made the acquaintance, without dreaming of what lay concealed in the skirts of time, of one of her future sons-in-law in a fine little boy of eight years. Now her Majesty was to be introduced, without a suspicion of what would be the result of the introduction, to the coming husband of another daughter still unborn. Here is the Queen's description of the son and heir of the house of Argyle, who was yet to win a princess for his bride. "Outside, stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old—a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair but very delicate features, like both his mother and father; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

Her Majesty lunched at the castle, "the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room," and returned to the *Fairy*, sailing down Loch Fyne when the afternoon

was at its mellowest, and the long shadows were falling across the hillsides. At five Lochgilphead was reached, when Sir John Orde lent his carriage to convey the visitors to the Crinan Canal. The next day's sail, in beautiful weather still, was through the clusters of the nearest of the western islands, up the Sound of Jura, amidst a flotilla of small boats crowned with flags. Here were fresh islands and mountain peaks, until the strangers were within hail of Staffa.

It is not always that an approach to this northern marvel of nature is easy or even practicable; but fortune favours the brave. Her Majesty has described the landing. "At three we anchored close before Staffa, and immediately got into the barge, with Charles, the children, and the rest of our people, and rowed towards the cave. As we rounded the point the wonderful basaltic formation came into sight. The appearance it presents is most extraordinary, and when we turned the corner to go into the renowned Fingal's Cave the effect was splendid, like a great entrance into a vaulted hall; it looked almost awful as we entered, and the barge heaved up and down on the swell of the sea. It is very high, but not longer than two hundred and twenty-seven feet, and narrower than I expected, being only forty feet wide. The sea is immensely deep in the cave. The rocks under water were all colours—pink, blue, and green, which had a most beautiful and varied effect. It was the first time the British standard, with a queen of Great Britain and her husband and children, had ever entered Fingal's Cave, and the men gave three cheers, which sounded very impressive there."

On the following day the Atlantic rains had found the party, though for the present the affliction was temporary. It poured for three hours, during which her Majesty drew and painted in her cabin. The weather cleared in the afternoon; sitting on the deck was again possible, and Loch Linnhe, Loch Eil, and the entrance to Loch Leven were not lost.

At Fort William the Queen was to quit the yacht and repair to the summer quarters of Ardverikie. Before doing so she recorded her regret that "this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles is at an end; they are so beautiful and so full of poetry and romance, traditions and historical associations."

Rain again, more formidable than before, on Saturday, the 21st of August. It was amidst a hopeless drenching drizzle, which blots out the chief features of a landscape, that the Queen went ashore, to find "a great gathering of Highlanders in their different tartans" met to do her honour. Frasers, Forbeses, Mackenzies, Grants, replaced Campbells, Macdonalds, Macdougals, and Macleans. By a wild and lonely carriage-road, the latter part resembling Glen Tilt, her Majesty reached her destination.

Ardverikie, which claimed to have been a hunting-seat of Fergus, king of the Scots, was a shooting lodge belonging to Lord George Bentinck, rented from him by the Marquis of Abercorn, and lent by the marquis to the Queen. It has since been burnt down. It was rustic, as a shooting lodge should be, very much of a large cottage in point of architecture, the bare walls of the principal rooms characteristically decorated with rough sketches by Landseer, among them a drawing of "The Stag at Bay," and the whole house bristling with stags' horns of great size and perfection. In front of the house lay Loch Laggan, eight miles in length.

The Queen remained at Ardverikie for four weeks, and doubtless would have enjoyed the wilds thoroughly, had it not been for the lowest deep of persistently bad weather, when "it not only rained and blew, but snowed by way of variety."

Lord Campbell heard and wrote down these particulars of the royal stay at Ardverikie. "The Queen was greatly delighted with the Highlands in spite of the bad weather, and was accustomed to sally for a walk in the midst of a heavy rain, putting a great hood over her bonnet, and showing nothing of her features but her eyes. The Prince's invariable return to luncheon about two o'clock, in spite of grouse-shooting and deer-stalking, is explained by his voluntary desire to please the Queen, and by the intense hunger which always assails him at this hour, when he likes, in German fashion, to make his dinner."

In a continuance of the most dismally unpropitious weather, the Queen and her children left Ardverikie on the 17th of September, the Prince having preceded her for a night that he might visit Inverness and the Caledonian Canal. The storm continued, almost without intermission, during the whole of the voyage home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRENCH FUGITIVES—THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER.

LONG before the autumn of 1847, the mischievous consequences of the railway mania, complicated by the failure of the potato crop, showed itself in great bankruptcies in the large towns all over the country.

The new year came with trouble on its wings. The impending storm burst all over Europe, first in France. Louis Philippe's dynasty was overthrown.

In pairs or singly, sometimes wandering aside in a little distraction, so as to be lost sight of for days, the numerous brothers and sisters, with the parent pair, reached Dreux and Eu, and thence, with the exception of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her sons, straggled to England.

One can guess the feelings of the Queen and Prince Albert when they heard that their late hosts, doubly allied to them by kindred ties, were fugitives, seeking refuge from the hospitality of a foreign nation. And the first confused tidings of the French revolution which reached the Queen and Prince Albert were rendered more trying, by the almost simultaneous announcement of the death of the old Dowager-Duchess of Gotha, to whom all her grandchildren were so much attached.

The ex-King and Queen arrived at Newhaven, Louis Philippe bearing the name of Mr. Smith. Queen Victoria had already written to King Leopold on the 1st of March: "About the King and Queen (Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie) we still know nothing. . . . We do everything we can for the poor family, who are, indeed, sorely to be pitied. But you will naturally understand that we cannot make common cause with them, and cannot take a hostile position to the new state of things in France. We leave them alone; but if a Government which has the approbation of the country be formed, we shall feel it necessary to recognise it in order to pin them down to maintain peace and the existing

treaties, which is of the greatest importance. It will not be pleasant to do this, but the public good and the peace of Europe go before one's personal feelings."

As soon as it could be arranged under the circumstances, the Queen had an interview with the exiles. What a meeting after the last parting, and all that had come to pass in the interval! This interview took place on the 6th of March, when Louis Philippe came privately to Windsor.

The same intelligent chronicler, Lady Lyttelton, who gave such a graphic account of the Citizen-King's first visit to Windsor, had also to photograph the second. Once more she uses with reason the word "historical." "To-day is historical, Louis Philippe having come from Claremont to pay a private (*very private*) visit to the Queen. She is really enviable now, to have in her power and in her path of duty, such a boundless piece of charity and beneficent hospitality. The reception by the *people* of England of all the fugitives has been beautifully kind."

That day the Queen wrote sadly to Baron Stockmar: "I am quite well; indeed, particularly so, though God knows we have had since the 25th enough for a whole life—anxiety, sorrow, excitement; in short, I feel as if we had jumped over thirty years' experience at once. The whole face of Europe is changed, and I feel as if I lived in a dream." She added, with the tenderness of a generous nature, referring to the very different circumstances in which her regard for the Orleans house had been established, and to the alienation which had arisen between her and some of its members: "You know my love for the family; you know how I longed to get on terms with them again. . . and you said, 'Time will alone, but will certainly, bring it about.' Little did I dream that this would be the way we should meet again and see each other, all in the most friendly way. That the Duchesse de Montpensier, about whom we have been quarrelling for the last year and a half, should be here as a fugitive and dressed in the clothes I sent her, and should come to thank *me for my kindness*, is a reverse of fortune which no novelist would devise and upon which one could moralise for ever."

It was a comfort to the Queen and Prince Albert that Belgium, which had at first appeared in the greatest danger, ended by standing almost alone on the side of its King and Government.

The tide of revolution, which swept over the greater states, did not spare the small. The Duke of Coburg-Gotha's subjects, who had seemed so happily situated and so contented at the time of the Queen's visit, were in a ferment like the rest of their countrymen. Bellona's hot breath was in danger of withering the flowers of that Arcadia. The Princes of Leiningen and Hohenlohe, the Queen's brother and brother-in-law, were

practically dispossessed of seigniorial rights and lands, and ruined. The Princess of Hohenlohe wrote to her sister: "We are undone, and must begin a new existence of privations, which I don't care for, but for poor Ernest" (her husband) "I feel it more than I can say."

In the meantime, on the 18th of March a fourth English Princess was born. There was more than usual congratulation on the safety and well-being of mother and child, because of the great shocks which had tried the Queen previously, and the anxiety which filled all thoughtful minds for the result of the crisis in England. Her Majesty's courage rose to the occasion. She wrote to King Leopold in little more than a fortnight: "I heard all that passed, and my only thoughts and talk were political. But I never was calmer or quieter, or less nervous. Great events make one calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves."

England had its own troubles and was in high excitement about an increased grant of money for the support of the army and navy, and the continuance of the income-tax. The Chartists threatened to make a great demonstration on Kennington Common.

The first threat in London, for the 13th of March, a few days before the birth of the little Princess, ended in utter failure. The happy termination was assisted by the state of the weather, great falls of rain anticipating the work of large bodies of police prepared to scatter the crowd. But as another demonstration, with the avowed intention of walking in procession to present to the House of Commons a monster petition, miles long, for the granting of the People's Charter, was announced to take place on the 10th of April, great uncertainty and agitation filled the public mind. It was judged advisable that the Queen should go to the Isle of Wight for a short stay at Osborne, though it was still not more than three weeks since her confinement.

The second demonstration collapsed like the first. Only a fraction—not more than twenty-three thousand of the vast multitude expected to appear—assembled at the meeting-place, and the people dispersed quietly. But it is only necessary to mention the precautions employed to show how great had been the alarm. The Duke of Wellington devised and conducted the steps which were taken beforehand. On the bridges were massed bodies of foot and horse police, and special constables, of whom nearly two hundred thousand—one of them Prince Louis Napoleon, the future Emperor of the French—are said to have been sworn in. In the immediate neighbourhood of each bridge strong forces of military, while kept out of sight, were ready "for instant movement." Two regiments of the line were at Millbank Penitentiary, twelve hundred infantry at Deptford Dockyard, and thirty pieces of heavy field ordnance at the Tower prepared for trans-



port by hired steamers to any spot where help might be required. Bodies of troops were posted in unexpected quarters, as in the area of the untenanted Rose Inn yard, but within call. The public offices at Somerset House and in the City were liberally supplied with arms. Places like the Bank of England were "packed" with troops and artillery, and furnished with sand-bag parapets for their walls, and wooden barricades with loopholes for firing through, for their windows.

"Thank God," her Majesty wrote to the King of the Belgians, "the Chartist meeting and procession have turned out a complete failure. The loyalty of the people at large has been very striking, and their indignation at their peace being interfered with by such wanton and worthless men immense."

Never was cheerfulness more wanted to lighten a burden of work and care. In this year of trouble "no less than twenty-eight thousand dispatches were received or sent out from the Foreign Office." All these dispatches came to the Queen and Prince Albert, as well as to Lord Palmerston, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Across the Channel the inflammatory speeches and writings of Messrs. Mitchel, Meagher, and Smith O'Brien became so treasonable in tone that, after the passing of a Bill in Parliament for the better repression of sedition, the three Irish leaders were arrested and brought to trial, the jury refusing to commit in the case of Meagher and Smith O'Brien, but in that of Mitchel, who was tried separately, finding him guilty, and sentencing him to transportation for fourteen years.

On the 2nd of May the Court returned to Buckingham Palace, and the baptism of the infant princess took place on the 13th, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, when the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. The sponsors were Duke Augustus of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, represented by Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen and the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, represented by the Queen-dowager and the Duchess of Cambridge. The names given to the child were, "Louise Caroline Alberta," the first and last for the child's grandmother on the father's side and for the royal father himself. A chorale was performed, which the Prince had adapted from an earlier composition written to the hymn—

In life's gay morn, ere sprightly youth
By vice and folly is enslaved,
Oh ! may thy Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved ;
So shall no shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways.

Bishop Wilberforce describes the scene. "The royal christening was a very beautiful sight, in its highest sense of that word 'beauty.' The Queen, with the five royal children around her, the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal hand-in-hand, all kneeling down quietly and meekly at every prayer, and the little Princess Helena alone, just standing, and looking round with the blue eyes of gazing innocence."

When the statues of the royal children were executed by Mrs. Thornycroft, Princess Helena was modelled as Peace. The engraving is a representation of the graceful piece of sculpture, in which a slender young girl, wearing a long loose robe and having sandalled feet, holds the usual emblematic branch and cluster—one in each hand.

As one Princess was born, another of a former generation, whose birth had been hailed with equal rejoicing, passed away, on the 27th of May, immediately after the Birthday Drawing-room. Princess Sophia, the youngest surviving daughter and twelfth child of George III. and Queen Charlotte, died in her arm-chair in the drawing-room of her house at Kensington, aged seventy-one. At her own request she was buried at Kensal Green, where the Duke of Sussex was interred.



PLATE

OF THE FEMALE

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST STAY AT BALMORAL.

FROM France, in June, came the grievous news of the three days' fighting in the streets of Paris, because no Government provision could secure work and bread for the artisans. The insurrection was only put down by martial law under the Dictator, General Cavaignac.

In Sardinia the King, Charles Albert, fighting gallantly against the Austrian rule, was defeated once and again, and driven back.

In England, though the most swaggering of the Chartists still blustered a little, attention could be given to more peaceful concerns. In July Prince Albert went to York, though he could "ill be spared" from the Queen's side in those days of startling events and foreign turmoil, to be present at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he had been governor for half-a-dozen years. The acclamations with which the Prince was received, were only the echo of the tempest of cheers which greeted and encouraged her Majesty every time she appeared in public this year.

In August strong measures had again to be taken in Ireland. These included the gathering together of a great military force in the disturbed districts, and the assemblage of a fleet of war-steamers on the coast. As in the previous instance, little or no resistance was offered. In the course of a few days the former leaders, Meagher, Smith O'Brien, and Mitchell, were arrested. They were brought to trial in Dublin, convicted of high treason, and sentenced to death—a sentence commuted into transportation for life.

The Queen had the pleasure of finding her brother, the Prince of Leiningen, appointed head of the department of foreign affairs in the short-lived Frankfort assembly of the German states. It showed at least the respect in which he was held by his countrymen.

On the 5th of September the Queen went in person to prorogue Parliament, which had sat for ten months. The ceremony took place in the new House of Lords. There was an unusually large and brilliant company present on this occasion, partly to admire the "lavish paint and gilding," the stained-glass windows, with likenesses of

kings and queens, and Dyce's and Maclise's frescoes, partly to enjoy the emphatically-delivered sentence in the royal speech, in which the Queen acknowledged, "with grateful feelings, the many marks of loyalty and attachment which she had received from all classes of her people."

The Queen and the Prince, with three of their children and the suite, sailed from Woolwich for a new destination in Scotland—a country-house or little castle, which they had so far made their own, since the Prince, acting on the advice of Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, had acquired the lease from the Earl of Aberdeen.

The royal party were in Aberdeen Harbour at eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th September. On the 8th Balmoral was reached. The first impression was altogether agreeable. Her Majesty has described the place, as it appeared to her, in her Journal. "We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in the front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the *Dee*, and the hills rise all around."

During the first stay of the Court at Balmoral, the Queen has chronicled the ascent of a mountain. On Saturday, the 16th of September, as early as half-past nine in the morning, her Majesty and Prince Albert drove in a postchaise four miles to the bridge in the wood of Ballochbuie, where ponies and guides awaited them. Maedonald, a keeper of Farquharson of Invercauld's and afterwards in the service of the Prince, a tall, handsome man, whom the Queen describes as "looking like a picture in his shooting-jacket and kilt," and Grant, the head-keeper at Balmoral, on a pony, with provisions in two baskets, were the chief attendants.

Through the wood and over moss, heather, and stones, sometimes riding, sometimes walking; Prince Albert irresistibly attracted to stalk a deer, in vain; across the stony little burn, where the faithful Highlanders piloted her Majesty; walking and riding again, when Maedonald led the bridle of the beast which bore so precious a burden; the views "very beautiful," but alas! mist on the brow of Loch-na-gar. Prince Albert making a detour after ptarmigan, leaving the Queen in the safe keeping of her devoted guides, to whom she refers so kindly as "taking the greatest care of her." Even "poor Batterbury," the English groom, who seems to have cut rather a ridiculous figure in his thin boots and gaiters and non-enjoyment of the expedition, "was very anxious also" for the well-being of his royal lady, whose tastes must have struck him as eccentric, to say the least.

The mist intensified the cold when the citadel mountain was reached, so that it must have been a relief to try a spell of walking once more, especially as the first part of the way was "soft and easy," while the party looked down on the two *lochans*, known as *Na Nian*.

Who that has any knowledge of the mountains cannot recall the effect of these solitary tarns, like well-eyes in the wilderness, gleaming in the sunshine, dark in the gloom? The Prince, good mountaineer as he was, grew glad to remount his pony and let the docile, sure-footed creature pick its steps through the gathering fog, which was making the ascent an adventure not free from danger.

Everything not within a hundred yards was hidden. The last and steepest part of the mountain (three thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven feet from the sea-level) was accomplished on foot, and at two o'clock, after four hours' riding and walking, a seat in a little nook where luncheon could be taken was found; for, unfortunately, there was no more to be done save to seek rest and refreshment. There was literally nothing to be seen, in place of the glorious panorama which a mountain-top in favourable circumstances presents.

This was that "dark Loch-na-gar" whose "steep frowning glories" Lord Byron rendered famous, for which he dismissed with scorn "gay landscapes and gardens of roses."

No doubt the snowflakes, in corries on the mountain-side, do look deliciously cool on a hot summer day. But such a drizzling rain as this was the other side of the picture, which her Majesty, with a shiver, called "cold, wet, and cheerless." In addition to the rain the wind began to blow a hurricane, which, after all, in the case of a fog, was about the kindest thing the wind could do, whether or not the spirits of heroes were in the gale.

At twenty minutes after two the party set out on their descent of the mountain. The two keepers, moving on as pioneers in the gloom, "looked like ghosts." When walking became too exhausting, the Queen, "well wrapped in plaids," was again mounted on her pony, which she declared "went delightfully," though the mist caused the rider "to feel cheerless."

In the course of the next couple of hours, after a thousand feet of the descent had been achieved, by one of those abrupt transitions which belong to such a landscape, the mist below vanished as if by magic, and it was again summer sunshine around.

But the world could not be altogether shut out at Balmoral, and the echoes which came from afar, this year, were of a sufficiently disturbing character. Among the most notable, Sir Theodore Martin mentions the Frankfort riots, in which two members of the German States Union were assassinated, and the startling death of the Conservative leader, Lord George Bentinck, who had suddenly exchanged the *rôle* of the turf for that of Parliament, and come to the front during the struggle over the abolition of the Corn Laws.

A third strangely significant omen was the election of Prince Louis Napoleon, by five different French Departments, as a deputy to the new French Chamber.

The Court left Balmoral on the 28th of September, stayed one night in London, and then proceeded for ten days to Osborne. On the return of the Queen and the Prince to Windsor, on the 9th of October, a sad accident occurred in their sight. As the yacht was crossing on a misty and stormy day to Portsmouth, she passed near the frigate *Grampus*, which had just come back from her station in the Pacific. In their eagerness to meet their relations among the crew on board, five unfortunate women had gone out in an open boat rowed by two watermen, though the foul-weather flag was flying. "A sudden squall swamped the boat" without attracting the attention of anyone on board the *Grampus* or the yacht. But one of the watermen, who was able to cling to the overturned boat, was seen by the men in a Custom-house boat, who immediately aroused the indignation of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence and his brother-officers by steering, apparently without any reason, right across the bows of the *Fairy*. Prince Albert, who was on deck, was the first to discover the cause of the inexplicable conduct of the men in the Custom-house boat. "He called out that he saw a man in the water;" the Queen hurried out of her pavilion, and distinguished a man on what turned out to be the keel of a boat. "Oh dear! there are more!" cried Prince Albert in horror, "which quite overcame me," the Queen wrote afterwards. "The royal yacht was stopped and one of its boats lowered, which picked up three of the women—one of them alive and clinging to a plank, the others dead." The storm was violent, and the responsibility of keeping the yacht exposed to its fury lay with Lord Adolphus. Since nothing further could be attempted for the victims of their own rashness, he did not think it right that the yacht should stay for the return of the boat, as he held the delay unsafe, although both the Queen and the Prince, with finer instincts, were anxious this should be done. "We could not stop," wrote her Majesty again, full of pity. "It was a dreadful moment, too horrid to describe. It is a consolation to think we were of some use, and also that, even if the yacht had remained, they could not have done more. Still, we all keep feeling we might, though I think we could not. . . . It is a terrible thing, and haunts me continually."

The Magyar War under Kossuth was raging in Hungary. In the far-away Punjab the Sikh War, in which Lieutenant Edwardes had borne so gallant a part in the beginning of the year, was still prolonged, with Mooltan always the bone of contention.

In October all aristocratic England was excited by the sale of the Art treasures of Stowe, which lasted for forty days. Mrs. Gaskell made a fine contribution to literature in her novel of "Mary Barton," in which genius threw its strong light on Manchester life.

The Queen had a private theatre fitted up this year in the Rubens Room, Windsor Castle. The first of the *dramatis personæ* in the best London theatres went down and acted before the Court, giving revivals of Shakespeare—which it was hoped would improve the taste for the higher drama—varied by lighter pieces.

On the 24th of November the Queen heard of the death of her former Minister and counsellor William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne. “Truly and sincerely,” her Majesty wrote in her Journal, “do I deplore the loss of one who was a most disinterested friend of mine, and most sincerely attached to me. He was, indeed, for the first two years and a half of my reign, almost the only friend I had, except Stockmar and Lehzen, and I used to see him constantly, daily. I thought much and talked much of him all day.”

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC AND DOMESTIC INTERESTS—FRESH ATTACK UPON THE QUEEN.

THE Queen and the Princee were now pledged—alike by principle and habit—to hard work. They were both early risers, but before her Majesty joined Prince Albert in their sitting-room, where their writing-tables stood side by side, we are told he had already, even in winter, by the light of the green German lamp which he had introduced into England, prepared many papers to be considered by her Majesty, and done everthing in his power to lighten her labours as a sovereign.

Lord Campbell describes an audience which he had from the Queen in February. “I was obliged to make an excursion to Windsor on Saturday, and have an audience before Prince Albert’s lunch. I was with the Queen in her closet, *solus cum solâ*. But I should first tell you my difficulty about getting from the station at Slough to the Castle. When we go down for a council we have a special train and carriages provided for us. I consulted Morpeth, who answered, ‘I can only tell you how I went last—on the top of an omnibus; but the Queen was a little shocked.’ I asked how she found it out. He said he had told her himself to amuse her, but that I should be quite *en règle* by driving up in a fly or cab. So I drove up in my one-horse conveyance, and the lord-in-waiting announced my arrival to her Majesty. I was shown into the royal closet, a very small room with one window, and soon she entered by another door all alone. My business was the appointment of a sheriff for the County Palatine, which was soon despatched. We then talked of the state of the finances of the Duchy, and I ventured to offer her my felicitations on the return of this auspicious day—her wedding-day. I lunched with the maids of honour, and got back in time to take a part in very important deliberations in the Cabinet.”

In February, 1849, the Queen opened Parliament in person. Perhaps the greatest source of anxiety was now the Sikh War, in which the warlike tribes were gaining advantages over the English troops, though Meoltan had been reduced the previous month. A drawn battle was fought between Lord Gough’s force and that of Chuttar Singh at

Chillianwallah. While the English were not defeated, their losses in men, guns and standards were sore and humiliating to the national pride. Sir Charles Napier was ordered out, and, in spite of bad health, obeyed the order. But in the meantime Lord Gough had retrieved his losses by winning at Goojerat a great victory over the Sikhs and Afghans, which in the end compelled the surrender of the enemy, with the restoration of the captured guns and standards. On the 29th of March the kingdom of the Punjaub was proclaimed as existing no longer, and the State was annexed to British India; while the beneficial influence of Edwardes and the Lawrences rendered the wild Sikhs more loyal subjects, in a future time of need, than the trained and petted Sepoy mercenaries proved themselves.

On the afternoon of the 19th of May, after the Queen had held one of her most splendid Drawing-rooms, when she was driving in a carriage with three of her children up Constitution Hill, she was again fired at by a man standing within the railings of the Green Park. Prince Albert was on horseback, so far in advance that he did not know what had occurred, till told of it by the Queen when he assisted her to alight. But her Majesty did not lose her perfect self-possession. She stood up, motioned to the coachman, who had stopped the carriage for an instant, to go on, and then diverted the children's attention by talking to them. The man who had fired was immediately arrested. Indeed, he would have been violently assaulted by the mob, had he not been protected by the police. He proved to be an Irishman, named Hamilton, from Limerick, who had come over from Ireland five years before, and worked as a bricklayer's labourer and a navy both in England and France. Latterly he had been earning a scanty livelihood by doing chance jobs. There was this to distinguish him from the other dastardly assailants of the Queen: he was not a half-crazed, morbidly conceited boy, though he also had no conceivable motive for what he did. He appears to have taken his measures, in providing himself with pistol and powder, from a mere impulse of stolid brutality. His pistol contained no ball, so that he was tried under the Felon's Act, which had been provided for such offences, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

The education of their children was a subject of much thought and care to the Queen and Prince Albert. Her Majesty wrote various memoranda on the question which was of such interest to her. Some of these are preserved in the life of the Prince Consort. She started with the wise maxim, "that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things." She dwelt upon a religious training, and held strongly the conviction that "it

is best given to a child, day by day, at its mother's knee." It was a matter of tender regret to the Queen when "the pressure of public duty" prevented her from holding this part of her children's education entirely in her own keeping. "It is already a hard case for me," was the pathetic reflection of the young mother in reference to the childhood of the Princess Royal, "that my occupations prevent me being with her when she says her prayers." At the same time the Queen and the Prince had strong opinions on the religious training which ought to be given to their children, and strove to have them carried out. The Queen wrote, still of the Princess Royal, "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feelings of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages his earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

Surely these truly reverent, just, and liberal sentiments on the religion to be imparted to young children must recommend themselves to all earnest, thoughtful parents.

In the accompanying engraving the girl-Princesses, Helena and Louise, who are represented wearing lilies in the breasts of their frocks, look like sister-lilies—as fresh, pure, and sweet.

In 1849 Mr. Birch, who had been head boy at Eton, taken high honours at Cambridge, and acted as one of the under masters at Eton, was appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales when the Prince was eight years of age.



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CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by commission, and the Queen and the Prince, with their four children, sailed on the 1st of August for Ireland. Lady Lyttelton, watching the departing squadron from the windows of Osborne, wrote with something like dramatic emphasis, "It is done, England's fate is afloat; we are left lamenting. They hope to reach Cork to-morrow evening, the wind having gone down and the sky cleared, the usual weather compliment to the Queen's departure."

The voyage was quick but not very pleasant, from the great swell in the sea. At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 2nd, Land's End was passed, and at eight o'clock in the evening the Cove of Cork was so near that the bonfires on the hill and the showers of rockets from the ships in the harbour, to welcome the travellers, were distinctly visible. Unfortunately the next day was gray and "muggy"—a quality which the Queen had been told was characteristic of the Irish climate. The saluting from the various ships sent a roar through the thick air. The large harbour with its different islands—one of them containing a convict prison, another a military dépôt—looked less cheerful than it might have done. The captains of the war-steamers came on board to pay their respects; so did the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Bandon, and the commanders of the forces at Cork. Prince Albert landed, but the Queen wrote and sketched till after luncheon. The delay was lucky, for the sun broke out with splendour in the afternoon. The *Fairy*, with its royal freight, surrounded by rowing and sailing boats, went round the harbour, all the ships saluting, and then entered Cove, and lay alongside the gaily-decorated crowded pier. The members for Cork, the clergymen of all denominations, and the yacht club presented addresses, "after which," wrote the Queen, "to give the people the satisfaction of calling the place 'Queenstown,' in honour of its being the first spot on which I set foot upon Irish ground, I stepped on shore amid the roar of cannon (for the artillery was placed so close as quite to shake the temporary room which we entered), and the enthusiastic shouts of the people."

The *Fairy* lay alongside the pier of Cork proper, and the Queen received more deputations and addresses, and conferred the honour of knighthood on the Lord Mayor. The two judges, who were holding their courts, came on board in their robes.

Then her Majesty landed and entered Lord Bandon's carriage, accompanied by Prince Albert and her ladies, Lord Bandon and General Turner riding one on each side. The Mayor went in front, and many people in carriages and on horseback joined the royal cortège, which took two hours in passing through the densely-crowded streets and under the triumphal arches. Everything went well and the reception was jubilant. To her Majesty Cork looked more like a foreign than an English town. She was struck by the noisy but good-natured crowd, the men very "poorly, often raggedly, dressed," many wearing blue coats and knee-breeches with blue stockings. The beauty of the women impressed her, "such beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth; almost every third woman was pretty, and some remarkably so. They wear no bonnets, and generally long blue cloaks."

Re-embarking at Cork, the visitors sailed to Waterford, arriving in the course of the afternoon.

The travellers sailed again at half-past eight in the morning, having at first a rough passage, with its usual unacceptable accompaniment of sea-sickness, but near Wexford the sea became gradually smooth, and there was a fine evening. At half-past six Dublin Bay came in sight. The war-steamers, four in number, waiting for her Majesty, were at their post. Escorted by this squadron, the yacht "steamed slowly and majestically" into Kingstown Harbour, which was full of ships, while the quays were lined with thousands of spectators cheering lustily. The sun was setting as this stately "procession of boats" entered the harbour, and her Majesty describes in her Journal "the glowing light" which lit up the surrounding country and the fine buildings, increasing the beauty of the scene.

Next morning, while the royal party were at breakfast, the yacht was brought up to the wharf lined with troops. The Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Clarendon, and Lady Clarendon, Prince George of Cambridge, Lords Lansdowne and Clanricarde, the Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c., came on board, an address was presented from the county by the Earl of Charlemont, to which a written reply was given. At ten Lord Clarendon, bowing low, stepped before the Queen on the gangway, Prince Albert led her Majesty on shore, the youthful princes and princesses and the rest of the company following, the ships saluting so that the very ground shook with the heavy 68-pounders, the bands playing, the guard of honour presenting arms, the multitude huzzaing, the royal standard floating out on the breeze.

Along a covered way, lined with ladies and gentlemen, and strewn with flowers, the Queen proceeded to the railway station, and after a quarter of an hour's journey reached Dublin, where she was met by her own carriages, with the postillions in the Ascot liveries.

The Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, occupied one carriage, Prince Alfred and Princess Alice, with the ladies-in-waiting, another. The Commander-in-chief of the soldiers in Ireland, Sir Edward Blakeney, rode on one side of the Queen's carriage, Prince George of Cambridge on the other, followed by a brilliant staff and escort of soldiers. "At the entrance of the city a triumphal arch of great size and beauty had been erected, under which the civic authorities—Lord Mayor, town-clerk, swordbearer, &c. &c.—waited on their sovereign." The Lord Mayor presented the keys and her Majesty returned them. "It was a wonderful and stirring scene," she described her progress in her Journal; "such masses of human beings, so enthusiastic, so excited, yet such perfect order maintained. Then the number of troops, the different bands stationed at certain distances, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the bursts of welcome that rent the air, all made it a never-to-be-forgotten scene when one reflected how lately the country had been under martial law."

The Queen admired Dublin heartily, and gave to Sackville Street and Merrion Square their due meed of praise. At the last triumphal arch a pretty little allegory, like a bit of an ancient masque, was enacted. Amidst the heat and dust a dove, "alive and very tame, with an olive-branch round its neck," was let down into the Queen's lap.

The viceregal lodge was reached at noon, and the Queen was received by Lord and Lady Clarendon and their household.

On the 7th of August, a showery day, the Queen drove into Dublin with her ladies, followed by the gentlemen, but with no other escort. Her Majesty was loudly cheered as she proceeded to the bank, the old Parliament House before the Union, where Curran and Grattan and many a "Monk of the Screw" had debated, "Bloody Toler" had aroused the rage of the populace, and Castlereagh had looked down icy cold on the burning commotion. The famous Dublin schools were next visited. Their excellent system of education and liberal tolerant code delighted the Prince. At Trinity College, with its memories of Dean Swift and "Charley O'Malley," the Queen and the Prince wrote their names in St. Columba's book, and inspected the harp said to have belonged to "King O'Brian." After their return to the lodge, when luncheon had been taken, and Prince Albert went into Dublin again, the Queen refreshed herself with a bit of home life. She wrote and read, and heard her children say some of their lessons.

At five the Queen drove to Kilmainham Hospital, Lord Clarendon accompanying her

and her ladies, while the Prince and the other gentlemen rode. The Irish Commander-in-chief and Prince George received her Majesty, who saw and no doubt cheered the hearts of the old pensioners, going into their chapel, hall, and governor's room. Afterwards she drove again into Dublin, through the older quarters, College Green—where Mrs. Delany lived when she was yet Mrs. Pendarvis and the belle of the town, and where there still stands the well-known, often maltreated statue of William III., Stephen's Green, &c. &c. The crowds were still tremendous.

On the 8th of August, before one o'clock, the Queen and her ladies in evening dress, and Prince Albert and the gentlemen in uniform, drove straight to the castle, where there was to be a levée the same as at St. James's. Her Majesty, seated on the throne, received numerous addresses—those of the Lord Mayor and corporation, the universities, the Archbishop and bishops (Protestant and Catholic), the different Presbyterians, and the Quakers. No fewer than two thousand presentations took place, the levée lasting till six o'clock—some five hours.

On the following day there was a review of upwards of six thousand soldiers and police in the Phoenix Park.

The Queen and the Prince dined alone, but in the course of the evening they drove again into Dublin, to the castle, that she might hold a Drawing-room. Two or three thousand people were there; one thousand six hundred ladies were presented. Then her Majesty walked through St. Patrick's Hall and the other crowded rooms, returning through the densely-filled, illuminated streets, and the Phoenix Park after midnight.

On the 10th of August, the Queen had a little respite from public duties in a private pleasure. She and Prince Albert, in company with Lord and Lady Clarendon and the different members of the suite, went on a short visit to Carton, the seat of "Ireland's only Duke," the Duke of Leinster. The party passed through Woodlands, with its "beautiful lime-trees," and encountered a number of Maynooth students near their preparatory college. At Carton the Queen was received by the Duke and Duchess and their eldest son, the Marquis of Kildare, with his young wife, Lady Caroline Leveson-Gower, one of the daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland. All the company walked, to the music of two bands, in the pretty quaint garden with its rows of Irish yews. Was it the same in 1798, when a son of the Leinster house, after thinking to be a king, was hunted down in a poor Dublin lodging, fought like a lion for his life, was taken a wounded prisoner to the castle, and then to Newgate to die?

The Duke led the Queen round the garden, while Prince Albert conducted the Duchess. Her Majesty wrote warmly of her host that "he was one of the kindest and

best of men." After luncheon the country people danced jigs in the park, the men in their thick coats, the women in their shawls; one man, "a regular Irishman, with his hat on one ear," the music furnished by three old and tattered pipers. Her Majesty pronounced the steps of the dancers "very droll."

The Duke and Duchess took their guests a drive, the people riding, running, and driving with the company, but continuing perfectly well-behaved, and ready to obey any word of the Duke's. It must have been a curious scene, in which all ranks took part. The Queen could not get over the spectacle of the countrymen running the whole way, in their thick woollen coats, in the heat.

On the Queen's departure from Kingstown she was followed by the same enthusiasm that had greeted her on her arrival. "As the yacht approached the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse, where the people were most thickly congregated and were cheering enthusiastically, the Queen suddenly left the two ladies-in-waiting with whom she was conversing, ran with agility along the deck, and climbed the paddle-box to join Prince Albert, who did not notice her till she was nearly at his side. Reaching him and taking his arm, she waved her right hand to the people on the piers." As she stood with the Prince while the yacht steamed out of the harbour, she waved her handkerchief in "a parting acknowledgment" of her Irish subjects' loyalty. As another compliment to the enthusiastic farewells of the people, the Queen gave orders "to slacken speed." The paddlewheels became still, the yacht floated slowly along close to the pier, and three times the royal standard was lowered by way of "a stately obeisance" made in response to the last ringing cheers of the Irish. Lord Clarendon wrote afterwards, that "there was not an individual in Dublin who did not take as a personal compliment to himself the Queen's having gone upon the paddle-box and ordered the royal standard to be lowered three times." It was a happy thought of her own.

The weather was thick and misty, and the storm which was feared came on in a violent gale before the yacht entered Belfast Harbour, early on the morning of the 11th of August. The Mayor and other officials came on board to breakfast, and in the course of the forenoon the Queen and the Prince, with the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, entered the barge to row to the *Fairy*. Though the row was only of two minutes' duration, the swell on the water was so great that the embarkation in the *Fairy* was a matter of difficulty; and when the smaller yacht was gained the Queen had to take shelter in the pavilion from the driving spray. In such unpropitious circumstances her Majesty passed Carrickfergus, the landing-place of William III., and arrived at the capital of Ulster just as the sun came out and lent its much-desired presence to the gala. Lord

Londonderry and his wife and daughters, Lord Donegal, the proprietor of the greater part of Ulster, &c. &c., came on board with various deputations, especially of Presbyterians and members of the linen trade. The Queen knighted the mayor, as she had knighted his brother-magistrate at Cork.

By an odd blunder the gangway, which had been carefully constructed for the Queen's use, was found too large. Some planks on board the yacht had to form an impromptu landing-stage; but the situation was not so awkward as when Louis Philippe had to press a bathing-machine into the royal service at Tréport. The landing-place was covered in and decorated, the Londonderry carriage in waiting, and her Majesty's only regret was for Lord Londonderry, a big man, crowded on the rumble along with specially tall and large sergeant-footmen.

The Scotch-descended people of Belfast had outdone themselves in floral arches and decorations. The galleries for spectators were thronged. There was no stint in the honest warmth of the reception. But the Irish beauty, and doubtless also something of the Irish spirit and glee, had vanished with the rags and the tumbledown cabins. The dounce, comfortable people of Ulster were less picturesque and less demonstrative.

Linen Hall, the Botanic Gardens, and the new college were visited, and different streets driven through in returning to the place of embarkation at half-past six on an evening so stormy that the weather prevented the yacht from setting sail. As it lay at anchor there was an opportunity for seeing the bonfires, streaming in the blast, on the neighbouring heights.

Before quitting Ireland the Queen determined to create her eldest son "Earl of Dublin," one of the titles borne by the late Duke of Kent.

CHAPTER XII.

SCOTLAND AGAIN—GLASGOW AND DEE-SIDE.

IN the course of the afternoon the yacht sailed for Loch Ryan. The object of this second visit to the West of Scotland was not so much for the purpose of seeing again the beautiful scenery which had so delighted the Queen and the Prince, as with the view of making up for the great disappointment experienced by the townspeople of Glasgow on her Majesty's having failed to visit what was, after London, one of the largest cities in her empire.

The weather was persistently bad this time, squally and disagreeable. On August 15th the *Fairy*, with the Queen and Prince on board, sailed for Glasgow, still in pouring rain and a high wind. The storm did not prevent the people from so lining the banks that the swell from the steamer often broke upon them. Happily the weather cleared at last, and the day was fine when the landing-place was reached. As usual, the Lord Provost came on board and received the honour of knighthood, after he had presented one of the many addresses offered by the town, the county, the clergy of all denominations, and the House of Commerce. The Queen landed, with the Prince and all the children that had accompanied her. Sheriff Alison rode on one side of her carriage, the general commanding the forces in Scotland on the other. The crowd was immense, numbering as many as five hundred thousand men, women, and children. The Queen admired the streets, the fine buildings, the quays, the churches. At the cathedral she was received by a man who seemed as venerable as the building itself, Principal MacFarlane. He called her Majesty's attention to what was then the highest chimney in the world, that of the chemical works of St. Rollax. The inspection of the fine cathedral, which the old Protestants of the west protected instead of pulling down, included the crypt. The travellers proceeded by railway to Stirling and Perth.

Early on the morning of the 15th the party started, the Queen having three of the

children in the carriage with herself and the Prince, on the long drive through beautiful Highland scenery to Balmoral.

This year her Majesty made her first stay at Alt-na-guithasach, the hut or bothie of "old John Gordon," the situation of which had taken her fancy and that of the Prince. They had another hut built for themselves in the immediate vicinity, so that they could at any time spend a day or a couple of days in the wilds, with a single lady-in-waiting and the most limited of suites. On the 30th of August the Queen, the Prince, and the Honourable Caroline Dawson, maid of honour, set out on their ponies, attended only by Macdonald, Grant, another Highlander, and an English footman. The rough road had been improved, and riding was so easy that Prince Albert could practise his Gaelic by the way.

The Queen was much pleased with her new possession, which meant "a charming little dining-room, sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room all *en suite*; a little bedroom for Miss Dawson and one for her maid, and a pantry." In the other hut were the kitchen where the Gordon family sat, a room where the servants dined, a storeroom, and a loft where the men slept. All the people in attendance on the small party were the Queen's maid, Miss Dawson's maid, Prince Albert's German valet, a footman, and Macdonald, together with the old couple, John Gordon and his wife. After luncheon the visitors went to Loch Muich—a name which has been interpreted "darkness" or "sorrow"—and got into a large boat with four rowers, while a smaller boat followed, having a net. The excursion was to the head of the loch, which joins the *Dhu* or Black Loch. "Real severe Highland scenery," her Majesty calls it, and to those who know the stern sublimity of such places, the words say a great deal. "The boat, the net, and the people in their kilts in the water and on the shore," called for an artist's pencil. Seventy trouts were caught, and several hawks were seen. The sailing was diversified by scrambling on shore. The return in the evening was still more beautiful. At dinner the German valet and Macdonald, the Highland forester, helped the footman to wait on the company. Whist, played with a dummy, and a walk round the little garden, "where the silence and solitude, only interrupted by the waving of the fir-trees, were very striking," ended the day.

The Queen and her family left Balmoral on the 27th. Travelling by Edinburgh and Berwick, they visited Earl Grey at Howick. Derby was the next halting-place. At Reading the travellers turned aside for Gosport, and soon arrived at Osborne.

Already, on the 16th of September, a special prayer had been read in every church in England, petitioning Almighty God to stay the plague of cholera which had sprung up in

the East, travelled across the seas, and broken out among the people. But the dreaded epidemic had nothing to do with the sad news which burst upon the Queen and Prince Albert within a few days of their return to the south. Both were much distressed by receiving the unexpected intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. Anson, who had been the Prince's private secretary, and latterly the keeper of the Queen's privy purse.

The offices which Mr. Anson filled in succession were afterwards worthily held by Colonel Phipps and General Grey.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPENING OF THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE—THE DEATH OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

ON the 30th of October the new Coal Exchange, opposite Billingsgate, was to have been opened by the Queen in person. A slight illness—an attack of chicken-pox—compelled her Majesty to give up her intention, and forego the motherly pleasure of seeing her two elder children, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, make their first appearance in public. Prince Albert, with his son and daughter, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Master of the Horse, drove from Buckingham Palace at twelve o'clock, and embarked on the Thames in the royal barge, "a gorgeous structure of antique design, built for Frederic, Prince of Wales, the great-great-grandfather of the Prince and Princess who now trod its deck." It was rowed by twenty-seven of the ancient craft of watermen, restored for a day to the royal service, clad in rich livery for the occasion, and commanded by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. Commander Eden, superintendent of Woolwich Dockyard, led the van in his barge. Then came Vice-Admiral Elliot, commander-in-chief at the Nore; next the Lord Mayor's bailiff in his craft, preceding the Lord Mayor in the City barge, "rearing its quaint gilded poop high in the air, and decked with richly emblazoned devices and floating ensigns Two royal gigs and two royal barges escorted the State barge, posted respectively on its port and starboard bow, and its port and starboard quarter. The Queen's shallop followed; the barges of the Admiralty and the Trinity Corporation barge brought up the rear." * According to ancient custom one barge bore a graceful freight of living swans to do honour to the water procession. Such a grand and gay pageant on the river had not been seen for a century back. It only wanted some of the "water music," which Handel composed for George II., to render the gala complete.

It would be difficult to devise a scene more captivating for children of nine and ten, such as the pair who figured in it. Happily the day, though it was nearly the last of

* *Annual Register.*

October, was beautiful and bright, and from the position which the royal party occupied in their barge when it was in the middle of the river, "not only the other barges and the platformed steamers and lighters with their living loads, but the densely-crowded banks, must have formed a memorable spectacle. The very streets running down from the Strand were so packed with spectators as to present each one a moving mass. Half a million of persons were gathered together to witness the unwonted sight; the bridges were hung over with them like swarms of flies, and from the throng at intervals shouts of welcome sounded long and loud." Between Southwark and London Bridge the rowers lay on their oars for a moment, in compliment to the ardent loyalty of the scholars of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School. The most picturesque point was "at the moment the vessels emerged from London Bridge and caught sight of the amphitheatre of shipping in the Upper Pool—a literal forest of masts, with a foliage of flags more variously and brilliantly coloured than the American woods after the first autumn frost. Here, too, the ear was first saluted by the boom of guns, the Tower artillery firing as the procession swept by."

The landing-place on the Custom House Quay was so arranged, by means of coloured canvas, as to form a covered corridor the whole length of the quay, to and across Thames Street, to the principal entrance to the Coal Exchange.

Prince Albert and the young Prince and Princess passed down the corridor, "bowing to the citizens on either side," a critical ordeal for the simply reared children. When the Grand Hall of the Exchange was reached, the City procession came up, headed by the Lord Mayor, and the Recorder read aloud an address "with such emphatic solemnity," it was remarked, that the Prince of Wales seemed "struck and almost awed by his manner." Lady Lyttelton takes notice of the same comical effect produced on the little boy. Prince Albert replied.

At two o'clock the *déjeuner* was served, when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, at Prince Albert's request, sat near him. The usual toasts were given; the health of the Queen was drunk with "loudest cheers," that of the Queen-Dowager with "evident feeling," called forth by the fact that King William's good Queen, who had for long years struggled vainly with mortal disease, was, as everybody knew, drawing near her end. The toast of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal was received with an enthusiasm that must have tended at once to elate and abash the little hero and heroine of the day.

At three o'clock the royal party re-embarked in the *Fairy*. As Prince Albert stepped on board, while expressing his gratification with the whole proceedings, he

said to his children, with the gracious, kindly tact which was natural to him, "Remember that you are indebted to the Lord Mayor for one of the happiest days of your lives."

Before December wound up the year it was generally known that the Queen-Dowager Adelaide, who had in her day occupied a prominent place in the eyes of the nation, was to be released from the sufferings of many years.

In November Queen Victoria paid her last visit to the Queen-Dowager. "I shall never forget the visit we paid to the Priory last Thursday," the Queen wrote to King Leopold. "There was death written in that dear face. It was such a picture of misery, of complete prostration, and yet she talked of everything. I could hardly command my feelings when I came in, and when I kissed twice that poor dear thin hand. . . . I love her so dearly ; she has ever been so maternal in her affection to me. She will find peace and a reward for her many sufferings."

Queen Adelaide died quietly on the 2nd of December, at her country seat of Bentley Priory, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. Her will, which reflected her genuine modesty and humility, requested that she should be conveyed to the grave "without any pomp or state;" that she should have as private a funeral as was consistent with her rank ; that her coffin should be "carried by sailors to the chapel;" that, finally, she should give as little trouble as possible.

The Queen-Dowager's wishes were strictly adhered to. There was no embalming, lying in State, or torchlight procession. The funeral started from the Priory at eight o'clock on a winter morning, and reached Windsor an hour after noon. There was every token of respect and affection, but an entire absence of show and ostentation. Nobody was admitted to St. George's Chapel except the mourners and those officially connected with the funeral. Few even of the Knights of the Garter were present. Among the few was the old Duke of Wellington, sitting silent and sad ; Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge also occupied their stalls. The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge, with the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and two Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, the late Queen's sister and nieces, were in the Queen's closet.

The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. Ten sailors of the Royal Navy "gently propelled" the platform on which the coffin was placed to the mouth of the vault. Among the supporters of the pall were Lord Adolphus and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence. The chief mourner was the Duchess of Norfolk. Prince George of Cambridge and Prince Edward and Prince Gustaf of Saxe-Weimar, nephews of the late Queen, followed. Then came the gentlemen and ladies of her household. All the gentlemen taking part in

the funeral were in plain black with black scarfs; each lady had a large black veil over her head.

After the usual psalms and lessons, Handel's anthem, "Her body is buried in peace," was sung. The black velvet pall was removed and the crown placed on the coffin, which, at the appropriate time in the service, was lowered to the side of King William's coffin. Sir Charles Young, King-at-Arms, proclaimed the rank and titles of the deceased. The late Queen's chamberlain and vice-chamberlain broke their staves of office amidst profound silence, and kneeling, deposited them upon the coffin. The organ played the "Dead March in Saul," and the company retired.

Long years after Queen Adelaide had lain in her grave, the publication of an old diary revived some foul-mouthed slanders, which no one is too pure to escape. But the coarse malice and gross falsehood of the accusations were so evident, that their sole result was to rebound with fatal effect on the memory of the man who retailed them.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATION FOR THE EXHIBITION—BIRTH OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—THE BLOW DEALT
BY PATE—FOREIGN TROUBLES—ENGLISH ART.

THE first great public meeting in the interest of the Exhibition was held in London in the February of this year, and on the 21st of March a banquet was given at the Mansion House to promote the same cause. Prince Albert was present, with the ministers and foreign ambassadors; and the mayors and provosts of all the principal towns in the United Kingdom were also among the guests. The Prince delivered an admirable speech to explain his view of the Exhibition.

It was at this time that the Duke of Wellington made the gratifying proposal that the Prince should succeed him as Commander-in-chief of the army, urging the suggestion by every argument in his power, and offering to supply the Prince with all the information and guidance which the old soldier's experience could command. After some quiet consideration the Prince declined the proposal, chiefly on the ground that the many claims which the high office would necessarily make on his time and attention, must interfere with his other and still more binding duties to the Queen and the country.

On May-day, 1850, her Majesty's third son and seventh child was born. The Prince, in announcing the event to the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, says: "The little boy was received by his sisters with *jubilates*. 'Now we are just as many as the days of the week,' was the cry, and then a bit of a struggle arose as to who was to be Sunday. Out of well-bred courtesy the honour was conceded to the new-comer."

The circumstance that the 1st of May was the birthday of the Duke of Wellington determined the child's name, and perhaps, in a measure, his future profession. The Queen and the Prince were both so pleased to show this crowning mark of friendship from a sovereign to a subject, that they did not allow the day to pass without intimating their intention to the Duke. "It is a singular thing," the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar "that this so much wished-for boy should be born on the old Duke's eighty-first birth-



day. May that, and his beloved father's name, bring the poor little infant happiness and good fortune!"

An amusing episode of the Queen's visit to Ireland had been the passionate appeal of an old Irishwoman, "Och, Queen, dear! make one of them Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!" Whether or not her Majesty remembered the fervent request, Prince Arthur had Patrick for one of his names, certainly in memory of Ireland, and William for another, partly in honour of one of his godfathers—the present Emperor of Germany—and partly because it would have pleased Queen Adelaide, whose sister, Duchess Ida of Saxe-Weimar, was godmother. Prince Albert's name wound up the others. The child was baptized on the 22nd of June at Buckingham Palace. The two godfathers were present; so were the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge (the Duke of Cambridge lay ill), Prince George and Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Prince of Leiningen, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the ministers and foreign ambassadors. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Oxford, &c. &c., officiated. Prince Albert's chorale, "In life's gay morn," was performed again. After the christening there was a State banquet in the picture gallery. Prince Arthur was the finest of all the Queen's babies, and the royal nurseries still retain memories of his childish graces.

Before the ceremony of the christening, and within a month of the birth of her child, her Majesty was subjected to one of the most wanton and cowardly of all the attacks which half-crazed brains prompted their owners to make upon her person. She had driven out about six o'clock in the evening, with her children and Lady Jocelyn, to inquire for her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, who was suffering from his last illness. While she was within the gates of Cambridge House, a tall, gentlemanlike man loitered at the entrance, as it appeared with the by no means uncommon wish to see the Queen. But when her carriage drove out, while it was leisurely turning the corner into the road, the man started forward, and, with a small stick which he held, struck the Queen a sharp blow on the face, crushing the bonnet she wore, and inflicting a severe bruise and slight wound on the forehead. The fellow was instantly seized and the stick wrested from his grasp, while he was conveyed to the nearest police-station.

The Queen drove home, and was able to show herself the same evening at the Opera, where she was received with the singing of the National Anthem and great cheering.

The offender was neither a boy nor of humble rank. He proved to be a man of thirty—a gentleman by birth and education.

The Prince wrote of the miserable occurrence to Baron Stockmar that its perpetrator was a dandy "whom you must often have seen in the Park, where he has made himself

conspicuous. He maintains the closest silence as to his motives, but is manifestly deranged. All this does not help to make one cheerful."

The man was the son of a gentleman named Pate, of wealth and position, who had acted as sheriff of Cambridgeshire. The son had held a commission in the army, from which he had been requested to retire, on account of an amount of eccentricity that had led at least to one serious breach of discipline. He could give no reason for his conduct beyond making the statement that he had acted on a sudden uncontrollable impulse. He was tried in the following July. The jury refused to accept the plea of insanity, and he was sentenced, like his predecessor, to seven years' transportation.

At the date of the attack the minds of the Queen and the Prince, and indeed of a large portion of the civilised world, were much occupied with a serious foreign embroilment into which the Government had been drawn by what many people considered the restless and interfering policy of Lord Palmerston, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He had gone so far as to send a fleet into Greek waters for the protection of two British subjects claiming assistance, and in the act he had offended France and Russia.

Much political excitement was aroused, and there were keen and protracted debates in both Houses of Parliament. In the House of Lords something like a vote of censure of the foreign policy of the Government was moved and carried. In the House of Commons the debate lasted five nights, and the fine speech in which Lord Palmerston, a man in his sixty-sixth year, defended his policy, was continued "from the dusk of one day to the dawn of the next."

Apart from these troubles abroad, the country, on the whole, was in a prosperous and satisfactory condition. Trade was flourishing. Neither had literature fallen behind. Perhaps it had rarely shown a more brilliant galaxy of contemporary names, including those of John Stuart Mill in logic, Herbert Spencer in philosophy, Charles Darwin in natural science, Ruskin in art criticism, Helps as an essayist. And in this year Tennyson brought out his "In Memoriam," and Kingsley his "Alton Lock." It seemed but natural that the earlier lights should be dying out before the later; that Lord Jeffrey, the old king of critics, should pass beyond the sound of reviews; and Wordsworth, after this spring, be seen no more among the Cumberland hills and dales; and Jane Porter, whose innocent high-flown romances had been the delight of the young reading world more than fifty years before, should end her days, a cheerful old lady, in the prosaic town of Bristol.

In the Academy's annual exhibition the same old names of Landseer (with his popular picture of the Duke of Wellington showing his daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, the field of Waterloo), Maclise, Mulready, Stanfield, &c. &c., came still to the front. But a new

movement, having a foreign origin, though in this case an English development, known as the pre-Raphaelite theory, with Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti as its leaders, was already at work. This year there was a picture by Millais—still a lad of twenty-one—in support of the protest against conventionality in the beautiful, which did not fail to attract attention, though it excited as much condemnation as praise. The picture was “Christ in the House of His Parents,” better known as “The Carpenter’s Shop.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATHS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE Court had been at Osborne for the Whitsun holidays, and the Prince had written to Germany, "In our island home we are wholly given up to the enjoyment of the warm summer weather. The children catch butterflies, Victoria sits under the trees, and I drink the Kissingen water, Ragotzky. To-day mamma-aunt (the Duchess of Kent) and Charles (Prince of Leiningen) are come to stay a fortnight with us; then we go to town to compress the (so-called) pleasures of the season into four weeks. God be merciful to us miserable sinners."

There was more to be encountered in town this year than the hackneyed round of gaieties—from which even royalty, with all the will in the world, could not altogether free itself. The first shock was the violent opposition, got up alike by the press and in Parliament, to Hyde Park as the site of the building required for the Exhibition. Following hard upon it came the melancholy news of the accident to Sir Robert Peel, which occurred at the very door, so simply and yet so fatally. Sir Robert, who was riding out on Saturday, the 29th of June, had just called at Buckingham Palace and written his name in her Majesty's visiting-book. He was going up Constitution Hill, and had reached the wicket-gate leading into the Green Park, when he met Miss Ellis, Lady Dover's daughter, with whom he was acquainted, also riding. Sir Robert exchanged greetings with the young lady, and his horse became restive, "swerved towards the rails of the Green Park," and threw its rider, who had a bad seat in the saddle, sideways on his left shoulder. It was supposed that Sir Robert held by the reins, so as to drag the animal down with its knees on his shoulder.

He was taken home in a carriage, and laid on a sofa in his dining-room, from which he was never moved. At his death he was in his sixty-third year.

The vote of the House of Commons settled the question that Hyde Park should be the site of the Exhibition, and *Punch's* caricature, which the Prince enjoyed, of Prince Albert

as "The Industrious Boy," cap in hand, uttering the petition—

"Pity the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door,"

lost all its sting, when such a fund was guaranteed as warranted the raising of the structure according to Sir Joseph Paxton's beautiful design.

The Queen and the Prince had many calls on their sympathy this summer. On the 8th of July the Duke of Cambridge died, aged seventy-six. He was the youngest of George III. and Queen Charlotte's sons who attained manhood. He was one of the most popular of the royal brothers, notwithstanding the disadvantages of having been educated partly abroad, taken foreign service, and held appointments in Hanover which caused him to reside there for the most part till the death of William IV. Neither was he possessed of much ability. He had not even the scientific and literary acquirements of the Duke of Sussex, who had possessed one of the best private libraries in England. But the Duke of Cambridge's good-nature was equal to his love of asking questions—a hereditary trait. He was buried, according to his own wish, at Kew.

The House of Commons voted twelve thousand a year to Prince George, on his becoming Duke of Cambridge, in lieu of the twenty-seven thousand a year enjoyed by the late Duke.

Osborne was a more welcome retreat than ever at the close of the summer, but even Osborne could not shelter the Queen from political worry and personal sorrow. There were indications of renewed trouble from Lord Palmerston's "spirited foreign policy."

The Queen and the Prince believed they had reason to complain of Lord Palmerston's carelessness and negligence, in not forwarding in time copies of the documents passing through his department, which ought to have been brought under the notice both of the sovereign and the Prime Minister, and to have received their opinion, before the over-energetic Secretary for Foreign Affairs acted upon them on his own responsibility.

In these circumstances her Majesty wrote a memorandum of what she regarded as the duty of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs towards the Crown. The memorandum was written in a letter to Lord John Russell, which he was requested to show to Lord Palmerston.

Except the misunderstanding with Sir Robert Peel about the dismissal of the ladies of her suite, which occurred early in the reign, this is the only difference on record between the Queen and any of her ministers.

During this July at Osborne, Lady Lyttelton wrote her second vivid description, quoted in the "Life of the Prince Consort," of Prince Albert's organ-playing. "Last

evening such a sunset ! I was sitting, gazing at it, and thinking of Lady Charlotte Proby's verses, when from an open window below this floor began suddenly to sound the Prince's organ, expressively played by his masterly hand. Such a modulation ! Minor and solemn, and ever changing and never ceasing. From a *piano* like Jenny Lind's holding note up to the fullest swell, and still the same fine vein of melancholy. And it came on so exactly as an accompaniment to the sunset. How strange he is ! He must have been playing just while the Queen was finishing her toilette, and then he went to cut jokes and eat dinner, and nobody but the organ knows what is in him, except, indeed, by the look of his eyes sometimes."

Lady Lyttelton refers to the Prince's cutting jokes, and the Queen has written of his abiding cheerfulness. People are apt to forget in their very admiration of his noble thoughtfulness, earnestness, and tenderness of heart that he was also full of fun, keenly relishing a good story, the life of the great royal household.

The Queen had been grieved this summer by hearing of the serious illness of her greatest friend, the Queen of the Belgians, who was suffering from the same dangerous disease of which her sister, Princess Marie, had died. Probably it was with the hope of cheering King Leopold, and of perhaps getting a glimpse of the much loved invalid, that the Queen, after proroguing Parliament in person, sailed on the 21st of August with the Prince and their four elder children in the royal yacht on a short trip to Ostend, where the party spent a day. King Leopold met the visitors—the younger of whom were much interested by their first experience of a foreign town. The Queen had the satisfaction of finding her uncle well and pleased to see her, so that she could call the meeting afterwards a "delightful, happy dream;" but there was a sorrowful element in the happiness, occasioned by the absence of Queen Louise, whose strength was not sufficient for the journey to Ostend, and of whose case Sir James Clark, sent by the Queen to Lacken, thought badly.

The poor Orleans family had another blow in store for them. On Prince Albert's thirty-first birthday, the 26th of August, which he passed at Osborne, news arrived of the death that morning, at Claremont, of Louis Philippe, late King of the French, in his seventy-seventh year.

The Queen and the Prince had been prepared to start with their elder children for Scotland the day after they heard of the death, and by setting out at six o'clock in the morning they were enabled to pay a passing visit to the house of mourning.

We may be permitted to remark here, by what quiet, unconscious touches in letters and journals we have brought home to us the dual life, full of duty and kindness, led

by the highest couple in the land. Whether it is in going with a family of cousins to take the last look at a departed kinsman, or in getting up at daybreak to express personal sympathy with another family in sorrow, we cannot fail to see, while it is all so simply said and done, that no painful ordeal is shirked, no excuse is made of weighty tasks and engrossing occupations, to free either Queen or Prince from the gentle courtesies and tender charities of everyday humanity; we recognise that the noblest and busiest are also the bravest, the most faithful, the most full of pity.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST STAY AT HOLYROOD—LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN
OF THE BELGIANS.

THIS year the Queen went north by Castle Howard, the fine seat of the Earl of Carlisle, the Duchess of Sutherland's brother, where her Majesty made her first halt. After stopping to open the railway bridges, triumphs of engineering, over the Tyne and the Tweed, the travellers reached Edinburgh, where, to the gratification of an immense gathering of her Scotch subjects, her Majesty spent her first night in Holyrood, the palace of her Stewart ancestors. The place was full of interest and charm for her, and though it was late in the afternoon before she arrived, she hardly waited to rest, before setting out incognito, so far as the old housekeeper was concerned, to inspect the historical relics of the building. She wandered out with her "two girls and their governess" to the ruins of the chapel or old abbey, and stood by the altar at which Mary Stewart, the fair young French widow, wedded "the long lad Darnley," and read the inscriptions on the tombs of various members of noble Scotch houses, coming to a familiar name on the slab which marked the grave of the mother of one of her own maids of honour, a daughter of Clanranald's.

The Queen then visited Queen Mary's rooms, being shown, like other strangers, the closet where her ancestress had sat at supper on a memorable night, and the stair from the chapel up which Ruthven, risen from a sick-bed, led the conspirators who seized Davie Rizzio, dragged him from his mistress's knees, to which he clung, and slew him pitilessly on the boards which, according to old tradition, still bear the stain of his blood. After that ghastly token, authentic or non-authentic, which would thrill the hearts of the young princesses as it has stirred many a youthful imagination, Darnley's armour and Mary's work-table, with its embroidery worked by her own hand, must have fallen comparatively flat.

The next morning the Queen and the Prince, with their children, took their first drive round the beautiful road, then just completed, which bears her name, and, encircling Arthur's

Seat, is the goal of every stranger visiting Edinburgh, affording as it does in miniature an excellent idea of Scotch scenery. On this occasion the party alighted and climbed to the top of the hill, rejoicing in the view. "You see the beautiful town, with the Calton Hill, and the bay with the island of Inchkeith stretching out before you, and the Bass Rock quite in the distance, rising behind the coast. . . . The view when we gained the carriage near Dunsappie Loch, quite a small lake, overhung by a crag, with the sea in the distance, is extremely pretty. . . . The air was delicious."

In the course of the forenoon the Prince laid the foundation stone of the Scotch National Gallery, and made his first speech (which was an undoubted success) before one of those Edinburgh audiences, noted for their fastidiousness and critical faculty. The afternoon drive was by the beautiful Scott monument, the finest modern ornament of the city, Donaldson's Hospital, the High Street, and the Canongate, and the lower part of the Queen's Drive, which encloses the Queen's Park. "A beautiful park indeed," she wrote, "with such a view, and such mountain scenery in the midst of it."

In the evening there was assembled such a circle as had not been gathered in royal old Holyrood since poor Prince Charlie kept brief state there. Her Majesty wrote in her journal, "The Buccleuchs, the Roxburghs, the Mortons, Lord Roseberry, Principal Lee, the Belhavens, and the Lord Justice General, dined with us. Everbody so pleased at our living at my old palace." The talk seems to have been, as was fitting, on old times and the unfortunate Queen Mary, the heroine of Holyrood. Sir Theodore Martin thinks it may have been in remembrance of this evening that Lord Belhaven, on his death, left a bequest to the Queen "of a cabinet which had been brought by Queen Mary from France, and given by her to the Regent Mar, from whom it passed into the family of Lord Belhaven." The cabinet contains a lock of Queen Mary's golden hair, and a purse worked by her.

On the following day the royal party left Holyrood and travelled to Balmoral. The Queen, with the Prince and her children, and the Duchess of Kent, with her son and grandson, were at the great gala of the district, the Braemar gathering, where the honour of her Majesty's presence is always eagerly craved.

Another amusement was the *leistering*, or spearing, of salmon in the Dee. Captain Forbes of Newe, and from forty to fifty of his clan, on their return to Strathdon from the Braemar gathering, were attracted by the fishing to the river's edge, when they were carried over the water on the backs of the Queen's men, who volunteered the service, "Macdonald, at their head, carrying Captain Forbes on his back." The courteous act, which was quite spontaneous, charmed the Queen and the Prince. The latter in writing to Germany gave further details of the incident. "Our people in the Highlands are

altogether primitive, true-hearted and without guile. . . . Yesterday the Forbeses of Strath Don passed through here. When they came to the Dee our people (of Strath Dee) offered to carry them across the river, and did so, whereupon they drank to the health of Victoria and the inmates of Balmoral in whisky (*schnapps*), but as there was no cup to be had, their chief, Captain Forbes, pulled off his shoe, and he and his fifty men drank out of it."

The Forbeses got permission to march through the grounds of Balmoral, "the pipers going in front. They stopped and cheered three times three, throwing up their bonnets." The Queen describes the characteristic demonstration, and she then mentions listening with pleasure "to the distant shouts and the sound of the pibroch."

There were two drawbacks to the peace and happiness of Balmoral this year. The one was occasioned by an unforeseen vexatious occurrence, and the complications which arose from it. General Haynau, the Austrian officer whose brutalities to the conquered and to women during the Hungarian war had aroused detestation in England, happened to visit London, and was attacked by the men in Barclay's brewery. Austria remonstrated, and Lord Palmerston made a rash reply, which had to be recalled.

The other care which darkened the Balmoral horizon in 1850 was the growing certainty of a fatal termination to the illness of the Queen of the Belgians. Immediately after the Court returned to Osborne the blow fell. Queen Louise died at Ostend on the 11th of October, 1850. She was only in her thirty-ninth year, not more than eight years older than Queen Victoria. She was the second daughter of Louis Philippe, Princess Marie having been the elder sister.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PAPAL BULL—THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

IN the winter of 1850 the whole of England was disturbed by the Papal Bull which professed to divide England afresh into Roman Catholic bishoprics, with a cardinal-archbishop at their head. Protestant England hotly resented the liberty the Pope had taken, the more so that the Tractarian movement in the Church seemed to point to treachery within the camp. Lord John Russell took this view of it, and the announcement of his opinion intensified the excitement which expressed itself in meetings all over the county and numerous addresses to the Queen, condemning the act of aggression and urging resistance. The protests of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the Corporation of London, were presented to her Majesty in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, on the 10th of December. The Oxford address was read by the Chancellor of Oxford, the Duke of Wellington, the old soldier speaking "in his peculiar energetic manner, with great vigour and animation." The Cambridge address was read by the Chancellor of Cambridge, Prince Albert, "with great clearness and well-marked emphasis." The Queen replied "with great deliberation and with decided accents." Her Majesty, while repelling the invasion of her rights and the offence to the religious principles of the country, held, with the calmer judges of the situation, that no pretence, however loudly asserted, could constitute reality. The Pope might call England what he liked, but he could not make it Catholic.

In January, 1851, the Court had a great loss in the retirement of Lady Lyttelton from her office of governess to the royal children, which she had filled for eight years; while her service at Court, including the time that she had been a lady-in-waiting, had lasted over twelve years. Thenceforth her bright sympathetic accounts of striking events in the life at Windsor and Osborne cease. The daughter of the second Earl of Spenser married, at twenty-six years of age, the third Lord Lyttelton. She was forty-two when she became a lady-in-waiting, and fifty-four when she resigned the office of governess to the

Queen's children. She desired to quit the Court because, as she said, she was old enough to be at rest for whatever time might be left her. In the tranquility and leisure which she sought, she survived for twenty years, dying at the age of seventy-four in 1870. The parting in 1851 was a trial to all. "The Queen has told me I may be free about the middle of January," wrote Lady Lyttelton, "and she said it with all the feeling and kindness of which I have received such incessant proofs through the whole long twelve years during which I have served her. Never by a word or look has it been interrupted." Neither could Lady Lyttelton say enough in praise of the Prince, of "his wisdom, his ready helpfulness, his consideration for others, his constant kindness." "In the evening I was sent for to my last audience in the Queen's own room," Lady Lyttelton wrote again, "and I quite broke down and could hardly speak or hear. I remember the Prince's face, pale as ashes, and a few words of praise and thanks from them both, but it is all misty; and I had to stop on the private staircase and have my cry out before I could go up again."

Lady Lyttelton was succeeded in her office by Lady Caroline Barrington, sister of Earl Grey, who held the post for twenty-four years, till her death in 1875. She too was much and deservedly esteemed by the Queen and the royal family.

The Exhibition was the event in England of 1851. From the end of March till the opening-day, for which May-day was fitly chosen, Prince Albert strove manfully day and night to fulfil his important part in the programme, and it goes without saying that the Queen shared in much of his work, and in all his hopes and fears and ardent desires.

Already the building, with its great transept and naves, lofty dome, transparent walls and roof, enclosing great trees within their ample bounds, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Joseph Paxton—who received knighthood for the feat—the admiration of all beholders, had sprung up in Hyde Park like a fairy palace, the growth of a night. Ships and waggons in hundreds and thousands, laden by commerce, science and art, were trooping from far and near to the common destination. Great and small throughout the country and across the seas were planning to make the Exhibition their school of design and progress, as well as their holiday goal.

It must be said that the dread of what might be the behaviour of the vast crowds of all nations gathered together at one spot, and that spot London, assailed many people both at home and abroad. But as those who are not "evil-doers" are seldom "evil-dreaders," the Queen and the Prince always dismissed the idea of such a danger with something like bright incredulous scorn, which proved in the end wiser than cynical suspicion and gloomy apprehension.



The Exhibition of 1851, with its reverent motto, chosen by Prince Albert, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein," is an old story now, and only elderly people remember some of its marvels—like the creations of the "Arabian Nights'" tales—and its works of art, which, though they may have been excelled before and since, had never yet been so widely seen and widely criticised. The feathery palm-trees and falling fountains, especially the great central cascade, seemed to harmonize with objects of beauty and forms of grace on every side. The East contended with the West in soft and deep colours and sumptuous stuffs. Huge iron machines had their region, and trophies of cobweb lace theirs; while "walking-beams" elanked and shuttles flew, working wonders before amazed and enchanted eyes.

Especially never had there been seen such modern triumphs in carved woodwork, in moulded iron, zinc, and bronze, in goldsmiths' work, in stoneware and porcelain, in designs for damasks in silk and linen.

The largest diamond in the world, the Koh-i-Noor or "mountain of light," found in the mines of Goleonda, presented to the great Mogul, having passed through the hands of a succession of murderous and plundering Shahs, had been brought to England and laid at the feet of Queen Victoria as one of the fruits of her Afghan conquests, the year before the Exhibition. It was now for the first time publicly displayed. Like many valuable articles, its appearance, marred by bad cutting, did not quite correspond with the large estimate of its worth, about two millions. In order to increase its effect, the precious clumsily-cut "goose's egg," relieved against a background of crimson velvet in its strong cage, was shown by gas-light alone. Since those days, the jewel has been cut, so that its radiance may have full play when it is worn by her Majesty on great occasions. To keep the Koh-i-Noor in company, one of the largest emeralds and one of the largest pearls in the world were in this Exhibition. So were "*le saphir merveilleux*"—of amethystine colour by candle-light, once the property of Egalité Orleans, and the subject of a tale by Madame Genlis—and a renowned Hungarian opal.

Hiram Powers's "Greek Slave" from America more than rivalled Monti's veiled statue from Italy, while far surpassing both in majesty was Kiss's grand group of the "Mounted Amazon defending herself from the attack of a Lioness," cast in zinc and bronzed. Statues and statuettes of the Queen abounded, and must have constantly met her eye, from Mrs. Thornycroft's spirited equestrian statue to the great pedestal and statue, in zinc, of her Majesty, crowned, in robes of State, with the sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other, modelled by Danton, which stood in the centre of the foreign nave.

What enhanced the fascination of the scene to untravelled spectators was that without

the deliberate contrivance brought to perfection in the great Paris Exhibition, real China men walked among their junks and pagodas, Russians stood by their malachite gates, Turks hovered about their carpets.

Women's quaint or exquisite work, whether professional or amateur, was not absent. It was notable in the magnificent covers for the head and footboard of a bed which had occupied thirty girls for many weeks, and in a carpet worked in squares by a company of ladies, and presented as a tribute of their respect and love for the most unremittingly diligent woman in England, her Majesty the Queen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE QUEEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

OF all the many descriptions of the Exhibition of 1851, which survive after more than thirty years, the best are those written by the Queen, which we gratefully borrow, as we have already borrowed so many of the extracts from her journal in the Prince's "Life."

Sir Theodore Martin has alluded to the special attraction lent to the Exhibition on its opening day by the excitement of the glad ceremonial, the throng of spectators, the Court element with "its splendid toilets" and uniforms, while Thackeray has a verse for the chief figure.

Behold her in her royal place,
A gentle lady, and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak !
Soft is the voice and fair the face ;
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn.
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

But she has deigned to speak for herself, and no other speaks words so noble and tender in their simplicity.

"May 1st. The great event has taken place, a complete and beautiful triumph, a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. . . . Yes, it is a day which makes my heart swell with pride and glory and thankfulness.

"We began it with tenderest greetings for the birthday of our dear little Arthur. At breakfast there was nothing but congratulations. . . . Mamma and Victor (the Queen's nephew, son of the Princess of Hohenlohe, now well-known as Count Gleichen) were there, and all the children and our guests. Our humble gifts of toys were added to by a beautiful little bronze *replica* of the 'Amazon' (Kiss's) from the Prince (of

Prussia), a beautiful paper-knife from the Princess (of Prussia), and a nice little clock from mamma.

“The Park presented a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing quite like the Coronation day, and for me the same anxiety; no, much greater anxiety, on account of my beloved Albert. The day was bright, and all bustle and excitement. . . . At half-past eleven the whole procession, in State carriages, was in motion. . . . The Green Park and Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings in the highest good-humour and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did, as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all the nations were floating. We drove up Rotten Row and got out at the entrance on that side.

“The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates—the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. We went for a moment to a little side-room, where we left our shawls, and where we found mamma and Mary (now Duchess of Teck), and outside which were standing the other Princes. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did not sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains—the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband the author of this peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert, God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God who seemed to pervade all and to bless all. The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the Coronation, but this day’s festival was a thousand times superior. In fact it is unique and can bear no comparison, from its peculiarity, beauty, and combination of such different and striking objects. I mean the slight resemblance only as to its solemnity; the enthusiasm and cheering, too, were much more touching, for in a church naturally all is silent.

Albert left my side after “God save the Queen” had been sung, and at the head of

the commissioners, a curious assemblage of political and distinguished men, read me the report, which is a long one, and to which I read a short answer; after which the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a short and appropriate prayer, followed by the "Hallelujah Chorus," during which the Chinese mandarin came forward and made his obeisance. This concluded, the procession began. It was beautifully arranged and of great length, the prescribed order being exactly adhered to. The nave was full, which had not been intended; but still there was no difficulty, and the whole long walk, from one end to the other, was made in the midst of continued and deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Everyone's face was bright and smiling, many with tears in their eyes. Many Frenchmen called out "*Vive la Reine!*" One could, of course, see nothing but what was near in the nave, and nothing in the courts. The organs were but little heard, but the military band at one end had a very fine effect as we passed along. They played the march from *Athalie*. . . . The old Duke and Lord Anglesey walked arm in arm, which was a touching sight. I saw many acquaintances among those present. We returned to our own place, and Albert told Lord Breadalbane to declare that the Exhibition was opened, which he did in a loud voice: 'Her Majesty commands me to declare this Exhibition open,' which was followed by a flourish of trumpets and immense cheering. All the commissioners, the executive committee, who worked so hard, and to whom such immense praise is due, seemed truly happy, and no one more so than Paxton, who may be justly proud; he rose from being a common gardener's boy. Everybody was astonished and delighted, Sir George Grey (Home Secretary) in tears.

"The return was equally satisfactory, the crowd most enthusiastic, the order perfect. We reached the palace at twenty minutes past one, and went out on the balcony and were loudly cheered, the Prince and Princess (of Prussia) quite delighted and impressed. That *we* felt happy, thankful, I need not say; proud of all that had passed, of my darling husband's success, and of the behaviour of my good people. I was more impressed than I can say by the scene. It was one that can never be effaced from my memory, and never will be from that of any one who witnessed it. Albert's name is immortalised, and the wicked reports of dangers of every kind, which a set of people, viz. the *soi disant* fashionables, the most violent Protectionists, spread, are silenced. It is therefore doubly satisfactory, and that all should have gone off so well, and without the slightest accident or mishap. . . . Albert's emphatic words last year, when he said that the feeling would be *that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which He has bestowed on us here below* this day realised. . . .

"I must not omit to mention an interesting episode of this day, viz:— the visit of the

good old Duke on this his eighty-second birthday to his little godson, our dear little boy. He came to us both at five, and gave him a golden cup and some toys, which he had himself chosen, and Arthur gave him a nosegay.

“We dined *en famille*, and then went to the Covent Garden Opera, where we saw the two finest acts of the *Huguenots* given as beautifully as last year. I was rather tired, but we were both so happy, so full of thankfulness! God is indeed our kind and merciful Father.”

In answer to Lord John Russell's statement, on the close of the Exhibition, that the great enterprise and the spirit in which it had been conducted would contribute “to give imperishable fame to Prince Albert,” the Queen asserted that year would ever remain the happiest and proudest of her life.

CHAPTER. XIX.

THE QUEEN'S "RESTORATION BALL" AND THE "GUILDHALL BALL."

THE season of the first Exhibition was full of movement and gaiety, in which the Queen and Prince Albert joined. They had also the pleasure of welcoming their brother and sister, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Coburg, who arrived to witness the Prince's triumph. As usual he came forward on every occasion when his services, to which his position and personal gifts lent double value, were needed—whether he presided at an Academy dinner, or at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or laid the foundation of the Hospital for Consumption, or attended the meeting of the British Association, and the Queen delighted in his popularity and usefulness.

On the 4th of May Baroness Bunsen was at Stafford House "when her Majesty was there," and thus describes the Queen: "The Queen looked charming, and I could not help the same reflection that I have often made before, that she is the only piece of *female royalty* I ever saw who was also a creature such as almighty God has created. Her smile is a *real* smile, her grace is *natural*; although it has received a high polish from cultivation, there is nothing artificial about it. Princes I have seen several whose first characteristic is that of being *men* rather than princes, though not many. The Duchess of Sutherland is the only person I have seen, when receiving the Queen, not giving herself the appearance of a visitor in her own house by wearing a bonnet."

On the 16th of May the Queen and the Prince were at Devonshire House, when Lord Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem" was played by Dickens, Foster, Douglas Jerrold, on behalf of the new "Guild of Literature and Art," in which hopes for poor authors were cheerfully entertained.

On the 23rd of May Lord Campbell was anticipating the Queen's third costume ball with as much complacency as if the eminent lawyer had been a young girl. "We are invited to the Queen's fancy ball on the 13th of June," he wrote "where we are all to appear in the characters and costume of the reign of Charles II. I am to go as Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice, and I am now much occupied in considering my dress, that is

to say, which robe I am to wear—scarlet, purple, or black. The only new articles I shall have to order are my black velvet coif, a beard with moustaches, and a pair of shoes with red heels and red rosettes.”

The period chosen for the Restoration Ball was the time midway between the dates of the Plantagenet and the Powder Ball.

As on former occasions, the Court walked in procession to the throne-room, where each quadrille passed in turn before the Queen and Prince Albert.

Her Majesty's dress was of grey watered silk, trimmed with gold and silver lace, and ornamented with bows of rose-coloured riband fastened by bouquets of diamonds. The front of the dress was open, and the under-skirt was made of cloth of gold embroidered in a shawl pattern in silver. The gloves and shoes were embroidered alternately with roses and *fleurs-de-lys* in gold. On the front of the body of the dress were four large pear-shaped emeralds of great value. The Queen wore a small diamond crown on the top of her head, and a large emerald set in diamonds, with pearl loops, on one side of the head; the hair behind plaited with pearls.

Prince Albert wore a coat of rich orange satin, brocaded with gold, the sleeves turned up with crimson velvet, a pink silk epaulette on one shoulder; a baldric of gold lace embroidered with silver for the sword; the breeches of crimson velvet with pink satin bows and gold lace, the stockings of lavender silk, the sash of white silk, gold fringed.

There were four national quadrilles. The English Quadrille was led by the Marchioness of Ailesbury; the Scotch Quadrille was under the guidance of the young Marchioness of Stafford, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland; the French Quadrille was led by Countess Flahault, the representative of the old barons Keith, and the wife of a brilliant Frenchman; the Spanish Quadrille was marshalled by Countess Granville. There were two more Quadrilles, the one under the control of the Countess of Wilton, the other, called the “Rose Quadrille,” led by Countess Grey.

With all due deference to the opinion of the late Mr Henry Greville, the accounts of these quadrilles leave the impression not only that they were arranged with finer taste, but that a considerable advance had been made in artistic perception and sense of harmony. The ladies in each quadrille were dressed alike, so were the gentlemen; thus there were no harsh contrasts. In the English set the ladies wore blue and white silk gowns with trimmings of rose-colour and gold. The gentlemen were in scarlet and gold, and blue velvet. Lady Waterford was in this set, and Lady Churchill, daughter of the Marquis of Conyngham, long connected with the Court. The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar were among the gentlemen in the set.

Certainly it is a little hard to decide on what principle the exceedingly piquant costume of the ladies in the Scotch Quadrille was classed as Scotch. The ladies wore riding-habits of pale green taffeta ornamented with bows of pink ribbon, and had on grey hats with pink and white feathers. Lady Stafford carried a jewelled riding-whip. The gentlemen were in Highland costume.

In the French Quadrille the ladies wore white satin with bows of light blue ribbon opening over cloth of gold. The gentlemen were in the uniform of *Mousquetaires*. In this quadrille danced Lady Clementina Villiers, with her "marble-like beauty." She had ceased to be a Watteau shepherdess, and she had lost her companion shepherdess of old, but her intellectual gifts and fine qualities were developing themselves more and more. In the same dance was Lady Rose Lovell, the young daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, whose elopement at the age of seventeen with a gallant one-armed soldier had been condoned, so that she still played her part in the Court gala.

In the Spanish Quadrille the ladies wore black silk over grey damask, trimmed with gold lace and pink rosettes, and Spanish mantillas. The gentlemen were in black velvet, with a Spanish order embroidered in red silk on coat and cloak, grey silk stockings, and black velvet hats with red and yellow feathers. In this quadrille were the matronly beauties, Lady Canning, Lady Jocelyn, and Lady Waldegrave.

After the quadrilles had been danced, the ladies falling into lines, advanced to the throne and did reverence, the gentlemen forming in like manner and performing the same ceremony. Her Majesty and Prince Albert then proceeded to the ballroom, where Lady Wilton's and Lady Grey's quadrilles were danced. In the Rose Quadrille the ladies wore rose-coloured skirts over white moire, with rose-coloured bows and pearls, rose-colour and pearls in the hair. Each lady wore a single red rose on her breast.

After the quadrilles, the Queen opened the general ball by dancing the *Polonaise* with Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar; Prince Albert dancing next with the Duchess of Norfolk, the premier peeress present. The Queen danced after supper with the Prince of Leiningen. He was at the Restoration as he had been at the Powder Ball, and wore black velvet and gold lace with orange ribbons.

The characters seem to have been chosen with more point than before. The Countess of Tankerville personated a Duchesse de Grammont, in right of her mother-in-law, Corisande de Grammont, grand-daughter of Marie Antoinette's friend Gabrielle de Polignae.

Lady Ashburton was Madame de Sevigné, whose fashion of curls beginning in rings on the forehead and getting longer and longer towards the neck, was as much in demand for the ladies, as Philip Leigh's lovelocks were for the gentlemen.

Lady Hume Campbell was "La Belle Duchesse de Bourgogne;" Lady Middleton, Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. Mrs. Abbot Lawrence vindicated her American nationality by representing Anna Dudley, the wife of an early governor of Massachusetts; Mr. Bancroft Davies, secretary of the United States legation, figured as William Penn.

Lady Londonderry and Miss Burdett Coutts were still remarkable for the splendour of their jewels. Lady Londonderry wore a girdle of diamonds, a diamond *berthe*, and a head-dress a blaze of precious stones, the whole valued roughly at a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Miss Burdett Coutts displayed a band of jewels, after the fashion of the gentlemen's baldricks, passing over one shoulder and terminating in a diamond clasp fastening back the upper skirt. After diamonds, which, like the blossom of the gorse, may be considered as always *à la mode*, the specialities of the Restoration Ball were Honiton lace, which was reckoned in better keeping with falling collars than old point, and an enormous expenditure of ribbons. Some of the magnificent collars, such as that of Lord Overton, were manufactured for the occasion. As for ribbons, not only did ladies' dresses abound in bows and rosettes, the gentlemen's doublets, "trunks," and sleeves, were profusely be-ribboned. The very shirt-sleeves, exposed by the coat-sleeves terminating at the elbow, were bound and festooned with ribbons; while from the ends of the waistcoat hung a waterfall of ribbons, like a Highlander's philabeg. Verily, the heart of Coventry must have rejoiced; the Restoration Ball might have been got up for its special benefit.

The Duke of Wellington was in the scarlet and gold uniform of the period, but he alone of all the gentlemen was privileged to wear his own scanty grey hair, which rendered him conspicuous. The old man walked between his two daughters-in-law, Lady Douro and Lady Charles Wellesley.

Lord Galway wore a plain cuirass and gorget so severely simple that it might have been mistaken for the guise of one of Cromwell's officers, who were otherwise unrepresented.

Mr. Gladstone was there as Sir Leoline Jenkins, judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Charles's reign. His dress was copied from an engraving in the British Museum. It was quiet enough, but it is difficult to realise "the grand old man" of to-day in a velvet coat turned up with blue satin, ruffles and collar of old point, black breeches and stockings, and shoes with spreading bows.

Sir Edwin Landseer, whom Miss Thackeray has described as helping to dress some of the ladies for this very ball, was so studiously plain that it must have looked like a protest against the use of "properties" in his apparel. He wore a dress of black silk, with no cloak, no mantle, no skirts to his coat. Round his neck was a light blue scarf, hanging

low behind. He had on a grey wig, imitating partial baldness. There could have been no doubt of the historical correctness of the dress, though there might have been some question of its becomingness.

There were changes of some importance in the royal household at this time, caused by the retirement of General, afterwards Sir George Bowles, the Master of the Household, and of Mr. Birch, tutor to the Prince of Wales. With the assistance of Baron Stockmar, fitting successors for those gentlemen were found in Sir Thomas Biddulph and Mr. Frederick Gibbes.

The ball at Guildhall had been fixed for the 2nd of July, but the day was changed when it was remembered that the 2nd was the anniversary of the death of Sir Robert Peel. The entertainment was a very splendid affair. The city was continually progressing in taste and skill in these matters, and the times were so prosperous as to admit of large expenditure without incurring the charge of reckless extravagance. The Queen, Prince Albert, and their suite left Buckingham Palace, in State carriages, at nine o'clock on the summer evening, and drove through brilliantly illuminated streets, densely crowded with large numbers of foreigners as well as natives.

The great hall where the ball took place was magnificently fitted up, many ideas for the decoration being borrowed from the Exhibition. Thus there was a striking array of banners emblazoned with the arms of the nations and cities which had contributed to the Exhibition. "Above the centre shaft of each cluster of columns, shot up towards the roof a silver palm-tree, glittering and sparkling in the brilliant light so profusely shed around. On touching the roof these spread forth and ended in long branches of bright clustering broad leaves of green and gold, from which hung pendant rich bunches of crimson and ruby sparkling fruit." The compartments beneath the balconies were filled with pictures of the best known and most admired foreign contributions to the Exhibition—such as the Amazon group, the Malachite gates, the Greek Slave, &c., &c. Huge griffins had their places at the corners of the dais supporting the throne, while above it a gigantic plume of Prince of Wales's feathers reared itself in spun glass. The chambers and corridors of the Mansion House were fitted up with "acres of looking-glass, statuary, flowers, &c., &c.," provided for the crowd of guests that could not obtain admittance to the hall, where little room was left for dancing. The supper, to which the Queen was conducted, was in the crypt. It was made to resemble a baronial hall, "figures in mediæval armour being scattered about as the bearers of the lights which illuminated the chamber." Before leaving, in thanking the Lord Mayor (Musgrove) for his hospitality, the Queen announced her intention of creating him a baronet. Her Majesty and the Prince took their departure at one o'clock, returning to Buckingham Palace through the lit streets and huzzaing multitude.

CHAPTER XX.

ROYAL VISITS TO LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER—CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION.

ON the 27th of August the Court left for Balmoral, travelling for the most part by the Great Northern Railway, but not, as now, making a rapid night and day journey. On the contrary, the journey lasted three days, with pauses for each night's rest between. Starting from Osborne at nine, the Royal party reached Buckingham Palace at half-past twelve. Halting for an hour and a half, they set off again at two. They stopped at Peterborough, where old Dr. Fisher, the Bishop, was able to greet in his Queen the little Princess who had repeated her lessons to him in Kensington Palace. No longer a solitary figure but for the good mother, she was herself a wife and mother, the happiest of the happy in both relations. The train stopped again at Boston and Lincoln for the less interesting purpose of the presentation and reception of congratulatory addresses on the Exhibition. The same ceremony was gone through at Doncaster, where the party stayed for the night at the Angel Inn.

Leaving before nine on the following morning, after changing the line of railway at York, and stopping at Darlington and Newcastle, Edinburgh was reached in the course of the afternoon. Her Majesty and the Prince, with their children, proceeded to Holyrood, and before the evening was ended drove for an hour through the beautiful town. Here, too, the Exhibition bore its fruit in the honour of knighthood conferred on the Lord Provost.

On the third morning the travellers left again at eight o'clock, and journeyed as far as Stonehaven, where the royal carriages met them, and conveyed them to Balmoral, which was reached by half-past six. The Prince had now bought the castle and estate, seven miles in length and four in breadth, and plans were formed for a new house more suitable for the accommodation of so large a household.

On the day after the Queen and Prince Albert's arrival in the Highlands, he received the news of the death of his uncle, brother to the late Duke of Coburg, and to the Duchess of Kent, Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

There is little to record of the happy sojourn in the North this year, with its deer-stalking, riding and driving, except that Hallam, the historian, and Baron Liebig, the famous chemist, visited Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, at Birkhall, which he occupied, and were among the guests at Balmoral.

It had been arranged that the Queen and the Prince should visit Liverpool and Manchester on their way south, in order to give the great cities of Lancashire the opportunity of greeting and welcoming their Sovereign. It was the 8th of October before the royal party set out on their homeward journey, ending the first of the shortening days at Holyrood.

On the following day the strangers went on to the ancient dull little town of Lancaster, and drove to the castle, where the keys were presented, and an address read under John O' Gaunt's gateway. The tower stairs were mounted for the view over Morecambe Bay and the English lake country on the one hand, and away across level lands to the sea on the other. Every native of the town "wore a red rose or a red rosette, as emblems of the House of Lancaster."

The Queen and the Prince then proceeded to Prescott, where they left the railway, driving through Lord Derby's fine park at Knowsley, to be the guests of the Earl of Sefton at Croxteth. Next morning, when Liverpool was to be visited, a *contretemps* occurred. The weather was hopelessly wet; the whole party had to go as far as possible in closed carriages; afterwards the downpour was so irresistible that the Prince's large cloak had to be spread over the Queen and her children to keep them dry. But her Majesty's commiseration is almost entirely for the crowd on foot, "the poor people so wet and dirty." They spoil her pleasure in her enthusiastic reception and the fine buildings she passes.

The royal party drove along the docks, and in spite of the rain got out at the appointed place of embarkation, went on board the *Fairy*, accompanied by the Mayor and other officials, and sailed along the quays round the mouth of the Mersey, surveying the grand mass of shipping from the pavilion on deck as well as the dank mist would permit. On landing, the Town Hall and St. George's Hall were visited in succession. In the first the Queen received an address and knighted the Mayor. She admired both buildings—particularly St. George's, which she called "worthy of ancient Athens," and said it delighted Prince Albert. At both halls she presented herself on balconies in order to gratify the multitudes below.

The Queen left Liverpool by railway, going as far as Patricroft, where she was received by Lady Ellesmere and a party from Worsley, including the Duke of Wellington, Lord and Lady Westminster, and Lord and Lady Wilton. Her Majesty was to try a mode

of travelling new to her. She had arrived at the Bridgewater Canal, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the last century, constructed by the public-spirited, eccentric Duke of Bridgewater, and Brindley the engineer. The Queen went on board a covered barge drawn by four horses. She describes the motion as gliding along "in a most noiseless and dream-like manner, amidst the cheers of the people who lined the sides of the canal." Thus she passed under the "beautifully decorated bridges" belonging to Lord Ellesmere's colliery villages.

Only at the hall-door of Worsley were Lord Ellesmere, lame with gout, and Lord Brackley, his son, "terribly delicate" from an accident in the hunting-field, the husband of one of the beautiful Cawdor Campbells, able to meet their illustrious guests. Henry Greville says her Majesty brought with her four children, two ladies-in-waiting, two equerries, a physician, a tutor, and a governess. Men of mechanical science seem to belong to Worsley, so that it sounds natural for the Queen and the Prince to have met there, during the evening, Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, and to have examined his maps of his investigations in the moon, and his landscape-drawings, worthy of his father's son. The Queen and Prince Albert derived great pleasure from their passing intercourse with a man of varied gifts, whose sterling qualities they could well appreciate.

The next morning, the 10th of October, the weather was all that could be wished, but another and even more unfortunate complication threatened the success of the arrangements, on which the comfort of a few and the gratification of many thousands of persons depended. Prince Albert, never strong, was always liable to trying attacks of sleeplessness and sickness. In the course of the night he had been "very unwell, very sick and wretched for several hours." "I was terrified for our Manchester visit" wrote the Queen in her journal. "Thank God! by eight o'clock he felt much better, and was able to get up" indefatigable as ever.

At ten the party started to drive the seven miles to Manchester, escorted by Yeomanry and a regiment of Lancers, Lord Cathcart and his staff riding near the Queen's carriage through an ever-increasing crowd. The Queen was greatly interested in the rows of mill-workers between whom she passed, "dressed in their best, ranged along the streets, with white rosettes in their button-holes"—that patient, easily pleased crowd, which has an aspect half comical, half pathetic. Her Majesty admired the intelligent expression of both men and women, but was painfully struck with their puniness and paleness. In the Peel Park the visitors were greeted by a great demonstration, which her Majesty calls "extraordinary and unprecedented," of no less than eighty-two thousand school children, of every denomination, Jews as well as Christians. The Queen received and replied to an

address, from her carriage, and the immense body of children sang "God save the Queen."

The party then drove through the principal streets of Salford and Manchester—the junction of the two being marked by a splendid triumphal arch, under which the Mayor and Corporation (dressed for the first time in robes of office—so democratic was Manchester), again met the Queen and presented her with a bouquet. At the Exchange she alighted to receive another address, to which she read an answer, and knighted the Mayor. Her Majesty missed "fine buildings," of which, with the exception of huge warehouses and factories, Manchester had then none to boast; but she was particularly struck by the demeanour of the inhabitants, in addition to what she was pleased to call their "most gratifying cheering and enthusiasm." "The order and good behaviour of the people, who were not placed behind any barriers, were the most complete we have seen in our many progresses through capitals and cities—London, Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh—for there never was a running crowd, nobody moved and therefore everybody saw well, and there was no squeezing. . . ." The Queen heard afterwards that she had seen a million of human beings that day. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Prince returned to Worsley.

Henry Greville tells an almost piteous incident of this visit, in relation to the Duke of Wellington and his advanced age, with the infirmities that could no longer be repelled. After saying that in order to prevent the procession's becoming too large, no other guest at Worsley was admitted into it, except the privileged old Duke, whom the teller of the story describes as driving in the carriage with Henry Greville's sister, Lady Enfield, one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen, he goes on to mention "he (the Duke) was received with extraordinary enthusiasm; notwithstanding Lady Enfield had to nudge him constantly, to keep him awake, both going and coming, with very little success." Lady Enfield adds a note to her brother's narrative. "The whole scene was one of the most exciting I ever saw in my life. Being carried away by the general enthusiasm, and feeling that the people would be disappointed if no notice was taken of their cheering, I at last exclaimed 'Duke, Duke, that's for *you*.' Thereupon he opened his eyes, and obediently made his well-known salutation, two fingers to the brim of his hat."

The next morning when the Prince had started by seven o'clock to inspect a model factory near Bolton, while there was a long and busy day before them, the Queen made a little entry in her journal which will find a sorrowful echo in many a faithful heart, "This day is full of sad recollections, being the anniversary of the loss of my beloved Louise (Queen of the Belgians), that kind, precious friend, that angelic being whose loss I shall ever feel."

The same pleasant passage was made by the canal back to Patricroft, where the railway carriages were entered and the train steamed to Stockport, Crewe, Stafford—there another old soldier, Lord Anglesey, was waiting—Rugby, Weedon, Wolverton, and Watford, then at five o'clock the railway journey ended. The royal carriages were in attendance, and rest and home were near at hand. The day had been hot and fatiguing, but the evening was soft and beautiful with moonlight; a final change of horses at Uxbridge, the carriage shut when the growing darkness prevented any farther necessity for seeing and being seen; at half-past seven, Windsor, and the three little children still up and at the door "well and pleased."

From Windsor the Court went for some days to London for the closing of the Exhibition. The number of visitors had been six millions two hundred thousand, and the total receipts five hundred thousand pounds. There had not been a single accident, "We ought, indeed, to be thankful to God for such a success," the Prince wrote reverently. On the 14th of October the Queen paid a farewell visit to the place in which she had been so much interested, with the regret natural on such an occasion. "It looked so beautiful," she wrote in her journal, "that I could not believe it was the last time I was to see it." But already the dismantling had begun.

The Queen refers in the next breath to a heroine of the Exhibition, an old Cornish woman named Mary Kerlynack, who had found the spirit to walk several hundreds of miles to behold the wonder of her generation. This day she was at one of the doors to see another sight, the Queen. "A most hale old woman" her Majesty thought Mary, "who was near crying at my looking at her."

On the 15th, a cheerlessly wet day, in keeping with a somewhat melancholy scene, Prince Albert and his fellow commissioners closed the Exhibition—a ceremony at which it was not judged desirable the Queen should be present, though she grieved not to witness the end as well as the beginning. "How sad and strange to think this great and bright time has passed away like a dream," her Majesty wrote once more in her diary. The day of the closing of the Exhibition happened to be the twelfth anniversary of the Queen's betrothal to the Prince.

The tidings arrived in the course of November of the death, in his eighty-first year, in the old palace of Herrenhausen, on the 18th of the month, of the King of Hanover, the fifth and last surviving son of George III. and Queen Charlotte. He had been more popular as a king than as a prince.

The arrival of Kossuth in England in the autumn of 1851 had brought a disturbing element into international politics. But it was left for Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in

Paris on the 2nd of December, when the blood shed so mercilessly on the Boulevards was still fresh in men's minds, to get Lord Palmerston into a dilemma, from which there was no disentanglement but the loss of office on his part.

An impetus, great though less lasting than it seemed, was given this year to emigration to Australia, by the discovery in the colony of gold in quartz beds, under much the same conditions that the precious metal had been found in California. The diggings, with the chance of a large nugget, became for a time the favourite dream of adventurers. Nay, the dream grew to such an absorbing desire, that men heard of it as a disease known as "the gold fever." And quiet people at home were told that it was hardly safe for a ship to enter some of the Australian harbours, on account of the certainty of the desertion of the crew, under whatever penalties, that they might repair to the last El Dorado.

The successful ambition of Louis Napoleon and his power over the French army, began to excite the fears of Europe with regard to French aggression, and a renewal of the desolating wars of the beginning of the century, before the talk about the Exhibition and the triumphs of peace had well died on men's lips. The Government was anxious to fall back on the old resource of calling out the militia, with certain modifications and changes—brought before Parliament in the form of a Militia Bill. It did not meet with the approval of the members any more than of the Duke of Wellington, whose experience gave his opinion much weight. Lord Palmerston spoke with great ability against the measure. The end was that the Government suffered a defeat, and the Ministry resigned office in February, 1852. This time Lord Derby was successful in forming a new Cabinet, in which Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer. A fresh Militia Bill was brought forward and carried by the new Government, after it had received the warm advocacy of the Duke of Wellington. The old man spoke in its favour with an amount of vigour and clear-headedness which showed that however his bodily strength might be failing, his mental power remained untouched.

CHAPTER XXI.

DISASTERS—YACHTING TRIPS—THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE month of February, 1852, was unhappily distinguished by three great English calamities, accompanied by extensive loss of life. The first was the destruction of the West India mail steamer *Amazon* by fire, as she was entering the Bay of Biscay, in which a hundred and forty persons perished, among them Eliot Warburton, the accomplished traveller and author.

The second was the wreck of her Majesty's troop-ship *Birkenhead* near the Cape of Good Hope, with the loss of upwards of four hundred lives, in circumstances when the discipline and devotion of the men were of the noblest description. The third was the bursting of the Bilberry Reservoir in midland England, with the sacrifice of nearly a hundred lives and a large amount of property.

When the season commenced, and it was this year, as last, particularly gay, a reflection of the general prosperity of the country, with the high hopes inspired by the Australian gold-fields, the Queen wrote to the King of the Belgians in order to re-assure him with regard to a fear which seems to have arisen in the elderly man's mind, that she whom he remembered at the beginning of her reign as fond of pleasure and untiring in her amusements, might be swept away in the tide. "Allow me just to say one word about the London season. The London season for us consists of two State balls and two concerts. (The State balls and concerts are given to this day, though her Majesty, since her widowhood, has ceased to attend them. The Queen's place and that of Prince Albert in these social gaieties, have been naturally taken by the Prince and Princess of Wales.) We are hardly ever later than twelve o'clock at night, and our only dissipation is going three or four times a week to the play or opera, which is a great amusement and relaxation to us both. As for going out as people do here every night, to balls and parties, and to breakfasts and teas all day long besides, I am sure no one would stand it worse than I should; so you see, dearest uncle, that in fact the London season is nothing to us."

So much higher, and more solid and lasting, as they should have been, were the pursuits and gratifications of the woman, the wife and mother, than of the young girl.

The Queen added that the only one who was fagged was the Prince, and that from business and not pleasure, a result which made her often anxious and unhappy. Indeed, this suspicion of precarious health on Prince Albert's part was the cloud the size of a man's hand that kept hovering on the horizon in the summer sky.

Parliament was prorogued and dissolved at the same time at an unusually early date, the first of July, so that the season itself came to a speedy end.

Before the Queen left London, she was present at the baptism and stood sponsor for the young Hindoo Princess Gouromma, the pale, dark, slender girl whose picture looks down on the visitor at Buckingham Palace. She had been brought to England by her father, the Rajah of Coorg, a high-caste Hindoo, who desired that she should be brought up a Christian. He was one of the princes of Northern India, whose inheritance had become a British possession. He lived at Benares under the control of the East India Company, and had an allowance from Government as well as a large private fortune. The little princess was the same age as the Princess Royal, eleven years. She was the daughter of the Rajah's favourite wife, who had died immediately after the infant's birth. The ceremony took place in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. Besides the Queen, the sponsors were Lady Hardinge, Mr. Drummond, and Sir James Weir Hogg, the chairman of the East India Company. The little girl received the name "Victoria." The Rajah returned soon afterwards to India.

The Court had longer time to enjoy the sea air and quiet of Osborne, where, however, sorrow intruded in the shape of the news of the death of Count Mensdorff, the uncle by marriage both of the Queen and Prince Albert, to whom they were warmly attached. Though he had been no prince, only a French emigrant officer in the Austrian service, when he married the sister of the Duchess of Kent, he was held in high esteem by his wife's family for the distinction with which he had served as a soldier, and for his many good qualities.

Princess Hohenlohe, with a son and daughter, came to Osborne as a stage to Scotland and Abergeldie, where she was to visit her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and where she could also best enjoy the Queen's society. The poor Princess, who made a stay of several months in this country, had need of a mother's and a sister's sympathy. A heavy sorrow had lately befallen her. The eldest daughter of the Hohenlohe family, Princess Elise, a girl of great promise, had died at Venice of consumption in her twenty-first year.

Yachting excursions were again made to Devonshire and Cornwall, to Torquay and the

often-visited beauties of Mount Edgecumbe and the banks of the Tamar. There was a proposal of a visit to the King of the Belgians, with the Channel Islands to be touched at on the way. One part of the programme had to be given up, on account of the tempestuous weather. The yacht, after waiting to allow Prince Albert to pay a flying visit—the last—to the Duke of Wellington at Walmer, ran up the Scheldt in one of the pauses in the storm, and the travellers reached Antwerp at seven o'clock on the morning of the 11th of August, “in a hurricane of wind and rain.”

But the weather is of little consequence when friends meet. King Leopold was waiting for his welcome guests, and immediately carried them off to his country palace, for their visit this time was to him and not to any of the old Flemish towns.

The Queen and Prince Albert, with their children, stayed at Laeken for three days, returning to Antwerp in time for a visit to the cathedral and the museum, before sailing in the same unpropitious weather for Flushing. The intention was still to cross on the following morning to the Channel Islands, but the wet, wild weather did not change, and the yacht remained where it was, the Queen indemnifying herself for the disappointment by landing and going over an old Dutch town and a farmhouse, with which she was much pleased.

On the 30th of August the Court went to Balmoral by Edinburgh. Soon after her arrival the Queen had the gratifying intelligence that a large legacy, about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, had been left to her and her heirs by one of her subjects—Mr. Campden Nield—a gentleman without near relatives, who had lived in the most penurious way, denying himself the very necessities of life.

The Queen's comment on the bequest to King Leopold was like her. “It is astonishing, but it is satisfactory to see that people have so much confidence that it will not be thrown away, and so it certainly will not be.” Baron Stockmar held with some justice that it was “a monument reared to the Queen during her life, in recognition of her simple, honourable, and constitutional career.”

Her Majesty and Prince Albert went on the 16th of September for their customary two days' stay by Loch Muich, though they had been startled in the morning by a newspaper report of the death of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer. But the rumour had arisen so often during these many years that nobody believed it, now that it was true.

The little party started in the course of the forenoon on a showery day. Arrived at the Loch, the Queen walked up the side to Alt-na-Dearg, a “burn” and fall, then rode up the ravine hung with birch and mountain-ash, and walked again along the top of the steep

hills to points which command a view of Lord Panmure's country, "Mount Keen and the Ogilvie Hills."

A little farther on, while resting and looking down on the Glassalt Shiel and the head of the loch, the Queen, by a curious coincidence, missed the watch which the Duke of Wellington had given her. Her Majesty sent back a keeper to inquire about her loss; in the meanwhile she walked on and descended by the beautiful falls of the Glassalt, one hundred and fifty feet in height, which she compares to those of the Bruar. The cottage or shiel of the Glassalt had just been built for the Queen, and offered accommodation in its dainty little dining-room and drawing-room for her to rest and refresh herself. After she had eaten luncheon, she set out again on a pony, passed another waterfall, called the Burn of the Spullan, and reached the wild solitary Dhu Loch.

The Queen had sat down to sketch when the keeper returned to tell her that the watch was safe at home; but that was not all. He brought a letter from Lord Derby with a melancholy confirmation of the report of the morning. The Duke of Wellington was dead. The Queen calls the news "fatal," and with something of the fond exaggeration of a daughter, writes of the dead man as "England's—rather Britannia's—pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced."

We can understand it, when we remember how closely connected he was with all her previous career, from her cradle till now. He had taken pride in her, advised her, obeyed her, with half a father's, half a servant's devotion. The King of the Belgians was hardly more her second father than the Duke of Wellington had been.

Besides, the Duke was not only a soldier; he had been a statesman, tried and true as far as his vision extended; brave here no less than in the stricken field, honest with an upright man's straightforwardness, wise with a practical man's sense of what could and could not be done, what must be yielded when the time came.

The Queen might well mourn for her grey-bearded captain, her faithful old councillor. There was one comfort, that the Duke had reached a good old age, and died after a few hours' illness, without suffering. He simply fell asleep, and awoke no more in this world. His old antagonist, Marshal Soult, had pre-deceased him only by a few months.

The Queen sums up the position: "One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero."

Her Majesty hastened down on foot to the head of Loch Muich, and rode back in the rain to Alt-na-Giuthasach to write to Lord Derby and Lord Charles Wellesley, who had been with his father in his last hours. She wrote mournfully in her journal: "We

shall soon stand sadly alone. Aberdeen is almost the only personal friend of that kind left to us. Melbourne, Peel, Liverpool, now the Duke, all gone!”

Invitations were countermanded, and the Court went into mourning. The Queen was right that the sorrow was universal. The ships in the Thames and in all the English ports had their flags half-mast high, the church bells were tolled, business was done “with the great exchanges half-shuttered,” garrison music was forbidden.

The Duke had left no directions with regard to his funeral, and it was fitting that it should receive the highest honour Sovereign and people could pay. But the Queen refrained from issuing an order, preferring that the country should take the initiative. It was necessary to wait till the 11th of November, when Parliament must meet. In the meantime the body of the Duke was placed under a Guard of Honour at Walmer. Viscount Hardinge was appointed Commander-in-Chief.

The Court left Balmoral on the 12th of October, about a month after the Duke of Wellington’s death, and on the 11th—a day which the Queen calls in her journal “a very happy, lucky, and memorable one”—her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their family, household, tenants, servants, and poorer neighbours, ascended Craig Gowan, a hill near Balmoral, for the purpose of building a cairn, which was to commemorate the Queen and the Prince’s having taken possession of their home in the north. At the “Moss House,” half-way up, the Queen’s piper met her, and preceded her, playing as he went. Not the least welcome among the company already collected were the children of the keepers and other retainers, with whom her Majesty was familiar in their own homes. She calls them her “little friends,” and enumerates them in a motherly way, “Mary Symons, and Lizzie Stewart, the four Grants, and several others.”

The Queen laid the first stone of the cairn, Prince Albert the next. Their example was followed by the Princes and Princesses, according to their ages, and by the members of the household. Finally every one present “came forward at once, each person carrying a stone and placing it on the cairn.” The piper played, whiskey was handed round. The work of building went on for an hour, during which “some merry reels were danced on a flat stone opposite.” All the old people danced, apparently to her Majesty’s mingled gratification and diversion. Again the happy mother of seven fine children notices particularly the children and their performance. “Many of the children—Mary Symons and Lizzie Stewart especially—danced so nicely, the latter with her hair all hanging down.”

There is another little paragraph which is very characteristic of the love of animals, and the faithful remembrance of old landmarks, well-known features in the Queen’s

character. "Poor dear old Monk, Sir Robert Gordon's (the former owner of Balmoral) faithful old dog, was sitting there among us all."

When the cairn ("seven or eight feet high") was all but finished, Prince Albert climbed to the top and deposited the last stone, when three cheers were given. The Queen calls it "a gay, pretty, and touching sight," that almost made her cry. "The view was so beautiful over the dear hills; the day so fine, the whole so *gemüthlich*." She ends reverently, "May God bless this place, and allow us to see it and enjoy it many a long year."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE IRON DUKE'S FUNERAL.

ON the 11th of November the Parliament met and voted the Duke a public funeral in the City cathedral of St. Paul's, by the side of Nelson, the great soldier and the great sailor bearing each other company in their resting-place, in the middle of the people whom they had saved from foreign dominion.

The hearse with the body had left Walmer at seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th, minute guns being fired in succession from the castles of Walmer, Deal, and Sandown, startling the sea-mews hovering over the Goodwin Sands, causing the sailors in the foreign vessels in the Downs to ask if England had gone to war. From the railway station in London, the coffin was escorted by Life Guards to Chelsea, where it was received by the Lord Chamberlain and conducted to the great hall for the lying-in-state, which occupied four days.

The fine old hospital, where so many of the Duke's soldiers had found refuge, which Wilkie had painted for him at the moment when the pensioners were listening to the reading of the Gazette that announced the victory of Waterloo, was carefully prepared for the last scene but one of a hero's life. Corridors, vestibule, and hall were hung with black cloth and velvet, and lit with tall candles in silver candelabra. Trophies of tattered banners, the spoils of the many victories of him who had just yielded to the last conqueror, were surmounted by the royal standard; Grenadiers lined hall and vestibule, their heads bent over their reversed arms. A plumed canopy of black velvet and silver was raised over a dais, with a carpet of cloth of gold, on which rested the gilt and crimson coffin. At the foot of the bier hung the mace and insignia of the late Duke's numerous orders of knighthood; and on ten pedestals, with golden lions in front, were the eight field-marshal's batons of eight different kingdoms, which had been bestowed on him. On the ninth and tenth pedestals were placed the Great Banner and the banner of Wellesley.

The Queen and Prince Albert came privately with their children, early on the first day, a windy, rainy Saturday in November, to view the lying-in-state,

On the night before the funeral the coffin was removed to the Horse Guards, over which Wellington had so long presided, where it is said that in the early days of his career he met Nelson. Early next morning the coffin was conveyed to a pavilion on the parade, whence it was lifted to the car which was to convey it to St. Paul's.

Not later than six o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the troops in large numbers began to muster in Hyde Park, under the direction of the Duke of Cambridge. The streets and windows were lined with seats covered with black cloth. Barriers were raised at the mouths of the side streets in the line of route, to prevent the danger of any side rush. In the dread of missing the sight, hundreds of people took up their position the night before, and kept it during the dark hours, in spite of wind and rain. All the richer classes were in mourning; indeed, whoever could bring out a scrap of black did so. There was a peculiar hush and touch of solemnity, which had its effect on the roughest in the million and a half of spectators.

At a quarter before eight, nineteen minute guns were fired in the park, the walls of the pavilion were suddenly drawn up, revealing the funeral car and its sacred burden. Instantly the troops presented arms for the last time to their late commander, and the drums beat "a long and heavy roll, increasing like the roll of thunder." The words "to reverse arms" were then given, and the funeral procession began to move. First came battalion after battalion of infantry, commencing with the rifles, the bands playing "The Dead March in Saul," the trumpets of the cavalry taking up "the wailing notes." "As the dark mass of the rifles appeared, and the solemn dead march was heard, the people were deeply affected, very many of both sexes to tears. . . . Great interest was felt as the Duke's regiment, the 33rd, passed." Squadrons of cavalry were succeeded by seventeen guns; the Chelsea Pensioners, old men, like him whose remains they followed, to the number of eighty three—his years on earth; one soldier from every regiment in her Majesty's service, to say that none had been left out, when their leader was borne to his grave; standards and pennons; deputations from public bodies—Merchant Taylors' Company, East India Company, and the deputation from the Common Council of London, joining the procession at Temple Bar; more standards, high officials, Sheriffs, and Knights of the Bath; the Judges, members of the Ministry, and Houses of Parliament; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Lord Mayor of London carrying the City Sword; His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by the Marquesses of Exeter and Abercorn—Lord Chamberlain and Groom of the Stole; the Great Banner, borne by an officer, and supported by two officers on horseback; the Field-marshal's batons—each carried by a foreign officer of high rank—which every country in Europe, except France and Austria, had

entrusted to the care of the Great Duke. To the imposing scene to-day France, like an honorable enemy, sent a representative; but Austria, still smarting under the affront to Haynau, was conspicuous by absence. The English Field-marshal's baton was borne on its cushion by the Duke's old comrade in arms, the Marquis of Anglesey. The Duke's coronet followed. Then the pall-bearers—eight generals in mourning coaches. At length the huge funeral car, heavily wrought and emblazoned and inscribed with the names of the Duke's battles, drawn by twelve horses, with five officers on horseback, bearing the banneroles of the lineage of the deceased, riding on either side. On the car was placed the coffin, and on the coffin rested the hat and sword of the dead commander. . . . Every emotion, save that of solemn awe, was hushed. The massive structure moved on its course with a steady pressure, and produced a heavy dull sound, as it ground its path over the road. . . . But the car, apart from its vast size, passed unnoticed, for on its highest stage rested a red velvet coffin, which contained all that was mortal of England's greatest son. It seemed that a thousand memories of his great and long career were awakened at the sight of that narrow tenement of so great a man. . . ." The voice which had cried "Up, Guards, and at them!" at the critical moment on the afternoon of that rainy Sunday at Waterloo, thirty-seven years before, was silent for ever. The sagacious and skilled brain which had planned so well the defence of London from the threatened outbreak of the Chartists, would plan no more for Queen and country. No longer would the shouting crowd press round him on every gala, and strangers watch patiently near the Horse Guards for one of the sights of London—the eagle face of the conqueror of him who conquered Europe.

"No more in soldier fashion would he greet,
With lifted hand, the gazer in the street."

Wellington was making his way from the Horse Guards for the last time, attended by such a mighty multitude as seldom waits on the steps of Kings, hardly ever with such mute reverence as they gave him that day. The "good grey head" of "the last Great Englishman" was about to be laid in the dust, and his best epitaph was Tennyson's line—

"One that sought but duty's iron crown."

Behind the car came the chief mourner, accompanied by his younger brother, with cousins and relatives to the last degree of kindred, and friends filling a long train of mourning coaches. Then followed what moved the people more than all the splendour, because it came like a touch of homely nature appealing to all, in a familiar part of the life that was gone, the late Duke's horse, led by John Mears, his aged groom. The horse

might have been "Copenhagen," which had borne the Duke in the thick of his greatest battle, and died long since at Strathfieldsaye, so eagerly did the crowds gaze on it. More carriages and troops closed the march.

And she was not absent who had held the dead man in such high esteem, whom he had so loved and honoured. From two different points—as if she were reluctant to see the last of her old friend—from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, where the Royal Standard floated half-mast high, as the funeral passed up Constitution Hill, and again from the windows of St. James's Palace, as the melancholy train went down St. James's Street, the Queen, surrounded by her children and her young cousins from Belgium, looked down on the solemn pageant.

Nearly twenty thousand privileged persons—many of them of high rank, filled St. Paul's, black-draped and gas-lit on the dark November day. After the funeral company were seated, the body, which had been received at the west entrance by the Bishop of London and the other clergy of the Cathedral, was carried up the nave to the chanting of "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The spurs were borne by one herald, the helmet and crest by another, the sword and target by a third, the surcoat by a fourth, the foreign batons by their foreign bearers, the English baton by Lord Anglesey.

Among the psalms and anthems, a dirge accompanied by trumpets was sung, "And the King said to all the people that were with him, rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth and mourn. And the King himself followed the bier. And they buried him; and the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept. And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

An affecting incident occurred, when, at the conclusion of this dirge, the body was lowered into the crypt to the "intensely mournful" sound of "The Dead March in Saul." As the coffin with the coronet and baton slowly descended, and thus the great warrior departed from the sight of men, a sense of heavy depression came on the whole assembly. Prince Albert was deeply moved, and the aged Marquess of Anglesey, the octogenarian companion in arms of the deceased, by an irresistible impulse stepped forward, placed his hand on the sinking coffin that contained the remains of his chief in many battles, and burst into tears.

"In the vast Cathedral leave him;
God accept him, Christ receive him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE—FIRE AT WINDSOR—THE BIRTH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

AT the close of 1852 Mr Disraeli announced his Budget in one famous speech, to which Mr. Gladstone replied in another, the first of those memorable speeches—at once a fine oration and a convincing argument—so often heard since then. The Derby Ministry, already tottering to its fall on the ground of its opposition to Free-trade principles, was defeated, and the same night Lord Derby resigned office, and Lord Aberdeen, who was able to unite the Whigs and the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, took his place.

On the 2nd of December, the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, the Empire was declared in France, and Louis Napoleon entered Paris as Emperor on the following day.

On the 22nd of January, 1853, the Emperor of the French made public his approaching marriage to the beautiful Eugénie de Montigo, Comtesse de Théba.

A serious fire broke out at Windsor Castle on the night of the 19th of March, the very day that the Court had come down for Easter. It was the result of an accident from the over-heating of a flue, which might have been doubly disastrous.

The scene of the fire was the upper stories of the Prince of Wales's Tower, above the Gothic dining-room, which is in the same suite with the Crimson, Green, and White drawing-rooms, in the last of which the Queen and Prince Albert were sitting, at ten o'clock in the evening, when the smell of smoke and burning aroused an alarm.

Besides the suite of drawing-rooms, with their costly furniture, the plate-rooms were beneath the Gothic dining-room; and on the other side—beyond a room known as the Octagon-room—was the Jewelled Armoury. The fire had taken such hold that the utmost exertions were needed to keep it under, and prevent it from spreading, and it remained for hours doubtful whether the rest of the Castle would escape. Prince Albert, the gentlemen of the household, and the servants, with seven hundred Guards brought from the barracks and stationed in the avenues to prevent further disorder, strove to supplement the work



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of the fire-engines. The Gothic dining-room was stripped of its furniture, including the gold vase or bath for wine, valued at ten thousand pounds. The Crimson drawing-room and the Octagon-room were dismantled. The plate-rooms were considered fireproof, but the Jewelled Armoury was emptied of its treasures, among them the famous peacock of Tippoo Sahib.

More than five hours passed before the danger was over. The Queen, in writing to reassure the King of the Belgians, said, "Though I was not alarmed, it was a serious affair, and an acquaintance with what a fire is, and with its necessary accompaniments, does not pass from one's mind without leaving a deep impression. For some time it was very obstinate, and no one could tell whether it would spread or not. Thank God, no lives were lost."

Less than three weeks after the fire, the Queen's fourth son, and eighth child, was born at Buckingham Palace on the 7th of April. Within a fortnight her Majesty was sufficiently recovered to write to the King of the Belgians, and here the wound which had been felt so keenly bled afresh. "My first letter is this time, as last time, addressed to you. Last time it was because dearest Louise—to whom the first announcement had heretofore always been addressed, was with me, alas! Now," she goes on to remind him affectionately, "Stockmar will have told you that Leopold is to be the name of our fourth young gentleman. It is a mark of love and affection which I hope you will not disapprove. It is a name which is the dearest to me after Albert, one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood. To hear "Prince Leopold"* again will make me think of all those days. His other names will be George, Duncan, Albert, and the sponsors will be the King of Hanover, Ernest Hohenlohe (the Queen's brother-in-law), the Princess of Prussia, and Mary of Cambridge. George is after the King of Hanover, and Duncan is a compliment to dear Scotland."

In the Royal Academy this year one of the pre-Raphaelites, who had been at first treated with vehement opposition and ridicule, came so unmistakably to the front as to stagger his former critics, and render his future success certain. Even the previous year Millais's "Huguenot" had made a deep impression, and his "Order of Release" this year carried everything before it. In the same Academy exhibition were Sir Edwin Landseer's highly poetic "Night" and "Morning."

On the Court's return from Osborne to London, the Queen and Prince Albert were

* When Prince Leopold's title was merged into that of Duke of Albany, our readers may remember that some reluctance was expressed at the change, and that there was an attempt to preserve the earlier name, by arranging that his Royal Highness should be styled "Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany."

present with their guests, the King and Queen of Hanover, and the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, on the 21st of June, in the camp at Chobham, when a sham-fight and a series of military manœuvres over broken ground were carried out with great spirit and exactness, to the admiration of a hundred thousand spectators. Her Majesty, as in the early years of her reign, wore a half-military riding-habit, and was mounted on a splendid black horse, on which she rode down the lines before witnessing the mock battle from an adjoining height.

Four days afterwards Prince Albert returned to the camp to serve for a couple of days with his brigade, the Guards. The Prince experienced something of the hardships of bivouacing in stormy weather, and suffered in consequence. He came back labouring under a bad cold, to be present at the baptism of his infant son on the 28th. All the sponsors were there in person. The Lord Chamberlain conducted the baby-prince to the font; the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the sacred rite. The usual State banquet and evening party followed. But illness, not very deadly, yet sufficiently prostrating, was hovering over the royal pair and their guests. The Prince of Wales was already sick of measles. Prince Albert, pre-disposed by the cold he had caught, got the infection from his son, had a sharp attack of the same disease, and we are told "at the climax of the illness showed great nervous excitement," symptomatic of a susceptible, highly-strung, rather fragile temperament.

Though the country was unaware of the extent of the Prince's illness, we can remember the public speculation it excited, and the contradictory assertions that the Queen would claim her wife's prerogative of watching by her husband's sick-bed, and that she would be forbidden to do so, for State reasons, her health or sickness, not to say the danger to her life, being of the utmost importance to the body politic. It is easy to see that if such a question had arisen, it would have been peculiarly trying to one who had been brought up to regard her duty to the country as a primary obligation, while at the same time every act of her life showed how precious and binding were her conjugal relations. But the matter settled itself. After the Princess Royal and Princess Alice had also been attacked by the epidemic, the Queen was seized with it, happily in the mildest form, which was of short duration. But the mischief did not confine itself to the English royal family. The juvenile malady of measles became for a time the scourge of princes, a little to the diversion of the world, since no great harm was anticipated, or came to pass, while the ailment invaded a succession of Courts. The guests at Prince Leopold's baptism carried the seeds of the disease to Hanover, in the person of the little Hanoverian cousin, King George's son, who had been a visitor in the English royal nurseries; to

Brussels, in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, who unconsciously handed on the unwelcome gift to King Leopold's sons, the Duc de Brabant and the Comte de Flandres, the former on the eve of his marriage, before the illness was taken across Germany to Coburg.

By the 6th of August, the birthday of Prince Alfred, the Queen and the Prince were sufficiently recovered to pay a second visit with their children to Chobham, when a fresh series of manœuvres were performed prior to the breaking up of the camp.

A great cluster of royal visitors had arrived in England, making the season brilliant. It was, perhaps, significant that these visitors included three Russian archduchesses, in spite of the fact that a war with Russia was in the air, being only held back by the strenuous efforts of statesmen, against the wishes of the people. Other visitors were the Crown Prince and Princess of Würtemberg, near akin to Russia, and the Prince of Prussia—the latter came from Ostend, on an invitation to witness a sight well calculated to recommend itself to his martial proclivities—a review, on the grandest scale, of the fleet at Spithead, on the 11th of August. The weather was fine, and the spectacle, perfect of its kind, was seen by all the royal company, by what was in effect “the House of Commons with the Speaker at its head,” and by multitudes in more than a hundred steamers, besides the crowds viewing the scene from the shores of the Isle of Wight and Hampshire.

On the 21st of August, a French sailor whose name has become a household word in England, died far away amidst the horrors of the north seas, in a gallant effort to rescue Sir John Franklin and his crew. Among the brave men who sailed on this perilous quest, none earned greater honour and love than young Bellot.

On the 22nd of August, a marriage of some interest to the Queen was celebrated at Brussels. King Leopold's eldest son, the Duc de Brabant, was married in St. Gudule's to the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Austria. The bridegroom was only eighteen years of age, the bride as young; but it was considered desirable that the heir-apparent should marry, and Queen Louise's place had remained vacant while her daughter, Princess Charlotte, was still unfit to preside over the Court in her mother's room.

On the 29th of August, Sir Charles Napier, the dauntless, eccentric conqueror of Seinde, followed his old commander to the grave. Though more than ten years younger, Sir Charles's last public appearance was at the Duke's funeral. He was the grandson of Lord Napier, and the son of the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox.

A great art and industrial exhibition at Dublin—the first of the numerous progeny of the Great Exhibition of two years before—was held this year. Naturally, the Queen and the Prince were much interested in its fortunes, and had promised to be present at the

opening, but were prevented by the outbreak of measles in June. It was possible, however, to visit the Irish Exhibition before its close, and this her Majesty and Prince Albert did on their way to Balmoral. Proceeding by train to Holyhead, where they were detained a day and a night by a violent storm, the travellers sailed on the 29th of August for Kingstown, which was reached next morning. On landing they were received by the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord St. Germain's and Lady St. Germain's, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Leinster, &c., &c., together with an immense number of people, lining the dock walls and hailing her Majesty's arrival with vociferous cheers, as on her last visit to Ireland. Enthusiasm, equal to what had been shown before, was displayed on the railway route and the drive through the thronged streets to the Viceregal Lodge. Not long after her arrival, the Queen, as energetic as ever, was seen walking in the Phoenix Park, and in the evening she took a drive in the outskirts of the city. At night Dublin was illuminated. The next day the Queen and the Prince, with their two elder sons, paid a State visit to the exhibition, full to overflowing with eager gazers. The royal party were conducted to a *daïs*, where the Queen, seated on the throne prepared for her, received the address of the commissioners thanking her for the support she had lent to the undertaking by her presence, and by her contributions to the articles exhibited.

The Queen replied, expressing her satisfaction that the worthy enterprise had been carried out in a spirit of energy and self-reliance, "with no pecuniary aid but that derived from the patriotic munificence of one of her subjects." That subject, Mr. Dargan, who had erected the exhibition building at his own expense, was present, and kissed hands amidst the cheers of the assembly. The Queen and the Prince afterwards made the circuit of the whole place, specially commending the Irish manufactures of lace, poplin, and pottery.

In the afternoon her Majesty and Prince Albert, to the high gratification of the citizens of Dublin, drove out through pouring rain to Mount Annville, the house of Mr. Dargan, saw its beautiful grounds, and conversed with the host and hostess. His manner struck the Queen as "touchingly modest and simple," and she wrote in her journal, "I would have made him a baronet, but he was anxious it should not be done."

Every morning during their week's stay the royal pair returned unweariedly to the exhibition, and by their interest in its productions, stimulated the interest of others. The old engagements—a review, visits to the castle, and the national schools—occupied what time was left.

On Saturday, the 3rd of September, a beautiful day succeeding miserable weather, the Queen drove slowly through the Dublin streets, "unlined with soldiers," feeling quite

sorry that it was the last day after what she called "such a pleasant, gay, and interesting time in Ireland." Loyal multitudes waited at the station and at Kingstown, cheering the travellers. Lord and Lady St. Germaines went on board the yacht, and dined with her Majesty and Prince Albert.

On the following morning, the *Victoria and Albert* crossed to Holyhead.

A glad event at Balmoral that year was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new house. The rite was done with all the usual ceremonies, Mr. Anderson, then the minister of Crathie, praying for a blessing on the work.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EASTERN QUESTION—APPROACHING WAR—GROSS INJUSTICE TO PRINCE ALBERT—DEATH OF
MARIA DA GLORIA.

THE return of the Court to England was hastened by what had disturbed the peace of the stay in the North. The beginning of a great war was imminent. The Eastern Question, long a source of trouble, was becoming utterly unmanageable. Russia and Turkey were about to take up arms. Indeed, Russia had already crossed the Danube and occupied the Principalities.

Turkey, in a fever-heat, declared war against Russia, crossed the Danube, and fought with desperate valour and some success at Oltenitza and Kalafat ; but matters were brought to a crisis by the nearly utter destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, one of the Turkish ports on the shores of the Black Sea. The French and English Governments uttered a practical protest by informing the Czar, that if his fleet in the south made any further movement against the Turks, the English and French fleets already in the Dardanelles would immediately enter the Black Sea and take active steps in defence of their ally.

In the meantime there had been some commotion in the English Cabinet. Lord Palmerston suddenly resigned, and as quickly resumed office. The ostensible cause of difference between him and his colleagues was the new Reform Bill ; but the real motive is believed to have been the Government's tactics with regard to the threatened war. These changed all at once, the change coinciding with the return of Lord Palmerston to office, and suiting the fighting mood of the people. He was once more the favourite of the hour, and in the popular pride and confidence in him, a great injustice was done to another. Startled and angered by Lord Palmerston's withdrawal from the Government, the old clamour about Court prejudice and intrigue, and German objections to Liberal statesmen, broke out afresh, and raged more hotly than ever. Prince Albert was openly mentioned as the hostile influence "behind the throne," and in the Cabinet of which he was a

member, against the man who was prepared to assert the dignity of England in spite of all opposition; the man who had uniformly sided with the weak, and spoken the truth of tyrants, let them be in ever so high places; the man at the same time who had approved of the *coup d'état*. The most unfounded charges of unfaithfulness to English interests, and personal interference for the purpose of gaining his own ends, and working into the hands of foreign Governments, were brought against the Queen's husband. His birth as a German, and his connection with the King of the Belgians and the Orleans family, were loudly dwelt upon. It was treated as an offence on his part that he should attend the Cabinet counsels of which he was a member, and be in the confidence of the Queen, who was his loving wife. He was attacked alike by Liberals and Protectionists; assailed, with hardly an assumption of disguise, both in public and private, and in many of the principal newspapers. The man who little more than two years before, at the time of the Great Exhibition, had been hailed as a general benefactor, and praised as the worthiest of patriots, was now almost the best-abused man in England, pursued with false accusations and reproaches equally false.

"One word more about the credulity of the public," wrote Prince Albert to Baron Stockmar; "you will scarcely credit that my being committed to the Tower was believed all over the country; nay, even 'that the Queen had been arrested!' People surrounded the Tower in thousands to see us brought to it."

All this ingratitude and stupidity must have been galling to its object, in spite of his forbearance, and, if possible, still more exquisitely painful to the Queen, who had felt a natural and just pride, not merely in her husband's fine qualities, but in her people's appreciation of them. The Prince wrote in the same letter, "Victoria has taken the whole affair greatly to heart, and was exceedingly indignant at the attacks." And the Queen wrote with proud tender pain to Lord Aberdeen, "In attacking the Prince, who is one and the same with the Queen herself, the throne is assailed; and she must say she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labours of the Prince."

This unscrupulous accusation was grave enough to demand a refutation in Parliament, which Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell were ready to give as soon as the House should meet.

During this trying winter, the Queen heard of the melancholy death of her sister queen and girlish acquaintance, who had become a kinswoman by marriage—Maria da Gloria. The two queens were the same in age—thirty-four—and each had become the mother of eight children, but there the similarity ceased. At the birth of her last child—dead born—the Queen of Portugal ended a life neither long nor happy, though she had been

fortunate in her second husband. Queen Maria da Gloria lacked Queen Victoria's reasonableness and fairness. The Queen of Portugal started on a wrong course, and continued in it, notwithstanding the better judgment of her husband. She supported the Cabrals—the members of a noble Portuguese family, who held high offices under her government—in ruling unconstitutionally and corruptly. She consented to her people's being deprived of the liberty of the press, and burdened with taxes, till, though her private life was irreproachable, she forfeited their regard. In 1846 civil war broke out, and the Cabrals were compelled to resign; the Count of Saldanha and his party took the place of the former ministers. But the insurrection spread until it was feared the Queen and her husband would be driven out of the country. Suddenly the tide turned; the better portion of the army declared for the Queen, her cause was upheld by the English Government, and peace and the royal authority were restored. But in spite of a pledge that the Cabrals should be excluded from the Government, the elder brother again became Premier, with the old abuse of power. A second revolution was accomplished by Saldanha, to whose control Maria da Gloria had to yield, much against the grain. She was succeeded by her eldest son, Don Pedro, still a minor, with the King-Consort his father for regent, an arrangement which proved satisfactory to the distracted kingdom.

A different event was the premature death of perhaps the most beautiful, and the most fortunate, in the eyes of the world, of the Queen's fair bridesmaids. Lady Sarah Villiers, who had become a princess by her marriage with the son of one of the richest, most aristocratic subjects in Europe, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy—of diamond notoriety, died at Torquay in her thirty-second year.

When Parliament met in January, 1854, the Prince was triumphantly vindicated by the leaders on both sides, but it was not till his death that his character was done full justice to. In the meantime the cloud had broken, and the royal couple rejoiced unaffectedly. The Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar that there was "an immense concourse" of people assembled, and they were very friendly when she went to the House of Lords. The anniversary of the marriage was hailed with fresh gratitude and gladness, and with words written to Germany that fall pathetically on our ears to-day. "This blessed day is full of joyful, tender emotions," are her Majesty's words. "Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age as we are now, happy and devotedly united. Trials we must have; but what are they if we are together?"

It was on this occasion that there was a family masque, of which Baroness Bunsen, who was present, has given a full description. She tells how, between five and six o'clock in the

evening, the company followed the Queen and the Prince to a room where a red curtain was let down. They all sat in darkness till the curtain was drawn aside, "and the Princess Alice, who had been dressed to represent 'spring,' recited some verses taken from Thomson's "Seasons," enumerating the flowers which the spring scatters around, and she did it very well, spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn up, and the whole scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented 'summer,' with Prince Arthur lying upon some sheaves, as if tired with the heat of the harvest work; the Princess Royal also recited verses. Then again there was a change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine-leaves and a panther's skin, represented 'autumn,' and recited also verses and looked very well. Then there was a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented 'winter,' with a white beard and a cloak with icicles or snow-flakes (or what looked like such), and the Princess Louise, warmly clothed, who seemed watching the fire; and the Prince also recited well a passage altered from Thomson. . . . Then another change was made, and all the seasons were grouped together, and far behind, on high, appeared the Princess Helena, with a long veil hanging on each side down to her feet, and a long cross in her hand, pronouncing a blessing on the Queen and Prince in the name of all the seasons. These verses were composed for the occasion. I understood them to say that St. Helena, remembering her own British extraction, came to utter a blessing on the rulers of her country; and I think it must have been so intended, because Helena the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, was said to have discovered the remains of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified, and so when she is painted she always has a cross in her hand. But grandpapa understood that it was meant for Britannia blessing the royal pair. At any rate, the Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but when the Queen ordered the curtain to be drawn back, we saw the whole royal family, and they were helped to jump down from their raised platforms; and then all came into the light and we saw them well; and the baby, Prince Leopold, was brought in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, and wanted to go to his papa, Prince Albert. At the dinner-table the Princesses Helena and Louise and Prince Arthur were allowed to come in and stand by their mamma, the Queen, as it was a festival day. . . . In the evening there was very fine music in St. George's Hall, and the Princess Royal and Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were allowed to stop up and hear it, sitting to the right and left of the chairs where sat the Queen and Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent." Some of the graceful figures in the pretty masque were given, with modifications, by the sculptor's art. Four are reproduced in the engravings in this book, that of the

Princess Royal at page 146, that of Princess Alice at page 190, that of the Prince of Wales at page 153, and that of Prince Alfred at page 224, Volume First.

Alfred at page 224, Volume First.

On the 7th of February Baron Brunnow, who had been Russian ambassador in England for fifteen years, quitted London. Notes were dispatched on the 27th from London and Paris to St. Petersburg, calling on Russia to evacuate the Principalities, a summons to which the Czar declined to reply. War was declared in a supplemental gazette, and on the 31st of March the declaration was read, according to ancient usage, from the steps of the Royal Exchange by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the City of London, to a great crowd that wound up the ceremony by giving three cheers for the Queen. Part of the troops had already embarked, their marching and embarkation being witnessed by multitudes with the utmost interest and enthusiasm. The chief sight was the departure of the Guards, the Grenadiers leaving by gaslight on the winter morning, the Fusiliers marching to Buckingham Palace, where at seven o'clock the Queen and the Prince, with their children, were ready to say good-bye. "They formed line, presented arms, and then cheered us very heartily, and went off cheering," the Queen wrote to the King of the Belgians. . . . "Many sorrowing friends were there, and one saw the shake of many a hand. My best wishes and prayers went with them all." It was a famous scene, which is remembered to this day. Another episode was that of the Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary, taking leave of the brigade with which the Duke of Cambridge, the only son and brother, left.

Her Majesty and the Prince started for Osborne in the course of the next fortnight, to visit the superb fleet which was to sail from Spithead under Sir Charles Napier. "It will be a solemn moment," the Queen wrote again to Lord Aberdeen; "many a heart will be very heavy, and many a prayer, including our own, will be offered up for its safety and glory." In spite of the bad weather, which marred the arrangements, the Queen sailed from Portsmouth in the *Fairy*, and passing the *Victory*, with its heroic associations, went through the squadron of twenty great vessels, amidst the booming of the guns, the manning of the yards, and the cheers of the sailors. The following day the little *Fairy*, with its royal occupants, played a yet more striking part. At the head of the outward-bound squadron, it sailed with the ships for several miles, then stopped for the fleet to pass by, the Queen standing waving her handkerchief to the flag-ship. Her Majesty was, as she said, "very enthusiastic" about her army and navy, and wished she had sons in both of them, though she foresaw how she would suffer when she heard of the losses of her brave men. If she had not sons in either service, her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, was with the Guards for a time, and her young nephews, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and Prince Ernest Leiningen,



were with their ships. The Queen paid the same compliment of giving a farewell greeting to the second division of the fleet.

When the address to the Throne in reply to the Queen's message announcing the declaration of war was presented, her Majesty and the Prince were accompanied to the House for the first time by the Prince of Wales, a boy of thirteen.

In the middle of the worry, the season was gay as if no life-blood was drained in strong currents from the country ; and Varna, with its cholera swamps, where the troops had encamped on Turkish soil, was not present to all men's minds. The Queen set an example in keeping up the social circulation without which there would be a disastrous collapse of more than one department of trade. On May-day, Prince Arthur's birthday, there was a children's ball, attended by two hundred small guests, at Buckingham Palace. Sir Theodore Martin quotes her Majesty's merry note, inviting the Premier to come and see "a number of happy little people, including some of his grandchildren, enjoying themselves." Among the grandchildren of Lord Aberdeen were the young sons of Lord Haddo—sinking under a long wasting illness—George, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, who, when he came to man's estate, served as an ordinary seaman in a merchant ship, where his rank was unsuspected, and who perished by being washed overboard on a stormy night ; and the Honourable James Gordon, who died from the bursting of his gun when he was keeping his terms at Cambridge.

The Queen honoured Count Walewski, the French ambassador, by her presence at one of the most brilliant of costume balls. A great Court ball was followed by a great Court concert, at which Lablache sang again in England after an interval of many years. Among the visitors to London in June were poor Maria da Gloria's sons, Coburgs on the father's side, young King Pedro of Portugal, and his brother, the Duke of Oporto, fine lads who were much liked wherever they went.

The Queen and the Prince spent her Majesty's birthday at Osborne, and commemorated it to their children by putting them in possession of the greatest treasure of their happy childhood—the Swiss cottage in the grounds, about a mile from the Castle, in which youthful princes and princesses played at being men and women, practised the humbler duties of life, and kept natural history collections and geological specimens, as their father and uncle had kept theirs in the museum at Coburg. Another great resource consisted of the plots of ground—among which the Princess Royal's was a fair-sized garden, ultimately nine in number, where the amateur gardeners studied gardening in the most practical manner, and had their tiny tool-house, with the small spades and rakes properly grouped and duly lettered. "Prince Alfred" or "Princess Louise," as the case might be. A third

idea, borrowed like the first from Coburg, was the miniature fort, with its mimic defences, every brick of which was made and built, and the very cannon-balls founded, by the two sons destined to be soldiers—the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur.

Before the end of the season cholera broke out in London. Among its victims was Lord Jocelyn, eldest son of Lord Roden, and husband of Lady Fanny Cowper. He had been on guard at the palace, and died after an illness of not more than two hours' duration in the drawing-room of his mother-in-law, Lady Palmerston.

The Queen came up to town to prorogue Parliament in person. Afterwards her Majesty and the Prince spent his birthday at Osborne, when one of the amusements, no doubt with a view to the entertainment of the children as well as of the grown-up people, was Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc," which was then one of the comic sights of London.

Early in September Prince Albert, in compliment to the alliance between England and France, went, by the Emperor's invitation, to visit the French camp at St. Omer, and was absent four or five days. The Prince's letters were as constant and lover-like as ever.

On the 15th of September the Court arrived at Balmoral, and the same day the Queen received the news of the sailing of the English and French soldiers for the Crimea. An anxious but brief period of suspense followed. Six days later came the tidings of the successful landing, without opposition, in the neighbourhood of Eupatoria.

Lord Aberdeen came on a visit to Balmoral, and had just left when the glad tidings arrived of the victory of the Alma, followed immediately by a false report of the fall of Sebastopol.

During this year's stay in the north, her Majesty met for the first time a remarkable Scotchman whom she afterwards honoured with her friendship. Both the Queen and Dr. Macleod describe the first sermon he preached before her, on Christian life. He adds, "In the evening, after *daundering* in a green field with a path through it which led to the high-road, and while sitting on a block of granite, full of quiet thoughts, mentally reposing in the midst of the beautiful scenery, I was roused from my reverie by some one asking me if I was the clergyman who had preached that day. I was soon in the presence of the Queen and Prince, when her Majesty came forward and said with a sweet, kind, and smiling face, 'We wish to thank you for your sermon.' She then asked me how my father was, what was the name of my parish, &c.; and so, after bowing and smiling, they both continued their quiet evening walk alone." *

The Court returned from Balmoral by Edinburgh. At Hull, and again at Grimsby, the Queen and the Prince inspected the docks, of which he had laid the foundation stones.

* Life of Dr. Norman Macleod.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

IN the beginning of November England heard with mingled triumph and pain of the repulsed attack on the English at Balaclava on the 25th of October, and of the charge of the Light Brigade.

The number of the English soldiers in the field fell lower and lower. The Queen wrote to King Leopold, "We have but one thought, and so has the nation, and that is—Sebastopol. Such a time of suspense, anxiety, and excitement, I never expected to see, much less to feel."

On the 13th of November telegrams arrived with the news of the battle of Inkermann, fought against terrible odds on the 5th.

The Queen wrote herself to Lord Raglan to tell of her "pride and joy" at receiving the intelligence of "the glorious, but alas! bloody victory of the 5th." She conferred upon him the baton of a Field-Marshal. Her Majesty also addressed a kind and sympathising letter to the widow of Sir George Catheart.

The Queen wrote with high indignation to the King of the Belgians after the battle of Inkermann: "They (the enemy) behaved with the greatest barbarity; many of our poor officers who were only slightly wounded were brutally butchered on the ground. Several lived long enough to say this. When poor Sir G. Catheart fell mortally wounded, his faithful and devoted military secretary (Colonel Charles Seymour) . . . sprang from his horse, and with one arm—he was wounded in the other—supported his dying chief, when three wretches came and bayoneted him. This is monstrous, and requisitions have been sent by the two commanders-in-chief to Menschikoff to remonstrate. . . ."

The winter of 1854-55 was a sorrowful and care-laden time. Little or no progress was made in the war, while in the meanwhile the sufferings of the soldiers from a defective commissariat, a rigorous climate, and the recurring ravages of cholera, were frightful. The very winds and waves seemed to fight against the allies and to side

with "Holy Russia." Never had the Black Sea been visited by such storms and wrecks.

From the palace to the cottage, women's fingers worked eagerly and unweariedly knitting comforters and muffatees to protect the throats and wrists of the shivering men. We have heard that the greatest lady in the land deigned thus to serve her soldiers. We have been told of a cravat worked in crochet by a queen's fingers which fell to the share of a gallant young officer in the trenches—the same brave lad who had carried, unscathed, the colours of his regiment to the heights of the Alma.

The hospitals were in as disorganised a state as the commissariat, and Mr. Sydney Herbert, well-nigh in despair, had the bright inspiration of sending to the seat of war Florence Nightingale, the daughter and co-heiress of a Derbyshire squire, with a staff of nurses.

Such reformation of abuses was wrought by a capable devoted woman, such order brought out of disorder, such comfort and consolation carried to wounded and dying men, that the experiment became a triumphant success. Many were the stories told of the soldiers' boundless reverence for the woman who had left country and friends and all the good things that wealth and rank can command to relieve her fellow-creatures; how one of them was seen to kiss her shadow on the wall of his ward as she passed; how the convalescents engaged in strange and wonderful manufactures of gifts to offer to her.

A second large instalment of nurses was sent out after the first, the latter led by Mary Stanley, daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, and sister of the Dean of Westminster, who had already been a sister to the poor in her father's diocese.

The Queen wrote again to Lord Raglan, "The sad privations of the army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness, are causes of the deepest concern and anxiety to the Queen and the Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. The Queen trusts that Lord Raglan will be *very strict* in seeing that no unnecessary privations are incurred by any negligence of those whose duty it is to watch over their wants.

"The Queen heard that their coffee was given them green instead of roasted, and some other things of this kind, which have distressed her, as she feels so anxious that they should be as comfortable as circumstances can admit of. The Queen earnestly trusts that the large amount of warm clothing sent out has not only reached Balaclava, but has been distributed, and that Lord Raglan has been successful in procuring the means of hutting

for the men. Lord Raglan cannot think how much we suffer for the army, and how painfully anxious we are to know that their privations are decreasing. . . . The Queen cannot conclude without wishing Lord Raglan and the whole of the army, in the Prince's name and her own, a happy and *glorious* new year."

No sooner had Parliament reassembled than Mr. Roebuck brought forward his famous motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the state of the army and the management of the War Department of the Government.

Lord John Russell resigned office, and there was a threatened resignation of the whole Ministry, an ill-timed step, which was only delayed till Mr. Roebuck's motion was carried, by a large majority, not amidst the cheers, but to the odd accompaniment of the derisive laughter of the Liberal members who had voted for the motion. Lord Aberdeen's Ministry immediately resigned office; and after an abortive attempt on the part of Lord Derby, at the request of the Queen, to form a new Ministry, Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell were in succession asked to take the leadership, but each in his turn had to own his inability to get the requisite men to act under him. In summoning Lord John Russell to become Premier, the Queen had expressed a wish that Lord Palmerston—the man to whom the country looked as the only proper war minister—should take office. The wish, especially flattering and acceptable to Lord Palmerston, because it indicated that old differences were forgotten, was in marked keeping with a certain magnanimity and candour—excellent qualities in a sovereign—which have been prominent features in her Majesty's character.

Lord John Russell having been as unsuccessful as his predecessors in forming a Ministry, Lord Palmerston was sent for by the Queen and offered the premiership, and the most popular minister of the day was soon able, to the jubilation of the country, to construct a Cabinet.

On the 10th of February, the anniversary of the Queen's marriage-day, there was this year, as usual, a home festival, with the nursery drama of "Little Red Riding Hood" performed by the younger members of the family, and appropriate verses spoken by Princess Alice, who seems to have been the chosen declaimer among the princes and princesses. But beneath the rejoicing there were in the elders anxiety, sympathetic suffering, and the endurance of undeserved suspicion. The committee carrying out the inquiry proposed by Mr. Roebuck's motion, conceived most unjustly that the Prince's hostile influence prevented them from obtaining the information they desired. The Queen's health was suffering from her distress on account of the hardships experienced by her soldiers, so that when Lord Cardigan returned to England, repaired to Windsor, and

had the royal children upon his knee, they said, "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, else it will kill mamma!"

On the 2nd of March the strange news burst upon Europe, exciting rather a sense of solemnity than any less seemly feeling, of the sudden death of the Emperor Nicholas, former guest and fervent friend of the Queen—for whom she seems to have retained a lingering, rueful regard—grasper at an increase of territory, disturber of the peace of Europe, dogged refuser of all mediation. He had an attack of influenza, but the real cause of his death is said to have been bitter disappointment and mortification at his failure to drive the allies out of the Crimea. The "Generals, January and February," on whom he had counted to work his will, laid him low.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INSPECTION OF THE HOSPITAL AT CHATHAM—VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH—DISTRIBUTION OF WAR MEDALS.

ON the 3rd of March, the Queen and the Prince, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and the Duke of Cambridge, visited the hospital at Chatham, to which many of the wounded and sick soldiers had been brought home. The whole of the invalids who were in a condition to leave their beds “were drawn up on the lawn,” each having a card containing his name and services, his wounds, and where received. Her Majesty passed along the line, saying a few kind words to those sufferers who particularly attracted her notice, or to those whose services were specially commended. It is easy to imagine how the haggard faces would brighten and the drooping figures straighten themselves in that royal and gentle presence.

In the course of the month, at an exhibition and sale of water-colour drawings and pictures by amateurs, in aid of a fund for the widows and orphans of officers in the Crimea, the artistic talent of which there have been many proofs in the Queen’s and the Prince’s children, was first publicly shown. A water-colour drawing by the Princess Royal, already a fine girl of fifteen—whose marriage was soon to be mooted, in which she had represented a woman weeping over a dead grenadier, displayed remarkable merit and was bought for a large price.

On the 16th of April the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England on a visit to the Queen. The splendid suite of rooms in Windsor Castle which includes the Rubens, Zuccarelli, and Vandyck rooms, were destined for the imperial guests. And we are told that, by the irony of fate, the Emperor’s bedroom was the same that had been occupied on previous occasions by the late Emperor Nicholas and King Louis Philippe. Sir Theodore Martin refers to a still more pathetic contrast which struck the Queen. He quotes from her Majesty’s journal a passage relating to a visit paid by the old Queen Amélie to Windsor two or three days before. “It made us both so sad to see her drive

away in a plain coach with miserable post-horses, and to think that this was the Queen of the French, and that six years ago her husband was surrounded by the same pomp and grandeur which three days hence would surround his successor."

Prince Albert received the travellers at Dover in the middle of a thick mist which had delayed the *corvette*, hidden the English fleet, and somewhat marred what was intended to have been the splendour of the reception. After the train had reached London, the drive was through densely crowded streets, in which there was no lack of enthusiasm for the visitors.

The strangers did not reach Windsor till past seven. The Queen had been waiting for them some time in one of the tapestry rooms near the guard-room. "The expectation and agitation grew more intense," her Majesty wrote in her diary. "The evening was fine and bright. At length the crowd of anxious spectators lining the road seemed to move; then came a groom; then we heard a gun, and we moved towards the staircase. Another groom came. Then we saw the advanced guard of the escort; then the cheers of the crowd burst forth. The outriders appeared, the doors opened, I stepped out, the children and Princes close behind me; the band struck up "*Partant pour la Syrie*," the trumpets sounded, and the open carriage, with the Emperor and Empress, Albert sitting opposite to them, drove up, and they got out.

"I cannot say what indescribable emotions filled me, how much all seemed like a wonderful dream. These great meetings of sovereigns, surrounded by very exciting accompaniments, are always very agitating. I advanced and embraced the Emperor, who received two salutes on either cheek from me, having first kissed my hand. I next embraced the very gentle, graceful, and evidently very nervous Empress. We presented the Princes (the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's brother) and our children (Vicky, with very alarmed eyes, making very low curtsies); the Emperor embraced Bertie; and then we went upstairs, Albert leading the Empress, who in the most engaging manner refused to go first, but at length with graceful reluctance did so, the Emperor leading me, expressing his great gratification at being here and seeing me, and admiring Windsor."*

Her Majesty was pleased with the Emperor; his low soft voice and quiet manner were very attractive. She was delighted with the Empress, of whom she repeatedly wrote with admiration and liking. "She is full courage and spirit," the Queen described her visitor, "yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is most charming. With all her great liveliness, she has the prettiest and most modest manner." There were

* Life of the Prince Consort.

morning walks during the visitors' stay, and long conversations about the war. A deputation from the Corporation of London came down to Windsor, and presented the Emperor with an address. There was a review of the Household troops in the Great Park, to which the Queen drove with the Empress. The Emperor, the Prince, and the Duke of Cambridge rode. There was a tremendous enthusiastic crowd in the Long Walk, and considerable pushing at the gates. The Queen was alarmed because of the spirited horse the Emperor rode.

The day ended with a ball in the Waterloo Room, when the Queen danced a quadrille with the Emperor, who, she wrote, "danced with great dignity and spirit. How strange" she added "to think that I, the grand-daughter of George III., should dance with the Emperor Napoleon, nephew of England's great enemy, now my nearest and most intimate ally, in the Waterloo Room, and this ally only sixteen years ago living in this country in exile, poor and unthought of."

A Council of War was held the day after the Emperor's arrival, at which the Queen was not present. It was attended by the Emperor, the Prince, Lords Palmerston, Panmure, Hardinge, Cowley (English ambassador in Paris), Count Walewski (French ambassador in London), Marshal Vaillant, &c., &c. It met at eleven, and had not separated at two, the hour of luncheon, after which a chapter of the Order of the Garter—for which special toilettes were indispensable, was to be held. The Empress went and told Lord Cowley how late it was, in vain. She advised the Queen to go to them. "I dare not go in, but your Majesty may; it is your affair." The Queen passed through the Emperor's bedroom, which was next to the council-room, knocked, and entered to ask what was to be done, perhaps a solitary instance of a queen having to go in search of her guests. Both the Emperor and the Prince rose and said they would come, but business was so enchaining that still they delayed, and the ladies had to take luncheon alone.

The Emperor was invested with the Order of the Garter in the Throne-room. The forms were the same as those followed in the investiture of Louis Philippe, and no doubt the one scene recalled the other vividly enough. Bishop Wilberforce was present and gives some particulars: "A very full chapter. The Duke of Buckingham (whose conduct had not been very knightly) came unsummoned, and was not asked to remain to dinner. The Emperor looked exulting and exceedingly pleased." After the chapter, the Emperor sent for the Bishop, that he might be presented. His lordship's opinion was that Louis Napoleon was "rather mean-looking, small, and a tendency to *embonpoint*; a remarkable way, as it were, of swimming up a room, with an uncertain gait; a small grey eye, looking cunning, but with an aspect of softness about it too. The Empress, a peculiar face from

the arched eye-brows, blonde complexion ; an air of sadness about her, but a person whose countenance at once interests you. The banquet was magnificent. At night," ends Bishop Wilberforce, "the Queen spoke to me. 'All went off very well, I think ; I was afraid of making some mistake ; you would not let me have in writing what I was to say to him. Then we put the riband on wrong, but I think it all went off well on the whole.'"

The Emperor and Empress were invited to a banquet at Guildhall. They went from Buckingham Palace, to which the Queen and Prince Albert had accompanied them. The Queen wrote in her journal that their departure from Windsor made her sad. The passing through the familiar rooms and descending the staircase to the mournful strains of "Partant pour la Syrie" (composed by the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense, and heard by her Majesty fourteen different times that April day), the sense that the visit about which there had been so much excitement was nearly over, the natural doubt how and when the group would meet again, touched her as with a sense of foreboding.

The Emperor and Empress drove from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall in six of the Queen's State carriages, the first drawn by the famous cream-coloured horses. The whole route was packed with people, who gave the visitors a thorough ovation. The City hall was decorated with the flags of England, France, and Turkey ; and the lion and the eagle conjointly supported devices which bore the names "Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann." At the *dejeuner* sherry was served which had reached the venerable age of one hundred and nine years, was valued at £600 the butt, and had belonged to the great Napoleon. The same evening, the Queen and the Prince, with their guests, went in State to the Italian Opera, where *Fidelio* was performed. "We literally drove through a sea of human beings, cheering and pressing near the carriage." The illuminated streets bore many devices of N.E. and V.A., which the Emperor remarked made the word "Neva"—a coincidence on which he appears to have dwelt with his share of the superstition of the Buonapartes. The Opera-house and the royal box were richly decorated for the occasion. On entering, her Majesty led the Emperor, and Prince Albert the Empress, to the front of the box, amidst great applause. The audience was immense, a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full dress being allowed to occupy a place behind the singers on the stage.

The next day, a beautiful April day, the Queen discovered was the forty-seventh birthday of the Emperor ; and when she went to meet him in the corridor, she wished him joy and gave him a pencil-case. He smiled and kissed her hand, and accepted with empressement two violets—the Buonapartes' flower—brought to him by Prince Arthur. All along the thronged road to Sydenham, cries of "Vive l'Empereur !" and "Vive l'Impératrice !"

alternated with cheers for the Queen. The public were not admitted while the royal party were in the palace, but they gathered twenty thousand strong on the terrace; and when her Majesty, with her guests, came out on the balcony to enjoy the beautiful view, such shouts of loyalty and welcome filled the spring air as struck even ears well accustomed to public greetings. After luncheon the Queen and her visitors returned to the Palace, having to pass through an avenue of people lining the nave, to reach the balcony from which the strangers were to see the fine spectacle of the fountains playing. The Queen owned afterwards she was anxious; yet, she added, "I felt as I leant on the emperor's arm, that I was possibly a protection for him. All thoughts of nervousness for myself were lost. I thought only of him; and so it is, Albert says, when one forgets oneself, one loses this great and foolish nervousness." A sentence worthy of him and of her.

Alas for fickle fortune and the changes which time brings! The present writer was accidentally present on the occasion of the Emperor and Empress's last visit to the Crystal Palace. They came from Chislehurst without any announcement, when they were not expected, on an ordinary shilling day in autumn, the company happening to be few. A slight stir and one or two policemen coming to the front, suggested that some theft had been committed, and that the offender was about to be taken into custody and removed from the building. Then an official walked bareheaded down the cleared nave, and behind him came a little yellow-skinned shrunken man in plain clothes, on whose arm a lady in a simple black silk walking-dress and country hat leant lightly, as if she were giving instead of receiving support. He made a slight attempt to acknowledge the faint greetings of the spectators, some of them ignorant of the identity of the visitors, all of them taken by surprise. She smiled and bowed from side to side, a little mechanically, as if anxious to overlook no courtesy and to act for both. It was not long after the battle of Sedan and the imprisonment at Wilhelmshöhe, and the hand of death was already upon him. The couple hurried on, as if desirous of not being detained, and could not have tarried many minutes in the building when a few straggling cheers announced their departure.

In the afternoon of the 20th of April a second council relating to the war in the Crimea was held, at which the Queen was present. With her large interest in public affairs, her growing experience, and her healthy appetite for the work of her life, she enjoyed it exceedingly. "It was one of the most interesting scenes I was ever present at," she wrote in her journal. "I would not have missed it for the world."

On Saturday, the 21st of April, the visitors left, after the Emperor had written a graceful French sentence in the Queen's album, and an admonitory verse in German, which had originally been written for himself, in the Prince of Wales's autograph book.

The Queen accompanied her visitors to the door, and parted from them with kindly regret. As they drove off she "ran up" to see the last of the travellers from the saloon they had just quitted. "The Emperor and Empress saw us at the window," she wrote, "turned round, got up, and bowed. . . . We watched them, with the glittering escort, till they could be seen no more. . . ." The Prince escorted the Emperor and Empress to Dover. The Queen wrote in a short memorandum her view of the Emperor's character, and what she expected from the visit in a political light. Through the good sense of the paper one can see how the confiding friendly nature had survived the rough check given to it by Louis Philippe's manœuvres and dissimulation.

On the 1st of May the Academy opened with Millais's "Rescue of children from a burning house," and with a remarkable picture by a young painter who has long since vindicated the reception it met with. It was Mr. F. Leighton's "Procession conveying Cimabue's Madonna through the streets of Florence."

On the 18th of May her Majesty distributed medals to some of the heroes of the war still raging. The scene was both picturesque and pathetic, since many of the recipients of the honour were barely recovered from their wounds. The presentation took place in the centre of the parade of the Horse Guards, where a dais was erected for the ceremony, while galleries had been fitted up in the neighbouring public offices for the accommodation of members of the royal family and nobility. Barriers shut off the actors in the scene, and a great gathering of officers, from the crowd which filled every inch of open space and flowed over into St. James's Park.

The Queen, the Prince, with many of the royal family, the Court, the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary for War, and "a host of generals and admirals," arrived about eleven o'clock. The soldiers who kept the ground formed four deep, making three sides of a square, and the men to be decorated passed up the open space, until "the Queen stood face to face with a mass of men who had suffered and bled in her cause."

The Deputy-Adjutant-General read over the list of names, and each person, answering to the call, presented to an officer a card on which was inscribed his name, rank, wounds, and battles. As the soldiers passed in single file before the Queen, Lord Panmure handed to her Majesty the medal, which she gave in turn to the medal-holder. He saluted and passed to the rear, where friends and strangers gathered round him to inspect his trophy.

The first to receive the medal were the Queen's cousin and contemporary, the Duke of Cambridge, Lords Lucan, Cardigan, Major-General Searlett, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir De Lacy Evans, and Major-General Torrens. It is needless to say how keenly the public were moved by the sight of their brave defenders, several of them scarred and mutilated,

many tottering from weakness, some wearing on their sleeves bands of crape, tokens of mourning for kinsmen lying in Russian earth.

To every wounded man, officer or private, her Majesty spoke, some of those addressed blushing like girls under their bronze, and the tears coming into their eyes. The idea of personally presenting the medals to the soldiers was the Queen's own, and she must have been amply rewarded by the gratification she bestowed.

Three officers unable to walk were wheeled past her Majesty in bath-chairs. Among them was young Sir Thomas Troubridge, both of whose feet had been carried off by a round shot, while he had continued commanding his battery till the battle was over, refusing to be taken away, only desiring his shattered limbs to be raised in order to check the loss of blood. The Queen leant over Sir Thomas's chair and handed him his medal, while she announced to him his appointment as one of her aides-de-camp. He replied, "I am amply repaid for everything."

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN—VISIT OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT TO THE EMPEROR AND
EMPERESS OF THE FRENCH—FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

A SARDINIAN contingent had now, by a stroke of policy on the part of Count Cavour, the Sardinian Minister, joined the English and French in arms in the Crimea; but an unsuccessful attack, made with heavy loss by the combined forces of the English and French on Sebastopol, filled the country with disappointment and sorrow. The attack was made on the 18th of June, a day which, as the anniversary of Waterloo, had been hitherto associated with victory and triumph.

Lord Raglan had never approved of the assault, but he yielded to the urgent representations of General Pelissier. The defeat was the last blow to the old English soldier, worn by fatigue and chagrin. He was seized with illness ending in cholera, and died in his quarters on the 29th of June, eleven days after the repulse. He was in his sixty-seventh year. The Queen wrote to Lady Raglan the day after the tidings of the death reached England.

During the summer the Queen received visits from King Leopold and his younger children, and from her Portuguese cousins. During the stay of the former in England scarlet fever broke out in the royal nurseries. Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and finally Princess Alice, were attacked; but the disease was not virulent, and the remaining members of the family escaped the infection.

In the early morning of the 16th of August, the Russians marched upon the French lines, and were completely routed in the battle of the Tchernaya, which revived the allies' hopes of a speedy termination of the war.

In the meantime, the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, paid a visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, near Paris. The palace of St. Cloud was set apart for the use of the Queen and the Prince.

Her Majesty landed at Boulogne during the forenoon of the 18th of August. She was

received by the Emperor, who met her on the gangway, first kissed her hand, and then kissed her on both cheeks. He led her on shore, and rode by the side of her carriage to the railway station.

Paris, where no English sovereign had been since the baby Henry VI. was crowned King of France, was not reached till evening. The city had been *en fête* all day with banners, floral arches, and at last an illumination. Amidst the clatter of soldiers, the music of brass bands playing "God save the Queen," and endless cheering, her Majesty drove through the gathering darkness by the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud. To the roar of cannon, the beating of drums, and the echoing of *vivats*, she was greeted and ushered up the grand staircase by the Empress and the Princess Mathilde. Everybody was "most civil and kind," and in the middle of the magnificence all was "very quiet and royal."

The next day was Sunday, and after breakfast there was a drive with the Emperor through the beautiful park, where host and guests were very cheerful over good news from Sebastopol. The English Church service was read by a chaplain from the Embassy in one of the palace rooms. In the afternoon the Emperor and the Empress drove with their guests to the Bois de Boulogne, and to Neuilly—so closely associated with the Orleans family—lying in ruins. General Canrobert, just returned from the Crimea, was an addition to the dinner party.

On Monday the weather continued lovely. The Emperor fetched his guests to breakfast, which, like luncheon, was eaten at small round tables, as in her Majesty's residences in England. She remarked on the cookery that it was "very plain and very good." After breakfast the party started in barouches for Paris, visiting the Exposition des Beaux Arts and the Palais d'Industrie, passing through densely crowded streets, amidst enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" At the Elysée the *corps diplomatique* were presented to the Queen. In the meantime, the Emperor himself drove the boy Prince of Wales in a curriele through Paris. Afterwards the Queen and Prince Albert, in the company of the Emperor, visited the beautiful Sainte Chapelle and the Palais de Justice. On the way the Emperor pointed out the *conciergerie* as the place where he had been imprisoned.

Nôtre Dame, where the Archbishop of Paris and his clergy met the visitors, and the Hôtel de Ville, followed in the regular order of sightseeing.

The Queen dwells not only on the kindness but on the quietness of the Emperor as a particular "comfort" on such an occasion.

Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr was acted in the evening. In the Salle de Mars all the company passed before the Queen, the Empress presenting each in turn. The

Emperor and Empress, preceded by their gentlemen, always took the Queen and the Prince to their rooms.

On Tuesday Versailles was the visitors' destination. They went in many carriages. Troops and national guards, and especially gendarmes, were to be seen everywhere. The gardens and the fountains, with throngs of company, were much admired.

The Queen visited the two Trianons. At the larger the Emperor showed her the room and bed provided for her, in the expectation of her visiting Paris, by "poor Louis Philippe;" Madame Maintenon's sedan-chair, by which Louis XIV. was wont to walk; and the little chapel in which "poor Marie (Louis Philippe's daughter) was married to Alexander of Würtemberg in 1838," two years before the Queen's marriage.

At Little Trianon the Empress (who had a passion for every relic of Marie Antoinette) joined the party, and luncheon was eaten in one of the cottages where princes and nobles were wont to play at being peasants.

In the evening the Emperor, with his guests, paid a State visit to the opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier. Part of the performance was a representation of Windsor Castle, with the Emperor's reception there, when "God save the Queen" was splendidly sung, and received with acclamation. The Emperor's happy animation, in contrast to his usual impassiveness, was remarked by the audience.

Wednesday's visit, in the continuously fine August weather, was to the French Exhibition, which the Queen and the Prince were so well calculated to appreciate. They rejoiced in the excellent manner in which England was represented, particularly in pottery. The specially French productions of Sèvres, Goblins, and Beauvais were carefully studied. The Queen also examined the French Crown jewels, the crown bearing the renowned Regent diamond, which, though less large than the Koh-i-noor, is more brilliant. The Emperor presented the Prince with a magnificent Sèvres vase, a souvenir of the Exhibition of 1851. The Tuileries was visited, and luncheon taken there in rooms containing pictures and busts of Napoleon I., Josephine, &c., &c. The Queen received the Prefect, and consented to attend the ball to be given in her honour.

After a visit to the British Embassy, the Queen and the Prince, with the Princess Royal and one of the ladies of the suite, took a drive incognito through Paris, which they enjoyed exceedingly. They went in an ordinary *remise*, the three ladies wearing common bonnets and mantillas, and her Majesty having a black veil over her face.

On Thursday morning the Queen rested, walking about the gardens with her young daughter, and sketching the Zouaves at the gate. The afternoon was spent at the Louvre, where the Queen mentions the heat as "tropical."

After dinner at the Tuileries, the party stood laughing together at an old-fashioned imperial cafetière which would not let down the coffee, listening to the music, the carriages, and the people in the distance, and talking of past times; as how could people fail to talk at the Tuileries! The Emperor spoke of having known Madame Campan (to whose school his mother was sent for a time), and repeated some of the old court dresser's anecdotes of Marie Antoinette and the Great Revolution.

In her Majesty's full dress for the ball given to her by the City of Paris, she wore a diadem in which the *Koh-i-noor* was set. Through the illuminated, crammed streets, the Queen proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, and entered among flags, flowers, and statues, "like the Arabian Nights," the Emperor said.

The royal visitors occupied chairs on a *daïs*. One quadrille and one valse were danced, the Emperor being the Queen's partner, while Prince Albert danced with Princess Mathilde (the Empress was in delicate health); Prince Napoleon and Madame Haussman (the wife of the Prefect of the Seine), and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria and Lady Cowley (wife of the English ambassador) completing the set.

Several Arabs in long white burnouses were among the guests, and kissed the hands of the Queen and the Emperor. Her Majesty made the tour of the stately suite of rooms, lingering in the one in which "Robespierre was wounded, Louis Philippe proclaimed, and from the windows of which Lamartine spoke for so many hours in 1848."

On Friday there was a second visit to the Exhibition, and in the afternoon a grand review of troops in the Champ de Mars, which the Queen admired much, regretting that she had not been on horseback, though the day was not fine. From the Champ de Mars the visitors drove to the Hôtel des Invalides, and there occurred the most striking scene in the memorable visit, of which the passages from the Queen's journal in the "Life of the Prince Consort," give so many graphic, interesting details. Passing between rows of French veterans, the Queen and the Prince went to look by torchlight at the great tomb, in which, however, all that was mortal of Napoleon I. had not yet been laid. The coffin still rested in a side chapel, to which her Majesty was taken by the Emperor. The coffin was covered with black velvet and gold, and the orders, hat, and sword of "le Petit Caporal" were placed at the foot. The Queen descended for a few minutes into the vault, the air of which struck cold on the living within its walls.

The Emperor took his guests in the evening to the Opéra Comique. It was not a State visit, but "God save the Queen" was sung, and her Majesty had to show herself in front of the Emperor's private box. On Saturday the royal party went to the forest of St. Germain's, and a halt was made at the hunting-lodge of La Muette. The *Grand Veneur*

and his officials in their hunting-dress of dark-green velvet, red waistcoats, high boots, and cocked hats, received the company. The dogs were exhibited, and a *fanfare* sounded on the huntsmen's horns.

The strangers repaired to the old palace of St. Germain's, where her Majesty saw the suite of rooms which had served as a home for her unhappy kinsman, James II. It is said she went also to his tomb, and stood by it in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. On the return drive to St. Cloud detours were made to Malmaison, where the Emperor remembered to have seen his grandmother, the Empress Josephine, and to the fortress of St. Valérien.

The same night there was a State ball at Versailles. At the top of the grand staircase stood the Empress "like a fairy queen or nymph," her Majesty writes, "in a white dress trimmed with bunches of grass and diamonds, . . ." wearing her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The enamoured Emperor exclaimed in the hearing of his guests, "Comme tu es belle!" (how beautiful you are!) The long Galerie de Glaces, full of people, was blazing with light, and had wreaths of flowers hanging from the ceiling. From the windows the illuminated trellis was seen reflected in the splashing water of the fountains. The balconies commanded a view of the magnificent fireworks, among which Windsor Castle was represented in lines of light.

The Queen danced two quadrilles, with the Emperor and Prince Napoleon, Prince Albert dancing with Princess Mathilde and the Princess of Augustenburg. Among the guests presented to her Majesty was Count Bismarck, Prussian Minister at Frankfort.

The Queen waltzed with the Emperor, and then repaired to the famous *Œil-de-Bœuf*, hung with Beauvais tapestry. After the company had gone to supper, the Queen and the Emperor's procession was formed, and headed by guards, officers, &c. &c., they passed to the theatre, where supper was served. The whole stage was covered in, and four hundred people sat in groups of ten, each presided over by a lady, at forty small tables. Innumerable chandeliers and garlands of flowers made the scene still gayer. The boxes were full of spectators, and an invisible band was playing. The Queen and Prince Albert, with their son and daughter, the Emperor and the Empress, Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde, and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, sat at a small table in the central box. Her Majesty seems to have been much struck with this Versailles ball, which was designed and arranged by the Empress from a plate of the time of Louis XV. It was said there had been no ball at Versailles since the time of Louis XVI. The last must have been the ball in the Orangery, on the night that the Bastille fell.

Sunday was Prince Albert's birthday, which was not forgotten among these brilliant doings. Loving hands laid out the flower-decorated table with its gifts. At luncheon

the Emperor presented the Prince with a picture by Meissonier. The Empress gave a *pokal*, or mounted cup, carved in ivory. During a quiet drive with the Emperor through the park in the morning, the Queen, with her characteristic sincerity, courageously approached a topic which was a burden on her mind, on which Baron Stockmar had long advised her to act as she was prepared to do. She spoke of her intercourse with the Orleans family, on which the French ambassador in London had laid stress as likely to displease the Emperor. She said they were her friends and relations, and that she could not drop them in their adversity, but that politics were never touched upon between her and them. He professed himself perfectly satisfied, and sought in his turn to explain his conduct in the confiscation and forced sale of the Orleans property.

The English Church service was read in a room at St. Cloud as before. In the afternoon the Emperor took his guests to the memorial Chapelle de St. Ferdinand, erected on the spot where the late Duc d'Orleans was killed.

On Monday, the 27th of August, the Queen wrote in her diary her deep gratitude for "these eight happy days, for the delight of seeing such beautiful and interesting places and objects," and for the reception she had met with in Paris and France. The Emperor arrived to say the Empress was ready, but could not bring herself to face the parting, and that if the Queen would go to her room it would make her come. "When we went in," writes her Majesty, "the Emperor called her: 'Eugénie, here is the Queen,' and she came," adds her Majesty, "and gave me a beautiful fan, and a rose and heliotrope from the garden, and Vicky a beautiful bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds, containing her hair. . . ."

The morning was beautiful as the travellers, accompanied by the Emperor and Empress, drove for the last time through the town of St. Cloud, with its Zouaves and wounded soldiers from the Crimea, under the Arc de Triomphe, where the ashes of the great Napoleon had passed, to Paris and the Tuileries. There was talk of future meetings at Windsor and Fontainebleau. (And now of the places which the Queen admired so much, St. Cloud and the Tuileries are in ruins like Neuilly, while the Hôtel de Ville has perished by the hands of its own children.) Leave was taken of the Empress not without emotion.

At the Strasbourg railway station the Ministers and municipal authorities were in attendance, and the cordiality was equal to the respect shown by all.

Boulogne, to which the Emperor accompanied his guests, was reached between five and six in the afternoon. There was a review of thirty-six thousand infantry, besides cavalry, on the sands. The Queen describes the beautiful effect of the background of calm, blue sea, while "the glorious crimson light" of the setting sun was gilding the thousands of bayonets, lances, &c. It was the spot where Napoleon I. inspected the army

with which he was prepared to invade England; while Nelson's fleet, which held him in check, occupied the anchorage where the Queen's squadron lay. Before embarking, her Majesty and Prince Albert drove to the French camps in the neighbourhood.

At last, when it was only an hour from midnight, in splendid moonlight, through a town blazing with fireworks and illuminations, with bands playing, soldiers saluting, and a great crowd cheering as if it was noonday, the Queen and the Prince returned to their yacht, accompanied by the Emperor. As if loth to leave them, he proposed to go with them a little way. The parting moment came, the Queen and the Emperor embraced, and he shook hands warmly with the Prince, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal. Again at the side of the vessel, her Majesty pressed her late host's hand, and embraced him with an, "Adieu, sire." As he saw her looking over the side of the ship and watching his barge, he called out, "Adieu, Madame, au revoir," to which the Queen answered, "Je l'espère bien."

On the 6th of September the Court went to Scotland, staying a night at Holyrood, as usual in those years. On the Queen's arrival she drove through the old castle of Balmoral, the new house being habitable, though much of the building was still unfinished. An old shoe was thrown after her Majesty, Scotch fashion, for luck, as she entered the northern home, where everything charmed her.

On the 10th of September the Duchess of Kent, who was staying at Abergeldie, dined with the Queen. At half-past ten despatches arrived for her Majesty and Lord Granville, the Cabinet Minister in attendance. The Queen began reading hers, which was from Lord Clarendon, with news of the destruction of Russian ships. Lord Granville said, "I have still better news," on which he read, "'From General Simpson. Sebastopol is in the hands of the allies.'" "God be praised for it," adds the Queen.

Great was the rejoicing. Prince Albert determined to go up Craig Gowan and light the bonfire which had been ready the year before, had been blown down on the day of the battle of Inkermann, and was at last only waiting to be lit. All the gentlemen, in every species of attire, all the servants, and gradually the whole population of the little village, keepers and gillies, were aroused and started, in the autumn night, for the summit of the hill. The happy Queen watched from below the blazing light above. Numerous figures surrounded it, "some dancing, all shouting; Ross (the Queen's piper) playing his pipes (surely the most exultant of pibrochs), and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually," the late Sir E. Gordon's old Alsatian servant striving to add his French contribution to the festivities by lighting squibs, half of which would not go off. When Prince Albert returned he described the health-drinking in whiskey as wild and exciting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL—QUEEN'S SPEECH TO THE SOLDIERS RETURNED FROM
THE CRIMEA—BALMORAL.

AN event of great importance to the Queen and her family was now impending. A proposal of marriage for the Princess Royal—still only fifteen years of age—had been made by the Prince of Prussia, the heir of the childless king, in the name of the Prince's only son, Prince Frederick William, a young man of four-and-twenty, nearly ten years the Princess's senior. From the friendship which had long existed between the Queen and the Prince and the Princess of Prussia, their son was well-known and much liked in the English royal family, and the youthful Princess Royal was favourably inclined to him. The proposal was graciously received, on certain conditions. Of course the marriage of the young Princess could not take place for some time. She had not even been confirmed. She ought to be allowed to know her mind fully. The couple must become better acquainted. It was agreed at first that nothing should be said to the Princess Royal on the subject till after her confirmation. But when the wooer arrived to pay a delightfully private visit to the family in their Highland retreat, the last interdict was judged too hard, and he was permitted to plead his cause under the happiest auspices.

We have pleasant little glimpses in her Majesty's journal, and Prince Albert's letters, of what was necessarily of the utmost moment to all concerned; nay, as the contracting parties were of such high estate, excited the lively sympathies of two great nations. The Prince writes in a half tender, half humorous fashion, of the young couple to Baron Stockmar, "The young man, 'really in love,' 'the little lady' doing her best to please him." The critical moment came during a riding party up the heathery hill of Craig-na-Ban and down Glen Girnock, when, with a sprig of white heather for "luck," in his hand, like any other trembling suitor, the lover ventured to say the decisive words, which were not repulsed. Will the couple ever forget that spot on the Scotch hillside, when they fill the imperial throne of Charlemagne? They have celebrated their silver wedding-day with

loud jubilees, may their golden wedding still bring welcome memories of Craig-na-Ban and its white heather.

The Court had travelled south to Windsor, and in the following month, in melancholy contrast to the family circumstances in which all had been rejoicing, her Majesty and the Prince had the sorrowful intelligence that her brother, the Prince of Leiningen, while still only in middle age, just over fifty, had suffered from a severe apoplectic attack.

In November the King of Sardinia visited England. His warm welcome was due not only to his patriotic character, which made Victor Emmanuel's name a household word in this country, but to the fact that the Sardinians were acting along with the French as our allies in the Crimea. He was royally entertained at Windsor, saw Woolwich and Portsmouth, received an address at Guildhall, and was invested with the Order of the Garter. He left before five the next morning, when, in spite of the early hour, the intense cold, and a snowstorm, the Queen took a personal farewell of her guest.

In the beginning of 1856 the Queen and the Prince were again wounded by newspaper attacks on him, in consequence of his having signed his name, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, among the other officers of the Guards, to a memorial to the Queen relating to the promotion and retirement of the officers.

On the 31st of January her Majesty opened Parliament amidst much enthusiasm, in a session which was to decide the grave question of peace or war.

In March the welcome news arrived that the Empress of the French had given birth to a son.

On the 20th of March the ceremony of the confirmation of the Princess Royal took place in the private chapel, Windsor. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, Lord High Almoner, officiated, in the presence of the Queen and the royal family, the Ministers, Officers of State, &c. Prince Albert led in the Princess; her Godfather, King Leopold, followed with the Queen. Bishop Wilberforce made a note of the scene in a few words. "To Windsor Castle. The confirmation of Princess Royal. Interesting. She devout, composed, earnest. Younger sister much affected. The Queen and Prince also."

On the 30th of March peace was signed. London became aware of it by the firing of the Park and the Tower guns at ten o'clock at night. The next morning the Lord Mayor, on the balcony of the Mansion House, read a despatch from the Secretary of State, to a large crowd assembled in the street, who received the tidings with loud cheers. At noon his Lordship, preceded by the civic functionaries, went on foot to the Exchange and read the despatch there.

The Tower guns were again fired, the church-bells rang merry peals, flags were hung

out from all the public buildings. A few days afterwards the Queen conferred on Lord Palmerston the Order of the Garter—a frank and cordial acknowledgment of his services, which the high-spirited statesman received with peculiar pleasure.

On the 18th of April her Majesty and Prince Albert went to Aldershot to commemorate the completion of the camp and review the troops, when the Queen spent her first night in camp, in the pavillion prepared for her use. On one of the two days she wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, with the Star and Order of the Garter, and a dark blue riding habit. Within a week, in magnificent weather, Her Majesty and Prince Albert inspected a great fleet at Spithead.

After Easter Lord Ellesmere, in his last appearance in the House of Lords, moved the address to the Queen on the peace, and spoke the feelings of the nation when he expressed in the words of a poet the country's deep debt of gratitude to Florence Nightingale. On the 8th of May the Lords and Commons went in procession to Buckingham Palace to present their addresses to the Queen. The same evening she gave a State ball—the first in the new ball-room—to celebrate the peace.

Lord Dalhousie returned in this month of May from India, where he had been Governor-General. He was a hopeless invalid, while still only in his forty-fifth year. The moment the Queen heard of his arrival, she wrote to him a letter of welcome, for which her faithful servant thanked her in simple and touching words, as for “the crowning honour of his life.” He could not tell what the end of his illness might be, but he ventured to say that her Majesty's most gracious words would be a balm for it all.

On the 19th of May the Queen laid the foundation of the military hospital at Netley, which she had greatly at heart.

In June a serious accident, which might have been fatal, occurred to the Princess Royal while her promised bridegroom was on a visit to this country. Indeed he was much in England in those days, appearing frequently in public along with the royal family, to the gratification of romantic hearts that delighted to watch young royal lovers. She was sealing a letter at a table when the sleeve of her light muslin dress caught fire and blazed up in a moment. Happily she was not alone. The Princess's governess, Miss Hildyard, was at the same table, and Princess Alice was receiving a lesson from her music-mistress in the room. By their presence of mind in wrapping the hearthrug round the Princess Royal, who herself showed great self-possession under the shock and pain of the accident, her life was probably saved. The arm was burnt from below the elbow to the shoulder, though not so as to be permanently disfigured. Lady Bloomfield has a pretty story about this accident. She has been describing the Princess as “quite charming. Her manners

were so perfectly unaffected and unconstrained, and she was full of fun." The writer goes on to say, "When she, the Princess, burnt her arm, she never uttered a cry; she said 'Don't frighten mamma—send for papa first.'" She wrote afterwards to her music-mistress, dictating the letter and signing it with her left hand, to tell how she was, because she knew the lady, who had been present when the accident happened, would be anxious.

King Leopold, his younger son, and his lovely young daughter, Princess Charlotte, were among the Queen's visitors this summer, and a little later came the Prince and Princess of Prussia to improve their acquaintance with their future daughter-in-law.

In July the Queen and the Prince were again at Aldershot to review the troops returned from the Crimea. But the weather, persistently wet, spoilt what would otherwise have been a joyous as well as a glorious scene. During a short break in the rain, the Crimean regiments formed three sides of a square round the carriage in which the Queen sat. The officers and four men of each of the troops that had been under fire "stepped out," and the Queen, standing up in the carriage, addressed them. "Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, I wish personally to convey through you to the regiments assembled here this day my hearty welcome on their return to England in health and full efficiency. Say to them that I have watched anxiously over the difficulties and hardships which they have so nobly borne, that I have mourned with deep sorrow for the brave men who have fallen in their country's cause, and that I have felt proud of that valour which, with their gallant allies, they have displayed on every field. I thank God that your dangers are over, while the glory of your deeds remains; but I know that should your services be again required, you will be animated with the same devotion which in the Crimea has rendered you invincible."

When the clear, sweet voice was silent, a cry of "God save the Queen!" sprang to every lip. Helmets, bearskins, and shakos were thrown into the air; the dragoons waved their sabres, and a shout of loyal acclamation, caught up from line to line, rang through the ranks.

The next day, in summer sunshine, the Queen and her City of London welcomed home the Guards. In anticipation of a brilliant review in the park, she saw them march past from the central balcony of Buckingham Palace, as she had seen them depart on the chill February morning more than two years before: another season and another scene—not unchastened in its triumph, for many a once-familiar face was absent, and many a yearning thought wandered to Russian hill and plain and Turkish graveyard, where English sleepers rested till the great awakening.

An old soldier figured before the Queen and the Prince in circumstances which filled

them with sorrow and pity. Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief, was having an audience with the Queen, when he was suddenly struck by paralysis. He resigned his post, to which the Duke of Cambridge was appointed. Lord Hardinge died a few months afterwards.

After several yachting excursions, marred by stormy weather, the Court went north, and reached Balmoral on the 30th of August. The tower and the offices, with the terraces and pleasure-grounds, were finished, and every trace of the old house had disappeared. The Balmoral of to-day, though it still lacked what has become some of its essential features, stood before the Queen. We are fain to make it stand before our readers as it is now.

The road to Balmoral may be said to begin with the Strath at Aberdeen. The farther west the railway runs, the higher grow the mountains and the narrower waxes the valley. Yet the Highlands proper are held to commence only at Ballater, the little northern town with its gray square, and its pleasant inn by the bridge over the rushing Dee. The whole is set between the wooded hills of Panmanich and Craigendarroch, the last-named from the oak wood which crowns its summit. The Prince of Wales's house, Birkhall, stands back from the road on a green eminence with the mountain rising behind, and in front the river Muich running down to join the Dee.

At Ballater the railway ends, and two picturesque roads follow the course of the river, one on each side, the first passing Crathie, the other going through the fir and birch woods of Abergeldie on the same side as Balmoral. Both command grand glimpses of the mountains, which belong to the three great ranges of the district—Cairngorm, Glengairn, and Loch-na-Gar.

Approaching on the Crathie side, the stranger is struck with the frequent tokens of a life that was once the presiding genius of this place, which passing away in its prime, has left the shadow of a great grief softened by the merciful touch of time. The haunting presence, mild in its manliness and gentle in its strength, of a princely benefactor common to all, has displaced the grim phantoms of old chieftains and reigns in their stead. It hovers over the dearly loved Highland home with its fitting touch of stateliness in the middle of its simplicity, over the forest where a true sportsman stalked the deer, over the streams and lochs in which he fished, and the paths he trod by hill and glen. We are made to remember that Balmoral was the Prince Consort's property, that he bought it for his possession, as Osborne was the Queen's, and that it was by a bequest in his will that it came, with all its memories, to his widow. Three different monuments to the Prince, on as many elevations above the castle, at once attract the eye. The highest and most enduring, seen from many quarters and at considerable distances, is a gable-like cairn on the summit of a hill. It is here that such of the Prince's sons as are in the neighbourhood, and all

the tenantry and dependents who can comply with the invitation, assemble on the Prince Consort's birthday and drink to his memory.

Lower down stands a representation of the noble figure of the Prince, attended by his greyhound, Eos. On another spur of the same hill is an obelisk, erected by the tenantry and servants to the master who had their interests so deeply at heart.

The castle, like its smaller predecessor of which this pile of building has taken the place, stands in a haugh or meadow at the foot of a hill, within a circle of mountain-tops. The porter's lodge and gate might belong to the hunting-seat of any gentleman of taste and means; only the fact that, even when her Majesty is not in residence, a constable of police is in attendance, marks the difference between sovereign and subject.

Within the gate the surroundings are still wild and rural, in keeping with nature free and unshackled, and have a faint flavour of German parks where the mowing-machine is not always at work, but a sweet math of wild flowers three or four feet high is supposed to cheat the dweller in courtly palaces into a belief that he too is at liberty to breathe the fresh air without thought or care, and roam where he will, free from the fetters of form and etiquette.

Great innocent moon-daises, sprightly harebells, sturdy heather, bloom profusely and seem much at home within these royal precincts, under the brow of the hills and within sight and sound of the flashing Dee. Gradually the natural birch wood shows more traces of cultivation, and is interspersed with such trees and shrubs as suit the climate, and the rough pasture gives place to the smooth lawn, with a knot of bright flower-beds on one side.

The house is built of reddish granite in what is called the baronial style, with a sprinkling of peaked gables and pepper-box turrets, and a square tower with a clock which is said to keep the time all over the parish. Above the principal entrance are the coats of arms, carved, coloured, and picked out with gold. There are two bas-reliefs serving to indicate the character of the building—a hunting-lodge under the patronage of St. Hubert, supported by St. Andrew of Scotland and St. George of England, the stag between whose antlers the sacred cross sprang, forming part of the representation. The other bas-relief shows groups of men engaged in Highland games.

Within doors many a relic of the chase appears in antlered heads surmounting inscriptions in brass of the date of the slaying of the stag and the name of the slayer. The engravings on the walls are mostly of mountain landscapes and sporting scenes, in which Landseer's hand is prominent, and of family adventures in making this ascent or crossing that ford.

The furniture is as Scotch as may be—chairs and tables, with few exceptions, of polished birch hangings and carpets with the tartan check on the velvet pile, the royal "sets" in

all their bewildering variety: "royal Stewart," strong in scarlet; "Victoria," with the check relieved on a white ground; "Albert," on a deep blue, and "hunting Stewart," which suddenly passes into a soft vivid green, crossed by lines of red and yellow.

Drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-room, and library are spacious enough for royalty, while small enough for comfort when royalty is in happy retreat in little more than a large family circle rusticating from choice. The corridors look brown and simple, like the rest of the house, and lack the white statuary of Osborne, and the superb vases, cabinets, and pictures of Buckingham Palace and Windsor. By the chimney-piece in the entrance hall rest the tattered colours once borne through flood and field by two famous regiments, one of them "the Cameronians."

In the drawing-room is a set of chairs with covers in needlework sewed by a cluster of industrious ladies-in-waiting. In the library hangs a richly wrought wreath of flowers in porcelain, an offering from Messrs. Minton to the Queen. On the second story are the private rooms of her Majesty and the different members of the royal family.

Perhaps the ballroom, a long hall, one story in height, running out from the building like an afterthought, is one of the most picturesque features of the place. The decorations consist of devices placed at intervals on the walls. These devices are made up of Highland weapons, Highland plaids, Highland bonnets bearing the chief's feather or the badge of the clan. Doubtless tufts of purple heather and russet braeken, with bunches of the coral berries of the rowan, will supplement other adornments as the occasion calls for them; and when the lights gleam, the pipers strike up, and the nimble dancers foot it with grace and glee through reel* and sword-dance, the effect must be excellent of its kind. For long years the balls at Balmoral have been mostly kindly festivals to the humble friends who look forward to the royal visits as to the galas of the year, the greater part of which is spent in a remote solitude not without the privations which accompany a northern winter.

The parish church of Crathie, a little, plain, white building, well situated on a green, wooded knoll, looks across the Dee to Balmoral. The church is notable for its wide, red-covered gallery seats, to which the few plain pews in the area below bear a small proportion. The Queen's arms are in front of the gallery, which contains her seat and that of the Prince of Wales. Opposite are two stained-glass windows, representing King David with his harp, and St. Paul with the sword of the Spirit and the word of God, gifts of the Queen in memory of her sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe, and of Dr. Norman

* "Yesterday we had the Gillies' Ball, at which Arthur distinguished himself and was greatly applauded in the Highland reels. Next to Jamie Gow, he was the 'favourite in the room.'"—Extract from one of the Prince Consort's letters.

Macleod. Famous speakers and still more famous hearers have worshipped together in this simple little country church. Macleod, Tulloch, Caird, Macgregor—the foremost orators in the Church of Scotland—have taken their turn with the scholarly parish minister, while in the pews, bearing royalty company, have sat statesmen and men of letters of whom the world has heard: Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Sir Arthur Helps, &c., &c.

The old churchyard in which John Brown, the Queen's trusty Scotch servant, faithful as a squire of old, sleeps, lies down in the low land near the Dee. John Brown's house, solid and unpretending like the man himself, which he only occupied once, when his coffin lay for a night in the dining-room, is in the neighbourhood.

The Queen has white cottages not far from the castle gate, built on the model of the Osborne cottages, pretty and convenient homes of keepers, keepers' widows, &c., &c., with the few artisans whose services are necessary for the small population. There are other cottages of the old, homely sort, containing no more than "the butt and the benn" of stereotyped Scotch architecture, with the fire made of "peats" or of sticks on the hearth-floor. In some of these, the walls of the better rooms are covered with good plates and photographs of every member of the royal family, with whose lineaments we are familiar, from the widowed Queen to the last royal couple among her grandchildren. These likenesses are much-valued gifts from the originals.

As a nucleus to the cottages, there is *the* shop or Highland store with a wide door and a couple of counters representing two branches of trade in the ordinarily distinct departments of groceries and haberdashery. Probably this is the one shop in her Majesty's domains in which, as we have evidence in her journal,* she avails herself of the feminine privilege of shopping. For the Queen can live the life of a private lady—can show herself the most considerate and sympathetic of noble gentlewomen in this primitive locality. She can walk or drive her ponies, or visit on foot her commissioner or her minister, or look in at her school, or call on her sick, aged, and poor, and take to them

* "Life in the Highlands."—Queen's journal. "Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill; stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others. Drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to *Balnacroft*, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. . . . I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter, and may the Lord be a guide to ye and keep ye from all harm.' . . . We went into three other cottages—to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door) who had an 'unwell boy'; then across a little burn to another old woman's, and afterwards peeped into Blair's, the fiddler. We drove back and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and a handkerchief; and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me; ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time to her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself.' . . ."

the comforts she has provided for them, the tokens of her remembrance they prize so much. She can enjoy their simple friendliness and native shrewdness. She can read to them words of lofty promise and tender consolation. She can do all as if she were not crowned Queen and ruler of a great kingdom. In hardly any other part of her empire would such pleasant familiar intercourse and gentle personal charities be possible for her. The association has been deepened and strengthened by a duration of more than thirty years. The Queen came while still a young wife to Balmoral, and she has learnt to love and be loved by her neighbours in the long interval which leaves her a royal widow of three-score. Her children were fair-haired little boys and girls, making holiday here, playing at riding and shooting, getting into scrapes like other children,* prattling to the old women in "mutches" and "short gowns," whose houses were so charmingly queer and convenient, with the fires on the hearths to warm cold little toes, and the shadowy nooks ready for hide-and-seek. These children are now older than their mother was when she first came up Dee-side, heads of houses in their turn, but they have not forgotten the friends of their youth.

The rustic community is pervaded in an odd and fascinating manner with the fine flavour of a Court. It has, as it were, a touch of Arcady. Among tales of the great storms and fragments of old legends, curious reflections of high life and gossip of lords and ladies crop up. Not only are noble names and distinguished personages, everyday sounds and friendly acquaintances in this privileged region, but when the great world follows its liege lady here, it is to live in *villaggiatura*, to copy her example in adapting itself to the ways of the place and in cultivating the natives. Courtiers are only courtly in being frankly at ease with the whole human race. Ladies-in-waiting and maids of honour lose their pride of rank and worldly ambition—if they ever had any, stroll about, drop into this or that cottage at will, and have their cronies there as in loftier localities. We hear of this or that marriage, which has yet to be announced in the *Morning Post*; how a noble duke, who was conveniently in attendance on the Prince, once walked with a fair and gentle lady, whose father was in waiting on the Queen, through the birch woods and by the brawling Dee, and a marriage, only too short-lived, came of it. And we end by listening to the piteous details of the swift fading away of the much-loved young duchess. Other names, with which the Court Calendar has made us familiar, are constantly coming to the surface in the conversation, generally in association with some act of cheery good

* There is a story told of one of the little princes having chased an old woman's hen and been soundly scolded by her for the offence. Her neighbours remonstrated with her, and her heart failed her when, a few days afterwards, she saw the Prince Consort coming up the path to her house leading the small offender. But the visit was one of courteous deprecation, in order that the little hunter of forbidden game might personally apologise for his delinquency.

fellowship. The son of an earl found a dog for his mother at one of these cottage hearths, and never returned to the neighbourhood without punctually reporting himself to tell its old mistress how well her former pet was thriving—that it had its dinner with the family in the dining-room, and drove every day with the countess in her carriage.

The fine old white house of Abergeldie, with its single-turreted tower, has become the Scotch home of a genial prince and a beautiful princess, who, we may remember, remained steadfastly settled there during the darkening, shortening days of a gloomy autumn, in devoted watch over her lady-in-waiting lying sick, nigh unto death with fever. Abergeldie has another cherished memory, that of the good old Duchess of Kent, for whom Prince Albert first rented the castle, who often stayed in it, accompanied by her son, the Prince of Leiningen, her daughter, the Princess of Hohenlohe, or some member of their families. The peculiar cradle which used to be swung across the Dee here, conveying passengers as well as parcels, has been removed in consequence of the last disaster which befel its progress. An earlier tragedy of a hapless bride and bridegroom who perished in making the passage is still remembered. Remoter traditions, like that of the burning of a witch on Craig-na-Ban, linger in the neighbourhood.

Beyond Balmoral, in the Braemar direction, stretches the fine deer-forest—a great fir-wood on broken ground—of Ballochbuie, a remnant of the old forest of Mar, where a pretended hunting expedition meant a projected rebellion. It is said an earl of that name bestowed it on a Farquaharson in exchange for so small a matter as a plaid. It is now part of the estate of Balmoral. The hills of Craig Nortie and Meal Alvie lie not far off, while on the opposite side rise Craig-na-Ban and Craig Owsel.

Of all the Queen's haunts, that which she has made most her own, where she has stayed for a day or two at a time, seeming to prefer to do so when the hills have received their first powdering of snow,* almost every year during her residence in Aberdeenshire, is that which includes Alt-na-Giuthasach and the Glassalt Shiel. This retreat is now reached by a good carriage-road over a long tract of moorland among brown hills, opening now and then in different directions to show vistas closed in by the giant heads and shoulders—here of dark Loch-na-Gar, there of Ben Macdhui, both of them presenting great white splashes on their seamed and scarred sides—wide patches of winter snow on this July day, far more than usual at the season, which will not melt now while the year lasts. "Burns," the Girnoch and the Muich, trot by turns along with us, singing their stories,

* "A little shower of snow had fallen, but was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. The hills covered with snow, the golden birch-trees on the lower brown hills, and the bright afternoon sky, were indescribably beautiful."—Extract from the Queen's journal.

half blythe, half plaintive. Once or twice a lowly farmhouse has a few grass or oat-fields spread out round it, with the solitude of the hills beyond. A cross-road to such a house was so bad that a dog-cart brought up to it, had been unyoked and left by the side of the main-road, while its occupants trudged to their destination on foot, leading with them the horse, which needed rest and refreshment still more than its masters. The blue waters of Loch Muich come in sight with bare precipitous hills round; a little wood clothes the mouth of the pass and the loch, and helps to shelter Alt-na-Ginthusach. The hut is now the Prince of Wales's small shooting-lodge. The modest blue stone building, with its brown wooden porch and its offices behind, is built on a knoll, and commands a beautiful view of the loch and the steep rocky crags to those who care for nature at the wildest. The only vestige of soft green is the knoll on which the hut stands. All the rest is bleak and brown, or purple when the heather is in bloom. The hills, torn by the winter torrents, are glistening after a summer shower with a hundred silver threads in the furrows of the watercourses.

There are fences and gates to the royal domicile, but there is hardly an attempt to alter its character within, unless by a round plot of rhododendrons offering a few late blossoms. But all nature, however stern and savage, smiles on a July day. The purple heather-bell is in bloom, the tiny blue milkwort and the yellow rock-rose help to make a summer carpet which is rendered still gayer by many a pale peach-coloured orchis and by an occasional spray of wild roses, deeper in the rose than the same flower is in the low countries, or by a tall white foxglove. Loch Muich may be desolation itself when the heather and bracken are sere, when the lowering sky breathes nothing save gloom, and chill mist-wreaths creep round its precipices; but when the air is buoyant in its tingling sharpness, when the dappled white clouds are reflected in water—blue, not leaden, and there is enough sunshine to cast intermittent shadows on the hillsides and the loch, though a transient darkness and a patter of raindrops vary the scene, it has its day and way of blossoming.

The Queen's house or shiel of the Glassalt stands near the head of the two miles long loch, just beyond the point where the Glassalt burn comes leaping and dashing down the hillside. Here, too, is a small sheltering fir and birch plantation, though not large enough to hide the full view of the sentinel hills. A "roundel" of *Alpenrosen*, or dwarf rhododendrons, is the only break in the growth of moss and heather. The loch is so near the house that a stone thrown by a child's hand from the windows of the principal rooms would fall into the watery depths.

The interior is almost as simple and limited in accommodation as Alt-na-Ginthusach was

when the Queen described it in her journal. The dining-room and drawing-room might, in old fashioned language, be called "royal closets"—cosy and sweet with chintz hangings and covers to chairs and couches, a small cottage piano, a book-tray in which Hill Burton's "History of Scotland" and Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," find their place among Scotch poetry old and new. The engravings on the walls tell of that fidelity to the dead which implies truth to the living. There are likenesses of the Prince—who died before this house was built, as in the great palaces; the Duchess of Hesse—best known in the north as Princess Alice; the Princess of Hohenlohe, with her handsome matronly face, full of sense and kindness, and her young daughter, Princess Elise, who passed away in the springtime of her life. In these rustic sitting-rooms and the adjacent bedrooms and dressing-rooms we come again on many a portrait of the humble friends of the family—the dogs which we seem to know so well; the early group of little Dash and big Nero, and Hector with the parrot Lorey; Cairnach, Islay, Deckel, &c.*

Behind the house a winding footpath leads up the hill to the rocky cleft from which issues in a succession of white and foamy twists and downward springs, the Falls of the Glassalt. Turning round from the spectacle, the stranger looks down on the loch in its semicircle of mountains. Gaining the crest of the hill and descending the edge on the opposite side, the foot of the grim giant Loch-na-Gar is reached.

Among the visitors at Balmoral in 1858 was Florence Nightingale. The Queen had before this presented her with a jewel in remembrance of her services in the Crimea. The design was as follows: a field of white enamel was charged with a St. George's cross in ruby red enamel, from which shot rays of gold. This field was encircled by a black band bearing the scroll "Blessed are the merciful." The shield was set in a framework of palm-branches in green enamel tipped with gold, and united at the bottom by a riband of blue enamel inscribed "Crimea" in gold letters. The cypher V.R. surmounted by a crown in diamonds, was charged upon the centre of the cross. On the back was a gold tablet which bore an inscription from the hand of her Majesty.

While the Queen was in Scotland the marriage in Germany of one of the daughters of the Princess of Hohenlohe took place. Princess Adelaide, like her sister Princess Elise, possessed of many attractions, became the wife of Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein Sonderberg-Augustenberg, the brother of Prince Christian, destined to become the husband of Princess Helena.

* An anecdote of the royal kennels states that when no notice has been given, the servants still know of her Majesty's presence in the vicinity, and will say among themselves, "The Queen is at Frogmore" by the actions of the dogs, the stir and excitement, the eager listening, sniffing of the air, wagging of tails, and common desire to break bounds and scamper away to greet their royal mistress.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF LEININGEN—BIRTH OF PRINCESS BEATRICE—BESTOWAL OF THE
VICTORIA CROSS—INDIAN MUTINY.

THE court returned to Windsor in October, and in November a severe blow struck the Queen in the death of her brother, the Prince of Leiningen. A second fit of apoplexy ended his life while his sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe, watched by his death-bed. Prince Leiningen was fifty-two years of age. He had served in the Bavarian army, and was a man of recognised influence among his countrymen in the German troubles of 1848, which cost him his principality. He had married in 1829, when he was twenty-seven years of age and when the Queen was only a little girl of ten, Marie (née) Countess of Kletelsberg. He left two sons, the eldest of whom, Prince Ernest, entered the English navy.

Her Majesty's references to the death in her letters to King Leopold are very pathetic. "Oh! dearest uncle, this blow is a heavy one, my grief very bitter. I loved my dearest, only brother, most tenderly." And again, "We three were particularly fond of each other, and never felt or fancied that we were not real *geschwister* (children of the same parents). We knew but one parent, *our* mother, so became very closely united, and so I grew up; the distance which difference of age placed between us entirely vanished. . . ." The aged Duchess of Kent was "terribly distressed, but calm and resigned."

Baron Stockmar was with the royal family at this time. It was his last visit to England. His company, always earnestly coveted, especially by the Prince, was apt to be bestowed in an erratic fashion characteristic of the man. Some one of the royal children would unexpectedly announce, "Papa, do you know the Baron is in his room," which was the first news of his arrival.

During the stay of the Court at Osborne in December, the graceful gift of the *Resolute* was made by the Americans to the Queen, and accepted by her Majesty in person, with marked gratification. The *Resolute* was one of the English ships which had gone to the north seas in search of Sir John Franklin. It had been abandoned in the

ice, found by an American vessel, taken across the Atlantic, refitted, and by a happy thought offered as a suitable token to the Queen.

On the 14th of April, 1857, the Queen's fifth daughter and ninth and last child was born at Buckingham Palace. A fortnight afterwards the Duchess of Gloucester, the last of George the III. and Queen Charlotte's children, died in her eighty-third year. The Queen wrote of her to King Leopold, who must have been well acquainted with her in his youth, "Her age, and her being a link with bygone times and generations, as well as her great kindness, amiability, and unselfishness, rendered her more and more dear and precious to us all, and we all looked upon her as a sort of grandmother." Sixty-two years before, when the venerable Princess was a charming maiden of eighteen, she had gloried in the tidings of her princely cousin's laurels, won on the battlefields of Flanders. More than twenty years afterwards, when Princess Charlotte descended the staircase of Carlton House after her marriage with Prince Leopold, "she was met at the foot with open arms by the Princess Mary, whose face was bathed in tears." The first wedding had removed the obstacle to the second, which was celebrated a few weeks later. The Duchess lived for eighteen years happily with her husband, then spent more than twenty years in widowhood. She ended her long life at Gloucester House, Park Lane. At her earnest request, she was buried without pomp or show with her people in the family vault at Windsor.

Before the late Duchess of Gloucester's funeral, Prince Albert, according to a previous pledge, opened, on the 5th of May, the great Art Exhibition at Manchester, to which the Queen contributed largely.

On the announcement to Parliament of the Princess Royal's approaching marriage, the House of Commons voted in a manner gratifying to the Queen and the Prince a dowry of forty thousand, with an annuity of eight thousand a year to the Princess.

At Osborne the Queen had a flying visit from one of her recent enemies, the Archduke Constantine, the Admiral-in-Chief of the Russian navy.

On the 14th of June, the young Archduke Maximilian of Austria arrived. He was an object of peculiar interest to the Queen and the Prince, as the future husband of their young cousin, Princess Charlotte of Belgium. He seemed in every way worthy of the old king's careful choice for his only daughter. Except in the matter of looks, he was all that could have been wished—good, clever, kind. But man proposes and God disposes; so it happened that the marriage attended by such bright and apparently well-founded hopes resulted in one of the most piteous tragedies that ever befell a noble and innocent royal pair. Another bridegroom, Prince Frederick William, was in England to meet the Archduke, and a third was hovering in the background in the person of Don Pedro of



Portugal, whose marriage with Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern Prince Albert had been requested to negotiate. Marriage-bells were in the air, and that must indeed have been a joyous christening at which two of the bridegrooms were present. Prince Frederick William of Prussia acted as godfather to his future little sister-in-law, while his betrothed bride was one of the godmothers. The infant was named as her Majesty explained to King Leopold : "She is to be called Beatrice, a fine old name, borne by three of the Plantaganet princesses, and her other names will be Mary (after poor Aunt Mary), Victoria (after mamma and Vicky, who with Fritz Wilhelm are to be the sponsors), and Feodore (the Queen's sister)." Her Majesty's last baby was a beautiful infant, soon to exhibit bright and winning ways, the pet plaything of her brothers and sisters, and especially of her father.

On the 25th of June the Queen conferred on Prince Albert, by letters patent, the title of "Prince Consort." The change was desirable, to insure the proper recognition of his rank, as her Majesty's husband, at foreign courts.

On the following day, the 26th, the interesting ceremony of the first bestowal of the Victoria Cross took place in Hyde Park before many thousands of spectators. The idea was to provide a decoration which might be earned by officers and soldiers alike, as it should be conferred for a single merit—the highest a soldier could possess, yet in its performance open to all—devoted, unselfish courage. Thus arose the most coveted and honourable of English orders, which confers more glory on its wearer than the jewelled star of the Order of the Garter gives distinction. In excellent keeping with the motive of the creation, the Maltese cross is of the plainest material, iron from the cannon taken at Sebastopol; in the centre is the crown, surmounted by the lion; below it the scroll "For Valour." On the clasp are branches of laurel; the cross hangs suspended from it by the letter V—a red riband being for the army, a blue for the navy. The decoration includes a pension of ten pounds a year. The arrangements for the ceremony were similar to those at the distribution of the medals, except that her Majesty was on horseback. She rode a grey roan, and wore a scarlet jacket with a black skirt. Stooping from her seat on horseback, she pinned the cross on each brave man's breast, while the Prince saluted him with "a gesture of marked respect." * Prince Frederick William was with the royal party.

A few days afterwards, the Queen, the Prince, their two elder daughters and two elder sons and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, a large party, paid a visit to Manchester, staying two nights at Worsley Hall. They inspected the great picture exhibition, received addresses, and traversed the streets to Peel Park, where a statue to her Majesty had been recently erected, the whole amidst much rejoicing.

* "Life of the Prince Consort."

In the end of June, King Leopold arrived with his daughter on a farewell visit before her marriage, so that there were two young brides comparing experiences and anticipating what the coming years would bring, under her Majesty's wing. The princesses were nearly of an age, neither quite seventeen. They had been playmates and friends since childhood, but the fates in store for them were very different.

In the second week of July the freedom of the City of London was presented to Prince Frederick William of Prussia; the Prince Consort was sworn in master of the Trinity House, and the Queen and the Prince visited the camp at Aldershot. On the 27th the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Belgium and the Archduke Maximilian was celebrated at Brussels. The Prince went abroad for a few days, to make one in the group of friends and relations, among whom was the old French Queen Amélie, the grandmother of the bride. Queen Victoria wrote to King Leopold, that she was present with them in spirit, and that she could not have given a greater proof of her love than she had shown in urging her husband to go. "You cannot think how much this costs me," she added, "or how completely forlorn I am and feel when he is away, or how I count the hours till he returns. All the numerous children are as nothing to me when he is away. It seems as if the whole life of the house and the home were gone."

On the 6th of August, the Emperor of the French's yacht, with the Emperor and Empress on board, arrived on the English coast, and a private visit of a few days' length was paid to the Queen and the Prince at Osborne. On the 19th of August Her Majesty and the Prince, with six of their children, in the royal yacht, paid an equally private visit to Cherbourg, in the absence of the Emperor and Empress. During the short stay there was a long country drive to an old chateau, when darkness overtook the adventurous party, and all was agreeably fresh and foreign.

By the beginning of September terrible tidings arrived from India. The massacre of the English women and children at Cawnpore, after the surrender of the fort, and the perilous position of the garrison at Lucknow, darkened the usually joyous stay at Balmoral, to which the Princess Royal was paying her last visit. Another source of distress to the Queen and the Prince, when the mutiny began to be put down, was the indiscriminate vengeance which a section of the rulers in India seemed inclined to take on the natives for the brutalities of the rebels. At length Lucknow was relieved, and England breathed freely again, though the country had to mourn the death of Havelock. Sir Colin Campbell completed the defeat of the enemy, and the first steps were taken to put an end to the complications of government in India, by bringing the great colony directly under the rule of the Queen, and causing the intermediate authority of the East India Company to cease.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

IN the end of 1857 there were many preparations for the marriage of the Princess Royal in the month of January in the coming year. In the interval a calamity occurred at Claremont which revived the recollection of the great disaster in the early years of the century, and was deeply felt by the Queen and the Prince Consort. The pretty and gentle Victoire, Duchesse de Nemours, the Queen and the Prince Consort's cousin, and his early playfellow, had given birth to a princess, and appeared to be recovering, in spite of her presentiment to the contrary. The Queen had gone to see and congratulate her. The old Queen Amélie and the Duc de Nemours had been at Windsor full of thankfulness for the happy event. The Duchess was sitting up in bed, looking cheerfully at the new dress in which she was to rejoin the family circle next day, when in a second she fell back dead.

Another shock was the news of the Orsini bomb, which exploded close to the Emperor and Empress of the French as they were about to enter the opera-house.

The marriage of the Princess Royal was fixed for the 25th of January, 1858. On the 15th the Court left Windsor for Buckingham Palace, when the Queen's diary records the sorrow with which the young bride relinquished many of the scenes and habits of her youth. One sentence recalls vividly the kindly family ties which united the royal children. Her Majesty writes, "She slept for the last time in the same room with Alice." In the course of the next few days all the guests had assembled, including, King Leopold and his sons, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, with minor princes and princesses, to the number of nearly thirty, so that even Buckingham Palace was hardly large enough to hold the guests and their suites. At the nightly dinner party from eighty to ninety covers were laid. But one old friend was absent, to the regret of all, and not least so of the bride. Baron Stockmar was too ill to accept the invitation to be present at the ceremony. One of his sons was to accompany the Princess to Berlin as her treasurer.

"Such bustle and excitement," wrote the Queen, and then she describes an evening party with a "very gay and pretty dance" on the 18th, when Ernest, Duke of Coburg, said, "It seemed like a dream to him to see Vicky dance as a bride, just as I did eighteen years ago, and I am still (so he said) looking very young. In 1840 poor dear papa (late Duke of Coburg) danced with me, as Ernest danced with Vicky." In truth, neither the father nor the mother of the bride of seventeen had reached the age of forty.

The first of the public festivities were three of the four State visits to Her Majesty's Theatre, "when the whole of the boxes on one side of the grand tier had been thrown into one" for the royal company gracing the brilliant audience—which, as on a former occasion, filled the back of the stage as well as the rest of the house. The plays and operas were, *Macbeth*, in which Helen Faucit acted,* *Twice Killed*, *The Rose of Castille*, *Somnambula*. At the first performance, the Queen sat between the King of the Belgians and the Prince of Prussia. After the play, "God save the Queen" was sung with much enthusiasm.

As when her own marriage had occurred, all the nation sympathised with Her Majesty. It was as if from every house a cherished young daughter was being sent with honour and blessing. The Princess Royal, always much liked, appealed especially to the popular imagination at this time because of her extreme youth, her position as a bride, and the circumstance that she was the first of the Queen's children thus to quit the home-roof. But, indeed, we cannot read the published passages in the Queen's journal that refer to the marriage without a lively realisation of the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, without a sense that good true hearts beat alike everywhere, and that strong family affection—an elixir of life—is the same in the palace as in the cottage.

In fine frosty weather, on Saturday, the 23rd, the Prince Consort, after a walk in Buckingham Palace Gardens with the Queen and the child so soon to be parted from them, started to bring the bridegroom, who had landed in England that morning. He arrived in the middle of the day, and was received in the presence of the Court. The Queen found him looking pale and nervous, but no doubt alive to her warm greeting, at the bottom of the grand staircase. At the top a still sweeter reward awaited him, for the Princess Royal, with her fifteen years' old sister, Princess Alice, to keep her company, stood there.

On the 24th, all the gifts to the young couple, which the Queen calls "splendid," were shown in the large drawing-room—the Queen's, the Prince Consort's, the Duchess of

* Another great actress had just passed away in her prime. Mademoiselle Rachel had died in the beginning of this month, near Cannes.

Kent's, &c., on one table; the Prussian and other foreign gifts on another. Of the bridegroom's gift—a single string of large pearls, said to have been worth five thousand pounds, her Majesty remarks that they were the largest she ever saw. The Queen gave a necklace of diamonds, the Prince Consort a set of diamonds and emeralds, the Prince of Wales a set of diamonds and opals, the King and Queen of Prussia a diamond tiara, the Prince of Prussia a diamond and turquoise necklace, King Leopold a Brussel's lace dress, valued at a thousand pounds. On a third table were the candelabra which the Queen and the Prince gave to their son-in-law. The near relations of the bride and bridegroom brought the young couple into the room, and witnessed their pleasure at the magnificent sight. Before the Sunday service the Princess Royal gave the Queen a brooch with the Princess's hair, clasping her mother in her arms as she did so, and telling her—precious words for such a mother to hear, nobly fulfilled in the days to come—that she hoped to be worthy to be her child.

Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, preached an eloquent sermon.

“Very busy, interrupted and disturbed every instant,” the record runs on. Many can enter into the feelings which prompted the Queen and the Prince, after the duties of hospitality were discharged, to accompany their child to her room for the last time, and to kiss and bless her while she clung to them. It is necessary to remember that every rank has its privations. Not the least penalty of such a station as that which the Princess Royal was to occupy arose from the fact that its many and weighty obligations precluded the hope of her returning frequently or for any length of time to the home where she had been so happy, which she was so grieved to quit, though social customs have improved in this respect, and royal marriages no longer mean, as a matter of course, banishment for life from the bride's native country.

On the wedding morning, the Queen declared very naturally that she felt as if she were being married over again herself, “only much more nervous,” since now it was for another, and a dearer than herself, that her heart was throbbing. Besides, she said, she had not “that blessed feeling, elevating and supporting, of giving herself up for life to him whom she loved and worshipped—then and ever.” She was comforted by her daughter's coming to her while the Queen was dressing, showing herself quiet and composed. The day was fine, with a winter sun shining brightly, as all England, especially all London knew, for many a pleasure-seeker was abroad betimes to enjoy the holiday. The marriage was to take place, like the Queen's marriage, in the little Chapel Royal of St. James's. Before setting out, a final daguerreotype was taken of the family group, father, mother, and daughter, “but I trembled so,” the Queen writes, “my likeness has come out indistinct.”

In the drive from Buckingham Palace to St James's, the Princess Royal in her wedding dress was in the carriage with her Majesty, sitting opposite to her, when "the flourish of trumpets and the cheering of thousands" made the Queen's motherly heart sink. In the bride's dressing-room, fitted up for the day, to which the Queen took the Princess, were the Prince Consort and King Leopold, both in field-marshal's uniform, and carrying batons, and the eight bridesmaids, "looking charming in white tulle, with wreaths and bouquets of pink roses and white heather."

Her Majesty left the bride and repaired to the royal closet, where she found the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge with her son and daughter. Old and new relations were claiming the Queen at the same time. Her thoughts were perpetually straying back to that former wedding-day. She spared attention from her daughter to bestow it on her mother, "looking so handsome in violet velvet, trimmed with ermine and white silk and violets." And as the processions were formed, her Majesty exclaimed, perhaps with a vague pang, referring to the good old Duchess still with her, and still able to play her part in the joyful ceremony, "How small the *old* royal family has become!" Indeed, there were but two representatives—the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge. The Princess Mary of Cambridge, the farthest removed from the throne, walked first of the English royal family, her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West; then the Duke of Cambridge; the Duchess of Cambridge followed, her train borne by Lady Geraldine Somerset. The Duchess of Kent, with her train borne by Lady Anna Maria Dawson, walked next to the present royal family. They were preceded by Lord Palmerston, bearing the sword of state. The Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, fresh from his naval studies, lads of sixteen and fourteen, in Highland costumes, were immediately before the Queen, who walked between Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, children of eight and five years of age. Her Majesty's train was of lilac velvet, petticoat of lilac and silver moiré-antique, with a flounce of Honiton lace; corsage ornamented with diamonds, the Koh-i-noor as a brooch; head-dress, a magnificent diadem of diamonds and pearls. The three younger princesses—Alice, Helena, and Louise, girls of fifteen, twelve, and ten—went hand-in-hand behind their mother. They wore white lace over pink satin, with daisies and blue corn-flowers in their hair.

Most of the foreign princes were already in the chapel, which was full of noble company, about three hundred peers and peeresses being accommodated there. White and blue prevailed in the colours of the ladies dresses, blue in compliment to Prussia. At the altar, set out with gold plate of Queen Anne's reign, were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Chester, and the Dean of Windsor. As the Queen entered,

she and the Princess of Prussia exchanged profound obeisances. Near her Majesty were her young princes and princesses; behind her the Duchess of Kent; opposite her the Princess of Prussia, with the foreign princes behind her.

The drums and trumpets and the organ played as the bridegroom's and the bride's processions approached, and the Queen describes the thrilling effect of the music drawing nearer and nearer. The bridegroom entered between his supporters, his father and brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia and Prince William of Baden. Prince Frederick William, soldierly and stately, wore the blue uniform of a Prussian general, with the insignia of the Black Eagle, and carried in his hand his polished silver helmet. He looked pale and agitated, but was quite master of himself. He bowed low to the Queen and to his mother, then knelt with a devotion which attracted attention. The bride walked as at her confirmation, between her father and godfather—her grand-uncle King Leopold. Her blooming colour was gone, and she was pale almost as her white dress of moiré and Honiton lace, with wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms. Her train was borne by eight bridesmaids—daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls—Lady Susan Clinton, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Victoria Noel, Lady Cecilia Gordon Lennox, Lady Katherine Hamilton, Lady Constance Villiers, and Lady Cecilia Molyneux.

One can well conceive that the young princess looked “very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confiding, and serious expression, her veil hanging back over her shoulders.”

As the Princess advanced to the altar, she paused and made a deep obeisance to her mother, colouring high as she did so, and the same to the Princess of Prussia. The bridegroom when he took the bride's hand bent one knee.

Once more as the Prince Consort gave her daughter away, her Majesty had a bright vision of her own happy marriage on that very spot; again she was comforted by her daughter's self-control, and she could realise that it was beautiful to see the couple kneeling there with hands joined, the bridesmaids “like a clond of maidens hovering near her (the bride) as they knelt.”

When the ring was placed on the Princess's finger cannon were fired, and a telegram was sent off to Berlin that the same compliment might be paid to the pair there. The close of the “Hallelujah Chorus” was sung at the end of the ceremony.

The usual congratulations followed. The bride flung herself into her mother's arms and was embraced by her again and again, then by her bridegroom and her father. Prince Frederick William kissed first the hand and then the cheek of his father and mother,

saluted the Prince Consort and King Leopold foreign fashion, and was embraced by the Queen. Princess Frederick William would have kissed her father-in-law's hand, but was prevented by his kissing her cheek. The bride and bridegroom left the chapel hand-in-hand to the sound of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The register was signed in the Throne-room first by the young couple, then by their parents, and afterwards by all the princes and princesses—including the Maharajah Duleep Singh "resplendent in pearls."

The newly wedded pair drove to Buckingham Palace, to which the Queen and the Prince Consort followed, with the Prince and Princess of Prussia, through an immense multitude, amidst ringing cheers. The whole party showed themselves on the balcony before the window over the grand archway, where the Queen had appeared on so many memorable occasions. First her Majesty with her children came out, then the Queen led forward the bride, who stood hand-in-hand with her bridegroom; afterwards the rest of the circle joined them. It was a matter of lively satisfaction to her Majesty and the Prince Consort to witness the loyal, affectionate interest which the people took in their daughter, and the Queen and the Prince were ready to gratify the multitude by what is dear to every wedding crowd, "a sight of the bride and bridegroom."

The wedding cake was six feet high. The departure of the couple for Windsor, where they were to spend their honeymoon, was no more than a foreshadowing of that worse departure a week later. The Queen and the Princess of Prussia accompanied their children to the grand entrance; the Prince Consort escorted his daughter to her carriage. The bride wore a white *épinglé* dress and mantle trimmed with grebe, a white bonnet with orange blossoms, and a Brussel's lace veil.

At the family dinner after the excitement and fatigue of the day were over, the Queen felt "lost" without her eldest daughter. In the evening a messenger arrived from Windsor, bringing a letter from the bride telling how the Eton boys had dragged the carriage from the station to the castle, though she might not know that they had flung up their hats in the air, many of them beyond recovery, the wearers returning bareheaded to their college. When the Queen and the Prince read this letter all London was illuminated, and its streets filled with huzzaing spectators. At the palace the evening closed quietly with a State concert of classic music.

The Princess Royal's honeymoon so far as a period of privacy was concerned, did not last longer than the Queen's. Two days after the marriage the Court followed the young couple to Windsor, where a chapter of the Order of the Garter was held, and Prince Frederick William was created a knight, a banquet being held in the Waterloo Gallery.

On the 29th of January, the Court—including the newly married pair—returned to Buckingham Palace, and in the evening the fourth state visit was paid to Her Majesty's Theatre, when *The Rivals* and *The Spitalfields Weaver* were given. The bride was in blue and white, the Prussian colours, and wore a wreath of sweet peas on her hair.

On the 30th of January, the addresses from the City of London and other cities and towns of the Empire, many of them accompanied by wedding gifts, were received, and there was a great and of course specially brilliant Drawing-room, which lasted for four hours. On Sunday the thought of the coming separation pressed heavily on those loving hearts, "but God will carry us through, as He did on the 25th," wrote the Queen reverently, "and we have the comfort of seeing the dear young people so perfectly happy."

On Monday, the Queen in noting that it was the last day of their dear child's being with them, admitted she was sick at heart, and the poor young bride confided to her mother, "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa."

Tuesday, the 2nd of February, was dark and cold, with snow beginning to fall, unpropitious weather for a long journey, unless in the Scotch saying which declares that a bride is happy who goes "a white gate" (road.) All were assembled in the hall, not a dry eye among them, the Queen believed. "I clasped her in my arms, and blessed her, and knew not what to say." The royal mother shared all good mother's burdens. "I kissed good Fritz, and pressed his hand again and again. He was unable to speak, and the tears were in his eyes." One more embrace of her daughter at the door of the open carriage, into which the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales went along with the Prince and Princess Frederick William, the band struck up, and they were gone.

The embarkation was at Gravesend. The Londoners assembled in crowds to see the last of their Princess on her route to the coast by the Strand, Cheap, and London Bridge. Many persons recall to this day the sorrowful scene in the cheerless snowy weather. This was the reverse side of all the splendid wedding festivities—the bride of seventeen quitting family, home, and native country, sitting grave and sad beside her equally pale and silent father—the couple so tenderly attached, on the eve of the final parting. At Gravesend, where young girls, in spite of the snow, strewed flowers before the bride's steps, the Prince waited to see the ship sail—not without risk in the snowstorm—for Antwerp. But no daughter appeared for a last look; the passionate sorrow of youth hid itself from view.

Away at Buckingham Palace the Queen could not bear to look at the familiar objects—all linked with one vanished presence. The very baby princess, so great a darling in the

household, only brought the thought of how fond her elder sister had been of her; how but yesterday the two had played together.

The Princess wrote home from the steamer, and every telegram and letter, together with the personal testimony of Lady Churchill and Lord Sydney, who had accompanied the travellers to Berlin, conveyed the most gratifying and consoling intelligence of the warm welcome the stranger had met with, and how well she bore herself in difficult circumstances. "Quiet and dignified, but with a kind word to say of everybody; on the night of her public entry into Berlin and reception at Court, when she polonaised with twenty-two princes in succession."* The Princess Frederick William continued to write "almost daily, sometimes twice a day," to her mother, and regularly once a week to her father. And another fair young daughter was almost ready to take the Princess Royal's place at the Queen's side. From the date of her sister's marriage, the Prince Consort's letters and the Queen's journal tell that the Princess Alice, with her fine good sense and unselfishness, almost precocious at her age, was a great help and comfort in the royal circle.

* Lady Bloomfield.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS—THE PRINCE CONSORT'S VISIT TO GERMANY—THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT'S VISIT TO PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM AT BABELSBERG.

IN February, Lord Palmerston's ministry resigned after a defeat on the Conspiracy Bill, and Lord Derby, at the Queen's request, formed a short-lived Cabinet. The Prince of Wales was confirmed on Maundy Thursday in the chapel at Windsor.

In April, the young Queen of Portugal, Princess Stéphanie of Hohenzollern, visited England with her father on her way to her husband—to whom she had been married by proxy—and her future home. Her charm and sweetness greatly attracted the Queen and the Prince. In May, only seven months after the death of Victoire, Duchesse de Nemours, the sympathies of her Majesty and the Prince Consort were awakened afresh for the Orleans family. Hélène, Duchesse d'Orleans, died suddenly from the effects of influenza at Cranbourne House, Richmond. How many of the large family party with which the Queen had been so delighted when she visited Chateau d'Eu had already passed away—the old King, Queen Louise, the Duchesse de Nemours, and now the Duchesse d'Orleans! Her two young sons—the elder the Comte de Paris, not yet twenty—were specially adopted by Queen Amélie.

In the end of May the Prince started for a short visit to Germany, with the double intention of getting a glimpse of his daughter, and revisiting his country for the first time after thirteen years absence. He accomplished both purposes, and heard "the watchman's horn" once more before he retired to rest in the old home. He sent many a loving letter and tender remembrance to England in anticipation of his speedy return. On his arrival in London he was met by the Queen at the Bricklayers' Arms station.

In the course of a very hot June, the Queen and the Prince went to Warwickshire, which she had known as a young girl, in order to pay a special visit to Birmingham. They were the guests for two nights of Lord and Lady Leigh, at Stoneleigh. Her Majesty had the privilege of seeing Birmingham without a particle of smoke, while a

mighty multitude of orderly craftsmen, with their wives and children, stood many hours patiently under the blazing sun, admiring their banners and flags, and cheering lustily for their Queen. One of the objects of the visit was that her Majesty might open a people's museum and park at Aston for the dwellers in the Black country. The royal party drove next day to one of the finest old feudal castles in England—Warwick Castle, with its noble screen of woods, mirroring itself in the Avon—and were entertained at luncheon by Lord and Lady Warwick. In the evening, in the middle of a violent thunderstorm, the Queen and the Prince returned to Buckingham Palace.

This season as usual, there was a visit from the King of the Belgians and several of his family.

The first Atlantic cable was laid, and lasted just long enough for the exchange of messages of proud congratulation on the wonderful annihilation of distance between Europe and America, so far as the thoughts of men were concerned.

After a month's stay at Osborne, during one of the warmest Julys ever known in this country, when the condition of the river Thames threatened to drive the Parliament from Westminster, the Queen and the Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales and their suites, paid a state visit to Cherbourg. The great fort was nearly completed, and the harbour was full of French war-vessels as her Majesty steamed in, on the evening of the 4th of August, receiving such a salute from the ships and the fortress itself as seemed to shake earth and sky. The Emperor and Empress, who arrived the same day, came on board at eight o'clock, and were cordially received by the Queen and the Prince, though the relations between France and England were not quite so assured as when their soldiers were brothers-in-arms in the Crimea. After the visitors left, the Queen's journal records that she went below and read, and nearly finished "that most interesting book 'Jane Eyre.'"

When the Queen and the Prince landed next day, which was fine, they were received by the Emperor and Empress, entered with them one of the imperial carriages, and drove through the town to the Prefecture, where the party breakfasted or rather lunched. In the afternoon the fort with its gigantic ramparts and magnificent views was visited. There was a State dinner in the evening, in the French ship *Bretagne*. The Emperor received the Queen at the foot of the ladder. The dinner was under canvas on deck amidst decorations of flowers and flags. The Queen sat between the Emperor and the Duke of Cambridge; the Empress sat between the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. The speechmaking, to which one may say all Europe was listening, was a trying experience. The Emperor, though he changed colour, spoke well "in a powerful voice," proposing the

health of the Queen, the Prince, and the royal family, and declaring his adherence to the French alliance with England. The Prince replied. "He did it very well, though he hesitated once," the Queen reported. "I sat shaking, with my eyes riveted to the table." The duty done, a great relief was felt, as the speechmakers, with the Queen and the Empress, retired to the privacy of the cabin, shook hands, and compared notes on their nervousness.

A splendid display of fireworks was witnessed from the deck of the *Bretagne*. In the middle of it the Queen and the Prince returned to the yacht, escorted by the Emperor and Empress, when they took their departure in turn. They were followed by showers of English rockets and rounds of English cheers.

The next morning the Emperor and Empress paid a farewell visit on board the yacht, which sailed at last under "heavy salutes." At five o'clock in the afternoon the beach at Osborne was reached. The sailor Prince, whose fourteenth birthday it was, stood on the pier. All the children, including the baby, were at the door. The dogs added their welcome. The young Prince's birthday-table was inspected. There was still time to visit the Swiss Cottage, to which Princess Alice and the Queen drove the other members of the family. The children's castle, where they had lunched in honour of the day, was gay with flags. Prince Alfred with Princess Alice was promoted to join the royal dinner party. The little princes, Arthur and Leopold, appeared at dessert. "A band played," writes the Queen, "and after dinner we danced, with the three boys and the three girls and the company, a merry country-dance on the terrace—a delightful finale to the expedition! It seemed a dream that this morning at twelve we should have been still at Cherbourg, with the Emperor and Empress on board our yacht."

On the 11th of August, the Queen and the Prince arrived in the yacht at Antwerp, on their way to Germany, to pay their first eagerly anticipated visit to the Princess Royal—then a wife of six months standing—in her Prussian home.

The travellers proceeded by railway to Malines, where they were met by King Leopold with his second son, and escorted to Verviers in a progress which was to be as far as possible without soldiers, salutes, addresses; and at Aix-la-Chapelle the Prince of Prussia joined the party. The halt for the night was at Düsseldorf, where the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern were waiting. The Queen and the Prince Consort quitted their hotel to dine with the Hohenzollern family, in whose members they were much interested. The Queen made the acquaintance of a young son who is now Prince of Roumania, and a handsome girl-princess who has become the wife of the Comte de Flanders, King Leopold's younger son.

The next day, long looked forward to as that which was to bring about a reunion with the Princess Royal, was suddenly overclouded by the news of the sad, unexpected death of the Prince's worthy valet, "Cart," who had come with him to England, and been in his service twenty-nine years—since his master was a child of eight. The Prince entered the room as the Queen was dressing, carrying a telegram, and saying "My poor Cart is dead." Both felt the loss of the old friend acutely. "All day long," wrote the Queen, "the tears would rush into my eyes." She added, "He was the only link my loved one had about him which connected him with his childhood, the only one with whom he could talk over old times. I cannot think of my dear husband without Cart." It was no day for sorrow, yet the noble, gentle hearts bled through all their joys.

Before seven the royal party, including the Prince of Prussia, were on their way through Rhenish Prussia. As the train rushed by the railway platform at Bückeburg there stood the aged Baroness Lehzen, the Queen's good old governess, waving her handkerchief. In the station at Hanover were the King and Queen of Hanover, Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, and her Majesty's niece, the Princess Feodore of Hohenlohe, a charming girl of nineteen, with her betrothed husband, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, a widower of thirty-two.

The Queen then made the acquaintance of one of the cradles of her race, driving out to the country palace of Herrenhausen, which had been the home of the Electress Sophia, and where George I. was residing when he was summoned to be king of England. At five o'clock, in the heat and the dust, her Majesty resumed her journey, "with a racking headache." At Magdeburg Prince Frederick William appeared, "radiant," with the welcome intelligence that his Princess was at the Wildpark station. "There on the platform stood our darling child, with a nosegay in her hand." The Queen described the scene. "She stepped in, and long and warm was the embrace, as she clasped me in her arms; so much to say, and to tell, and to ask, yet so unaltered; looking well, quite the old Vicky still! It was a happy moment, for which I thank God!" It was eleven o'clock at night before the party reached Babelsberg—a pleasant German country house, with which her Majesty was much pleased. It became her headquarters for the fortnight during which her visit lasted. In addition to enjoying the society of her daughter, the Queen became familiar with the Princess's surroundings. Daily excursions were made to a succession of palaces connected with the past and present Prussian royal family. In this manner her Majesty learnt to know the King's palace in Berlin, while the poor King, a wreck in health, was absent; Frederick the Great's Schloss at Potsdam; his whimsical Sans Souci with its orange-trees, the New Palais, and Charlottenburg with its mausoleum. The Queen also attended two great reviews, gave a day to the Berlin Museum, and met old Humboldt more

than once. Among the other guests at Babelsberg were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Baron Stockmar. The Prince Consort's thirty-ninth birthday was celebrated in his daughter's house. At last with struggling tears and a bravely said "*Auf baldiges wiedersehn*" (to a speedy meeting again), the strongly attached family party separated. The peculiar pang of separation to the Queen she expressed in words which every mother will understand. "All would be comparatively easy were it not for the one thought, that I cannot be with her (the Princess Royal), at that very critical moment when every other mother goes to her child."

The royal travellers stayed over the Sunday at Deutz, and again saw Cologne illuminated, the cathedral like "a mass of glowing red fire." On reaching Osborne on the 31st of August, the Queen and the Prince were met by Prince Alfred—who had just passed his examination and been appointed to a ship—"in his middy's jacket, cap, and dirk."

On their way to Scotland the Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princesses Alice and Helena, visited Leeds, for the purpose of opening the Leeds Town Hall. The party stayed at Woodley House, the residence of the mayor, who is described in her Majesty's journal as a "perfect picture of a fine old man." In his crimson velvet robes and chain of office he looked "the personification of a Venetian doge." The Queen as usual made "the tour of the town amidst a great concourse of spectators." She remarked on the occasion, "Nowhere have I seen the children's names so often inscribed. On one large arch were even 'Beatrice and Leopold,' which gave me much pleasure. . . ." a result which, had they known it, would have highly gratified the loyal clothworkers. After receiving the usual addresses, the Queen knighted the mayor, and by her command Lord Derby declared the hall open.

While her Majesty was at Balmoral, the marriages of a niece and nephew of hers took place in Germany—Princess Feodore, the youngest daughter of the Princess of Hehenlohe, married the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; and Ernest, Prince of Leiningen, the eldest son of the late Prince of Leiningen, who was in the English navy, married Princess Marie Amélie of Baden.

More of the English royal children were taking flight from the parent nest. Mr. Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, was appointed Governor to the Prince of Wales, and was about to set out with him on a tour in Italy. Prince Alfred was with his ship at Malta,

CHAPTER XXXII.

BIRTH OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA—DEATH OF PRINCE HOHENLOHE—VOLUNTEER
REVIEWS—SECOND VISIT TO COBURG—BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS ALICE.

ONE of the beauties of the Queen's early Court, Lady Clementina Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, died unmarried at her father's seat of Middleton Park in 1858. She was as good and clever as she was beautiful. Like her lovely sister, Princess Nicholas Esterhazy, Lady Clementina died in the prime of life, being only thirty-four years of age.

On the 27th of January, 1859, the Queen and the Prince received the good news of the birth of their first grandchild, a fine boy, after great suffering on the part of the young mother. He had forty-two godfathers and godmothers.

In April Princess Alice was confirmed. Her Majesty's estimate of her daughter's character was amply borne out in the years to come. "She is very good, gentle, sensible, and amiable, and a real comfort to me." Without her sister, the Princess Royal's, remarkable intellectual power, Princess Alice had fine intelligence. She was also fair to see in her royal maidenhood. The two elder sons were away. The Prince of Wales was in Italy, Prince Alfred with his ship in the Levant. At home the volunteer movement, which has since acquired such large proportions, was being actively inaugurated. The war between Austria and France, and a dissolution of Parliament, made this spring a busy and an anxious time. The first happy visit from the Princess Royal, who came to join in celebrating her Majesty's birthday at Osborne, would have made the season altogether joyous, had it not been for a sudden and dangerous attack of erysipelas from which the Duchess of Kent suffered. The alarm was brief, but it was sharp while it lasted.

In June her Majesty opened the new Parliament, an event which was followed in a fortnight by the resignation of Lord Derby's Ministry, and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister with a strong Cabinet.

At the close of the season the sad news arrived of the sudden death from diphtheria of the year-old wife, the young Queen of Portugal.

In August the Queen and the Prince made one of their yachting excursions to the Channel Islands. The Duchess of Kent's seventy-third birthday was kept at Osborne. During the autumn stay of the Court at Balmoral, the Prince presided over the British Association for the Promotion of Science, which met that year at Aberdeen. He afterwards entertained two hundred members of the association, filling four omnibuses, in addition to carriages, at a Highland gathering at Balmoral. The day was cold and showery, but with gleams of sunshine. It is unnecessary to say that the attendance was large, and the games and dancing were conducted with much spirit. In honour of the country, the Prince and his sons appeared in kilts, the Queen and the Princesses in royal Stewart tartan skirts and shawls over black velvet bodices.

In 1859 the Queen made no less than three successful ascents of Highland mountains, Morvem, Lochnagar, and at last Ben Macdhu, the highest mountain in Scotland, upwards of four thousand feet. On the return of the royal party they went from Edinburgh to Loch Katrine, in order to open the Glasgow Waterworks, the conclusion of a great undertaking which was marred not inappropriately by a very wet day. The Queen and the Prince made a detour on their homeward route, as they had occasionally done before, visiting Wales and Lord Penryn at Penryn Castle.

This year saw the publication of a memorable book, "Adam Bede," for which even its precursor, "Scenes from Clerical Life," had not prepared the world of letters. The novel was much admired in the royal circle. In one of the rooms at Osborne, as a pendant to a picture from the "Færy Queen," there hangs a representation from a very different masterpiece in English literature, of the young Squire watching Hetty in the dairy.

In the beginning of winter the Prince suffered from an unusually severe fit of illness. In November the Princess Royal again visited England, accompanied by her husband.

There were cheery winter doings at Osborne, when the great household, like one large family, rejoiced in the seasonable snow, in a slide "used by young and old," and in a "splendid snow man." The new year was joyously danced in, though the children who were wont to assemble at the Queen's dressing-room door to call in chorus "*Prosit Neu Jahr*," were beginning to be scattered far and wide.

In January, 1860, the Queen opened Parliament in person, when for the first time the Princesses Alice and Helena were present.

On the twentieth anniversary of the Queen's wedding-day she wrote to Baron Stockmar, "I wish I could think I had made one as happy as he has made me."

In April the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, the Queen's brother-in-law, who was now an old man, died at Baden, after a long illness. He had been an upright, unlucky

German prince, trusted by his contemporaries, a good husband and father—whose loss was severely felt by the widowed Princess. Her sorrow was reflected in the Queen's sympathy for her sister.

This year's Academy Exhibition contained Millais's "Black Brunswicker," Landseer's "Flood in the Highlands," and Phillips's "Marriage of the Princess Royal," now in the great corridor at Windsor Castle. "The Idyls of the King," much admired by the Prince, were the poems of the year.

Among the guests at Windsor Castle for Ascot week, in addition to King Leopold, who came to look once more on the old scene, were Prince Louis of Hesse and his younger brother. In a letter of the Prince Consort's, written soon afterwards, he alludes to an apparent "liking" between Prince Louis and Princess Alice.

Sir Arthur Helps, whose subsequent literary relations with the Queen were so friendly, was sworn in Clerk of the Council on the 23rd of June.

The first great volunteer review took place in Hyde Park this summer. The Queen was present, driving with Princess Alice, Prince Arthur, and King Leopold, while the Prince Consort rode. The display of the twenty thousand citizen soldiers, at that time reckoned a large volunteer force, was in every respect satisfactory. As a sequel her Majesty was also present during fine weather, in an exceptionally wet summer, at the first meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, when the first shot was fired by the Queen, the rifle being so arranged that a touch to the trigger caused the bullseye to be hit, when the shooter scored three points.

At the close of the season the Prince of Wales sailed for Canada, after he had accepted the President of the United States' invitation to visit him at Washington. At the same time another distant colony was to be graced by the presence of royalty; it was settled that Prince Alfred was to land at the Cape of Good Hope. The Queen's sons were to serve her by representing her race and rule in her far distant dominions.

In July the Princess Royal became the medium, in a letter home, of the overtures of the Hesse family for a marriage between Prince Louis and Princess Alice—overtures favourably received by the Queen and the Prince, who were much attracted by the young suitor. Immediately afterwards came the intelligence of the birth of the Princess Royal's second child—a daughter.

The eyes of all Europe began to be directed to Garibaldi as the champion of freedom in Naples and Sicily.

In August the Court went North, staying longer than usual in Edinburgh for the purpose of holding a volunteer review in the Queen's Park, which was even a greater

success than that in Hyde Park. The summer day was cloudless ; the broken nature of the ground heightened the picturesqueness of the spectacle. There was much greater variety in the dress and accoutrements of the Highland and Lowland regiments, numbering rather more than their English neighbours. The martial bearing of many of the men was remarkable, and the spectators crowding Arthur's Seat from the base to the summit were enthusiastic in their loyalty. The Queen rejoiced to have the Duchess of Kent by her side in the open carriage. The old Duchess had not appeared at any public sight for years, and her presence on this occasion recalled former days. She was not venturing so far as Abergeldie, but was staying at Cramond House, near Edinburgh. Soon after the Queen and the Prince's arrival at Balmoral the news reached them of the death of their aunt, the Duchess of Kent's only surviving sister, the widow of the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia.

This year the Queen and the Prince, with the Princesses Alice and Helena, made, in fine weather, a second ascent of Ben Machdui.

The success of such an excursion led to a longer expedition, which meant a night spent on the way at what was little better than a village inn. Such a step was only possible when entire secrecy, and even a certain amount of disguise, were maintained. Indeed, the little innocent mystery, with all the amusement it brought, was part of the pleasure. The company consisted of the Queen and the Prince, Lady Churchill and General Grey, with two keepers for attendants. Their destination, reached by driving, riding, and walking through the shiel of the Geldie, Glen Geldie, Glen Fishie, &c, was Grantown, where the party spent the night, and were waited on, in all unconsciousness, by a woman in ringlets in the evening and in curl-papers in the morning. But before Grantown was left, when the truth was known, the same benighted chambermaid was seen waving a flag from the window of the dining and drawing-room in one, which had been lately so honoured, while the landlady on the threshold made a vigorous use of her pocket-handkerchief, to the edification and delight of an excited crowd in the street.

The Court returned to Osborne, and on the 22nd of September the Queen, the Prince, and Princess Alice, with the suite, sailed from Gravesend for Antwerp *en route* for Coburg, where the Princess Royal was to meet them with her husband and the child-prince, whom his grandparents had not yet seen.

The King of the Belgians, his sons and daughter-in-law met the travellers with the melancholy intelligence that the Prince's stepmother, the Duchess-Dowager of Coburg, who had been ill for some time, but was looking forward to this visit, lay in extremity. At Verviers a telegram announced that she had died at five o'clock that morning—a great

shock to those who were hastening to see her and receive her welcome once more. Royal kindred met and greeted the party at each halting-place, as by Aix-la-Châpelle, Frankfort, where they slept, the valley of the Maine and the Thuringen railway, the travellers approached Coburg. Naturally the Queen grew agitated at the thought of the arrival, so different from what she had expected and experienced on her last visit, fifteen years before. At the station were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, in deep mourning. Everything was quiet and private. At the door of the palace, in painful contrast to the gala faces and dresses of her earlier reception, stood the Grand Duchess and the Princess Royal in the deepest German mourning, with long black veils, the point hanging over the forehead. Around were the ladies and gentlemen of the suites. "A tender embrace, and then we walked up the staircase," wrote the Queen; "I could hardly speak, I felt so moved, and quite trembled." Her room was that which had formerly belonged to the Duchess of Kent when she was a young Coburg princess. One of its windows looked up a picturesque narrow street with red roofs and high gables, leading to the market-place. His English nurse led in the Queen's first grandchild, aged two years, "in a little white dress with black bows." He was charming to his royal grandmother. She particularised his youthful attractions—"A beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face, . . . very fair curly hair." The funeral of the Dowager-Duchess took place at seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th September, at Gotha, and was attended by the gentlemen of the party, while the ladies in deep mourning, wearing the pointed veils, were present at a commemorative service in the Schloss Kirche at Coburg.

Then followed a quiet happy time, among the pleasures of which were the daily visits from the little grandchild, the renewal of intercourse with Baron Stockmar, whom Germans called the familiar spirit of the house of Coburg; the acquaintance of the great novelist, Auerbach; a visit to Florrshütz, the Prince's old tutor, in the pretty house which his two pupils had built for him.

The holiday was alarmingly interrupted by what might have been a grave accident to the Prince Consort. He was driving alone in an open carriage with four horses, which took fright and dashed along at full gallop in the direction of the railway line, where a waggon stood in front of a bar, put up to guard a level crossing. Seeing that a crash was inevitable, the Prince leapt out, escaping with several bruises and cuts, while the driver, who had remained with the carriage, was thrown out when it came in contact with the railway-bar, and seriously hurt. One of the horses was killed, the others rushed along the road to Coburg. They were met by the Prince's equerry,

Colonel Ponsonby, who in great anxiety procured a carriage and drove with two doctors to the spot, where he found the Prince lending aid to the injured man. Colonel Ponsonby was sent to intercept the Queen as she was walking and sketching with her daughter and sister-in-law, to tell her of the accident and of the Prince's escape, before she could hear a garbled version of the affair from other quarters.

In deep gratitude for the Prince's preservation, her Majesty afterwards set aside the sum deemed necessary—rather more than a thousand pounds—to found a charity called the “Victoria Stift,” which helps a certain number of young men and women of good character in their apprenticeship, in setting them up in trade, and marriage.

The royal party returned at the end of a fortnight by Frankfort and Mayence. At Coblenz, where they spent the night, her Majesty was attacked by cold and sore throat, though she walked and drove out next day, inspecting every object she was asked to see in suffering and discomfort. It was her last day with the Princess Royal and “the darling little boy,” whom his grandmother was so pleased to have with her, running about and playing in her room. The following day was cold and wet, and the Queen felt still worse, continuing her journey so worn out and unwell that she could only rouse herself before reaching Brussels, where King Leopold was at the station awaiting her. By the order of her doctor, who found her labouring under a feverish cold with severe sore throat, she was confined to her room, where she had to lie down and keep quiet. Never in the whole course of her Majesty's healthful life, save in one girlish illness at Ramsgate, of which the world knew nothing, had she felt so ailing. Happily a night's rest restored her to a great extent; but while a State dinner which had been invited in her honour was going on, she had still to stay in her room, with Lady Churchill reading to her “The Mill on the Floss,” and the door open that the Queen might hear the band of the Guides.

On the 16th of October the travellers left Brussels, and on the 17th arrived at Windsor, where they were met by the younger members of the family.

On the 30th of October the great sea captain, Lord Dundonald, closed his chequered life in his eighty-fifth year.

In December two gallant wooers were at the English Court, as a few years before King Pedro, the Arch-Duke Maximilian, and Prince Frederick William were all young bridegrooms in company. On this occasion Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt came to win Princess Alice, and the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern Seigmaringen was on his way to ask the hand of Donna Antoine, sister of King Pedro. Lord Campbell paid a visit to Windsor at this time, and made his comment on the royal lovers. “My

stay at Windsor was rather dull, but was a little enhanced by the loves of Prince Louis of Hesse and the Princess Alice. He had arrived the night before, almost 'a stranger to her' (a mistake), "but as her suitor. At first they were very shy, but they soon reminded me of Ferdinand and Miranda in the *Tempest*, and I looked on like old Prospero."

The betrothal of Princess Alice occurred within the week. Her Majesty has given an account in the pages of her journal, transferred to the "Life of the Prince Consort," how simply and naturally it happened. "After dinner, whilst talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fireplace more earnestly than usual, and when I passed to go to the other room both came up to me, and Alice in much agitation said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say 'Certainly,' and that we would see him in our room later. Got through the evening work as well as we could. Alice came to our room . . . agitated but quiet. . . . Albert sent for Louis to his room, went first to him, and then called Alice and me in. . . ." The bride was only seventeen, the bridegroom twenty-three years of age; but nearly two years were to elapse, with, alas! sad changes in their course, before the marriage thus happily settled was celebrated.

This winter her Majesty's old servant and friend, Lord Aberdeen, died.

In December the Empress of the French, who had recently lost her sister, the Duchess of Alba, in order to recover health and cheerfulness, paid a flying visit in private to England and Scotland. From Claridge's Hotel she went for a day to Windsor to see the Queen and the Prince.

Towards the close of the year the Prince had a brief but painful attack of one of the gastric affections becoming so common with him.

In January, 1861, the Queen received the news of the death of the invalid King of Prussia at Sans Souci. His brother, the Crown Prince, who had been regent for years, succeeded to the throne, of which the husband of the Princess Royal was now the next heir.

In the beginning of the year the Prince of Wales matriculated at Cambridge.

In February the Queen opened Parliament. The twenty-first anniversary of the royal wedding-day falling on a Sunday, it was celebrated quietly but with much happiness. The Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold, "Very few can say with me that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE Duchess of Kent was now seventy-five years of age. For the last few years she had been in failing health, tenderly cared for by her children. When she had been last in town she had not gone to her own house, Clarence House, but had stayed with her daughter in the cheerful family circle at Buckingham Palace.

A loss in her household fell heavily on the aged Duchess. Sir George Cooper, her secretary, to whose services she had been used for many years, a man three years her junior, died in February, 1860.

In March the Duchess underwent a surgical operation for a complaint affecting her right arm and rendering it useless, so that the habits of many years had to be laid aside, and she could no longer without difficulty work, or write, or play on the piano, of which her musical talent and taste had made her particularly fond. The Queen and the Princee visited the Duchess at Frogmore on the 12th of March, and found her in a suffering but apparently not a dangerous condition.

On the 15th good news, including the medical men's report and a letter from Lady Augusta Bruce, the Duchess of Kent's attached lady-in-waiting, came from Frogmore to Buckingham Palace, and the Queen and the Prince went without any apprehension on a visit to the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Kensington. Her Majesty returned alone, leaving the Princee to transact some business. She was "resting quite happily" in her arm-chair, when the Prince arrived with a message from Sir James Clark that the Duchess had been seized with a shivering fit—a bad symptom, from which serious consequences were apprehended.

In two hours the Queen, the Prince, and Princess Alice were at Frogmore. "Just the same," was the sorrowful answer given by the ladies and gentlemen awaiting them.

The Prince Consort went up to the Duchess's room and came back with tears in his eyes; then the Queen knew what to expect. With a trembling heart she followed her

husband and entered the bedroom. There "on a sofa, supported by cushions, the room much darkened," sat the Duchess, "leaning back, breathing heavily, in her silk dressing-gown, with her cap on, looking quite herself."

For a second the sight of the dear familiar figure, so little changed, must have afforded a brief reprieve, and lent a sense of almost glad incredulity to the distress which had gone before. But the well-meant whisper of one of the attendants of "*Ein sanftes ende*" destroyed the passing illusion. "Seeing that my presence did not disturb her," the Queen wrote afterwards, "I knelt before her, kissed her dear hand, and placed it next my cheek; but though she opened her eyes, she did not, I think, know me. She brushed my hand off, and the dreadful reality was before me that for the first time she did not know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles. I went out to sob. . . . I asked the doctors if there was no hope; they said they feared none whatever, for consciousness had left her. . . . It was suffusion of water on the chest which had come on."

The long night passed in sad watching by the unconscious sufferer, and in vain attempts at rest in preparation for the greater sorrow that was in store.

A few months earlier, on the death of the King of Prussia, the Prince Consort had written to his daughter that her experience exceeded his, for he had never seen any person die. The Queen had been equally unacquainted with the mournful knowledge which comes to most even before they have attained mature manhood and womanhood. Now the loving daughter knelt or stood by the mother who was leaving her without a sign, or lay painfully listening to the homely trivial sounds which broke the stillness of the night—the crowing of a cock, the dogs barking in the distance, the striking of the old repeater which had belonged to the Queen's father, that she had heard every night in her childhood, but to which she had not listened for twenty-three years—the whole of her full happy married life. She wondered with the vague piteous wonder—natural in such a case—what her mother would have thought of her passing a night under her roof again, and she not to know it?

In the March morning the Prince took the Queen from the room in which she could not rest, yet from which she could not remain absent. When she returned windows and doors were thrown open. The Queen sat down on a footstool and held the Duchess's hand, while the paleness of death stole over the face, and the features grew longer and sharper. "I fell on my knees," her Majesty wrote afterwards, holding the beloved hand which was still warm and soft, though heavier, in both of mine. I felt the end was fast approaching, as Clark went out to call Albert and Alice, I only left gazing on that beloved face, and feeling as if my heart would break. . . . It was a solemn, sacred, never-to-be-forgotten scene. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing; at last it ceased, but there was no change

of countenance, nothing; the eyes closed as they had been for the last half-hour. . . . The clock struck half-past nine at the very moment. Convulsed with sobs I fell on the hand and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up and took me into the next room, himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him, deep as his feelings are, and clasped me in his arms. I asked if all was over; he said, "Yes." I went into the room again after a few minutes and gave one look. My darling mother was sitting as she had done before, but was already white. Oh, God! how awful, how mysterious! But what a blessed end. Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over."

By the Prince's advice the Queen went at once to the late Duchess's sitting-room, where it was hard to bear the unchanged look of everything, "Chairs, cushions . . . all on the tables, her very work-basket with her work; the little canary bird which she was so fond of, singing!"

In one of the recently published letters of Princess Alice to the Queen, the former recalled after an interval of eight years the words which her father had spoken to her on the death of her grandmother, when he brought the daughter to the mother and said, "Comfort mamma," a simple injunction which sounded like a solemn charge in the sad months to come.

The melancholy tidings of the loss were conveyed by the Queen's hand to the Duchess's elder daughter, the Princess of Hohenlohe; to the Duchess's brother, the King of the Belgians—the last survivor of his family—and to her eldest grand-daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia.

The moment the Princess Royal heard of the death she started for England, and arrived there two days afterwards.

The unaffected tribute of respect paid by the whole country, led by the Houses of Parliament, to the virtues of the late Duchess, was very welcome to the mourners. The Duchess of Kent by her will bequeathed her property to the Queen, and appointed the Prince Consort her sole executor. "He was so tender and kind," wrote the Queen, "so pained to have to ask me distressing questions, but spared me so much. Everything done so quickly and feelingly."

The funeral took place on the 25th of March, in the vault beneath St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Prince Consort acted as chief mourner, and was supported by two of the grandchildren of the late Duchess, the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Leiningen. The pallbearers were six ladies, among whom was Lady Augusta Bruce. Neither the Queen nor her daughters were present. They remained, in the Queen's words, "to pray at home together, and to dwell on the happiness and peace of her who was gone." On

the evening of the funeral the Queen and the Prince dined alone; afterwards he read aloud to her letters written by her mother to a German friend, giving an account of the illness and death of the Duke of Kent more than forty years before. The Queen continued the allowanees which the Duchess of Kent had made to her elder daughter, the Princess Hohenlohe, and to two of the duchess's grandsons, Princee Vietor Hohenlohe and Princee Edward Leiningen. Her Majesty pensioned the Duchess's servants, and appointed Lady Augusta Bruce, who had been like a daughter to the dead Princess, resident bedchamber woman to the Queen.

Frogmore had been much frequented by Queen Charlotte and her daughters, and was the place where they held many of their family festivals. It had been the country house of Princess Augusta for more than twenty years. On her death it was given to the Duchess of Kent. It is an unpretending white country house, spacious enough, and with all the taste of the day when it was built expended on the grounds, which does not prevent them from lying very low, with the inevitable sheet of water almost beneath the windows. Yet it is a lovely, bowery, dwelling when spring buds are bursting and the birds are filling the air with music; such a sheltered, peaceful, home-like house as an ageing woman well might crave. On it still lingers, in spite of a period when it passed into younger hands, the stamp of the old Duchess, with her simple state, her unaffected dignity, her affectionate interest in her numerous kindred. The place is but a bowshot from the old grey castle of Windsor. It was a chosen resort of the royal children, to whom the noble, kind, grandame was all that gracious age can be. Here the Queen brought the most distinguished of her guests to present them to her mother, who had known so many of the great men of her time. Here the royal daughter herself came often, leaving behind her the toils of government and the ceremonies of rank, where she could always be at ease, was always more than welcome. Here she comes still, after twenty years, to view old scenes—the chair by which she sat when the Duchess of Kent occupied it, the piano she knew so well, the familiar portraits, the old-fashioned furniture, suiting the house admirably, the drooping trees on the lawn, under which the Queen would breakfast in fine weather, according to an old Kensington—an old German—custom.

The long verandah was wont to contain vases of flowers and statues of the Duchess's grandchildren, and formed a pleasant promenade for an old lady. Within the smaller cosier rooms, with the softly tinted pink walls covered with portraits, was led the daily life which as it advanced in infirmity necessarily narrowed in compass, while the State rooms remained for family and Court gatherings. The last use made of the great drawing-room by its venerable mistress was after her death, when she lay in state there.

Half-length portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Kent are in the place usually occupied by the likenesses of the master and mistress of the house. Among the other pictures are full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert in their youth, taken soon after their marriage—like the natural good end to the various pictures of her Majesty in her fair English childhood and maidenhood, with the blonde hair clustering about the open innocent forehead, the fearless blue eyes, the frank mouth. The child, long a widow in her turn, a mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, must look with strange mingled feelings on these shadows of her early, unconscious self.

There are innumerable likenesses of the Queen's children such as a loving grandmother would delight to accumulate, from the baby Princess Royal with the good dog Eos curled round by her side, the child's tiny foot on the hound's nose, to the same Princess a blooming girl-bride by the side of her bridegroom, Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

The Duchess's other children and grandchildren are here on canvas, with many portraits of her brothers and sisters and their children. A full-length likeness of the former owner of Frogmore, Princess Augusta, Fanny Burney's beloved princess, hangs above a chimneypiece; while on the walls of another room quaintly painted floral festoons, the joint work of the painter, Mary Moser, and the artistic Princess Elizabeth, are still preserved.

Frogmore was for some years the residence of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. When she removed to Cumberland House, the furniture which had belonged to the Duchess of Kent was brought back, and the place restored as much as possible to the condition in which she had left it, which implies the presence of many cherished relics—such as the timepiece which was the last gift of the Queen and the Prince, and a picture said to have been painted by both representing Italian peasants praying beside a roadside calvary. There are numerous tokens of womanly taste in the gay, bright fashion of the Duchess's time, among them a gorgeously tinted inlaid table from the first Exhibition, and elaborate specimens of Berlin woolwork, offerings from friends of the mistress of the house and from the ladies of her suite. In one of the simply furnished bedrooms of quiet little Frogmore, as it chanced, the heir of the Prince of Wales first saw the light. For here was born unexpectedly, making a great stir in the little household, Prince Victor Albert of Wales.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAST VISIT TO IRELAND—HIGHLAND EXCURSIONS—MEETING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK—DEATH OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL AND HIS BROTHERS.

IN the retirement of Osborne the Queen mourned her mother with the tender fidelity which her people have learnt to know and reverence.

In April the Court returned to Buckingham Palace, when the Queen announced the marriage of the Princess Alice to the Privy Council. It was communicated to Parliament, and was very favourably received. The Princess had a dowry of thirty thousand, and an annuity of six thousand pounds from the country.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated at Osborne without the usual festivities. During the Whitsun holidays Prince Louis, who was with the family, had the misfortune to be attacked by measles, which he communicated to Prince Leopold. The little boy had the disease severely, and it left bad results.

In June King Leopold and one of his sons paid the Queen a lengthened visit of five weeks. The Princess Royal, with her husband and children, arrived afterwards, and there was a happy family meeting, tinged with sorrow.

In July the most exalted Order of the Star of India was instituted, and conferred first on the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Lord Clyde, Sir John Lawrence, &c., &c. That summer saw the death of two statesmen who had been men of mark in the Crimean war—Count Cavour, the Sardinian Prime Minister, and Lord Herbert of Lea. The royal visitors in London and at Osborne included the Archduke Maximilian and his young wife, and the King of Sweden and his son.

Towards the close of August the Queen went to Frogmore with the Prince and Princess Alice, in order to keep the birthday of the late Duchess of Kent, whose remains had been already removed from St. George's chapel to the mausoleum prepared for them in the grounds of her former home. The Queen wrote of the first evening at Frogmore

as "terribly trying;" but it comforted her in the beautiful morning to visit the grand simple mausoleum, and to help to place on the granite sarcophagus the wreaths which had been brought for the purpose.

The day after the return of Prince Alfred from the West Indies, the Queen and the Prince, their second son and the Princesses Alice and Helena, sailed from Holyhead in the *Victoria and Albert* for Kingstown. This visit to Ireland meant also the royal presence on a field-day in the Curragh camp, where the Prince of Wales was serving, and a run down to Killarney in very hot weather. At the lakes the Queen was the guest of Lord Castleross and Mr. Herbert. The wild luxuriant scenery, the size and beauty of the arbutus-trees, and the enthusiastic shriek of the blue-cloaked women, made their due impression. In a row on one of the lakes her Majesty christened a point. The Prince's birthday came round during the stay in Ireland, and was marked by the usual loving tokens, though the Queen noted sadly the difference between this and other anniversaries: the lack of festivities, the absence from home, the separation from the younger children, and the missing the old invariable gift from the Duchess of Kent.

Balmoral was reached in the beginning of September. Prince Louis came speedily, and another welcome guest, Princess Hohenlohe, who travelled north with Lady Augusta Bruce. Dr. Norman Macleod gives a glimpse of the circumstances and the circle. He preached to the Queen, and she thanked him for the comfort he gave her. Lady Augusta Bruce talked to him of "that noble, loving woman, the Duchess of Kent, and of the Queen's grief." He found the Queen's half-sister "an admirable woman" and Prince Alfred "a fine gentlemanly sailor."

The Queen's greatest solace this year was in long days spent on the purple mountains and by the sides of the brown lochs, and in a second private expedition, like that of the previous year to Grantown, when she slept a night at the Ramsay Arms in the village of Fettercairn, and Prince Louis and General Grey were consigned to the Temperance Hotel opposite. The whole party walked out in the moonlight and were startled by a village band. The return was by Blair, where the Queen was welcomed by her former host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Athole. Her Majesty had a look at her earlier quarters, at the room in which the little Princess Royal had been put to bed in two chairs, and saw Sandy Macara, grown old and grey.

After an excursion to Cairn Glaishie, her Majesty recorded in her journal, "Alas! I fear our 'last great one.'" Six years afterwards the sorrowful confirmation was given to words which had been written with a very different meaning, "It was our last one."

The Prince of Wales was on a visit to Germany, ostensibly to witness the manœuvres of the Prussian army, but with a more delicate mission behind. He was bound, while not yet twenty, to make the acquaintance of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, not quite seventeen, with the probability of their future marriage—a prospect which, to the great regret of the Prince Consort, got almost immediately into the newspapers. The first meetings of the young couple took place at Speyer and Heidelberg, and were altogether promising of the mutual attachment which was the desired result.

On the 18th of October the King of Prussia was crowned at Königsberg—a splendid ceremonial, in which the Princess Royal naturally, as the Crown Princess, bore a prominent part.

On the return of the Court to Windsor, Prince Leopold, then between eight and nine years of age, was sent, with a temporary household, to spend the winter in the south of France for the sake of his health.

Suddenly a great and painful shock was given to the Queen and the Prince by the news of the disastrous outbreak of typhoid fever in Portugal among their royal cousins and intimate friends, the sons of Maria de Gloria. When the tidings arrived King Pedro's brother, Prince Ferdinand, was already dead, and the King ill. Two more brothers, the Duke of Oporto and the Duke of Beja, were in England, on their way home from the King of Prussia's coronation. The following day still sadder news arrived—the recovery of the young king, not more than twenty-five, was despaired of. His two brothers started immediately for Lisbon, but were too late to see him in life. The younger, the Duke of Beja, was also seized with the fatal fever and died in the course of the following month. The Queen and the Prince lamented the King deeply, finding the only consolation in the fact that he had rejoined the gentle girl-wife for whose loss he had been inconsolable.



CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE news of the terrible mortality in the Portuguese royal family, especially the death of the King, to whom the Prince was warmly attached, had seriously affected his health, never strong, and for the last few years gradually declining, with gastric attacks becoming more frequent and fits of sleeplessness more confirmed. At the same time the Prince's spirit was so unbroken, his power of work and even of enjoyment so unshaken, while the patience and unselfishness which treated his own bodily discomfort as a matter of little moment had grown so much the habit of his mind, that naturally those nearest to him failed in their very love to see the extent of the physical mischief which was at work. Nevertheless there is abundant evidence that the Queen was never without anxiety on her husband's account, and Baron Stockmar expressed his apprehensions more than once.

Various causes of care troubled the Prince, among them the indisposition contracted by the Princess Royal at the coronation of her father-in-law, the King of Prussia, and the alarming illness at Cannes of Sir Edward Bowater, who had been sent to the south of France in charge of Prince Leopold. After a fortnight of sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, loss of appetite, and increasing weakness, the Prince drove in close wet weather to inspect the building of the new Military Academy at Sandhurst, and it is believed that he there contracted the germs of fever. But he shot with the guests at the Castle, walked with the Queen to Frogmore and inspected the mausoleum there, and visited the Prince of Wales at Cambridge afterwards.

Then the affair of the *Trent* suddenly demanded the Prince's close attention and earnest efforts to prevent a threatened war between England and America. In the course of the civil war raging between the Northern and Southern states the English steamer *Trent* sailed with the English mails from Havannah to England, having on board among the other passengers several American gentlemen, notably Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who

had run the blockade from Charlestown to Cuba, and were proceeding to Europe as envoys sent by the Confederates to the Courts of England and France. A federal vessel fired on the English steamer, compelling her to stop, when the American Captain Wilkes, at the head of a large body of marines, demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell, with their companions. In the middle of the remonstrances of the English Government agent at the insult to his flag and to the neutral port from which the ship had sailed, the objects of the officer's search came forward and surrendered themselves, thus delivering the English commander from his difficulty.

But the feeling in England was very strong against the outrage which had been committed, and it was only the most moderate of any political party who were willing to believe—either that the American Government might not be cognisant of the act done in its name, or that it might be willing to atone by honourable means for a violation of international law—enough to provoke the withdrawal of the English ambassador from Washington, and a declaration of war between the two countries.

Cabinet councils were summoned and a dispatch prepared. A draft of the dispatch was forwarded to Windsor to be read by the Queen, when it struck both her and the Prince that it was less temperate and conciliatory than it might have been, while still consistent with perfect dignity. The Prince Consort's last public work for his Queen and country was to amend this draft. He rose as usual at seven o'clock, and faint and ill as he was, scarcely able to hold a pen, drew out an improved version of the dispatch, which was highly approved of by the Ministers and favourably received by the American Government. As the world knows, the President, in the name of his countrymen, declared that Captain Wilkes had acted without official instructions, and ordered the release of the gentlemen who had been taken prisoners.

In the meantime the shadows were darkening round the royal home which had been so supremely blest. The Prince was worse. Still he walked out on one of the terraces, and wrapped in a coat lined with fur he witnessed a review of the Eton College volunteers, from which his absence would have been remarked. The ill-omened chilly feeling continued, but there were guests at the Castle and he appeared at dinner. On Sunday, the 1st of December, the Prince walked out again on the terrace and attended service in the chapel, insisting "on going through all the kneeling," though very unwell.

Next morning something was said by the doctors of low fever. No wonder the Queen was distressed after the recent calamity at Lisbon, but concealing her feelings as such watchers must, she strove to soothe and amuse her sick husband. The members of the household who had been at Lisbon arrived with the particulars of the young King of

Portugal's death. After listening to them the Prince said "that it was well his illness was not fever, as that, he felt sure, would be fatal to him."

One of the guests at the Castle was Lord Palmerson. In spite of his natural buoyancy of temperament he became so much alarmed by what he heard that he suggested another physician should be called in. Her Majesty had not been prepared for this step, and when she appealed to the two medical men in attendance, Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner, they comforted her by their opinion that there was nothing to alarm her, and that the low fever which had been feared might pass off.

The next few days were spent in alternations of hope and fear. Which of us is so happy as not to have known that desperate faith when to doubt would be to despair? The Prince liked to be read to, but "no book suited him." The readers were the Queen and Princess Alice, who sought to cheat themselves by substituting Trollope for George Eliot, and Lever for Trollope, and by speaking confidently of trying Sir Walter Scott "to-morrow." To-morrow brought no improvement. Sir James Clark, though still sanguine, began to drop words which were not without their significance. He *hoped* there would be no fever, which all dreaded, with too sure a presentiment of what would follow. The Prince *must* eat, and he was to be told so; his illness was likely to be tedious, and completely starving himself would not do.

As if the whole atmosphere was heavy with sorrow, and all the tidings which came from the world without in these days only reflected the ache of the hearts within, the news came from Calcutta of the death of the wife of the Governor-General, beautiful, gifted Lady Canning, so long the Queen's lady-in-waiting and close companion.

The doctors began to sit up with the patient, another stage of the terrible illness. When her Majesty came to the Prince at eight in the morning she found him sitting up in his dressing-room, and was struck with "a strange wild look" which he had, while he talked in a baffled way, unlike him, of what his illness could be, and how long it might last. But that day there was a rally; he ate and slept a little, rested, and liked to be read to by Princess Alice. He was quite himself again when the Queen came in with his little pet child, Princess Beatrice, in whom he had taken such delight. He kissed her, held her hand, laughed at her new French verses, and "dozed off," as if he only wanted sleep to restore him.

The doctor in attendance was anxious that the Prince should undress and go to bed, but this he would not do. Throughout the attack, with his old habit of not giving way and of mastering his bodily feelings by sheer force of will, he had resisted yielding to his weakness and submitting to the ordinary routine of a sick-room. After it was too late the

doctor's compliance with the Prince's wishes in this respect was viewed by the public as rash and unwise. On this particular occasion he walked to his dressing-room and lay down there, saying he would have a good night—an expectation doomed to disappointment. His restlessness not only kept him from sleeping, it caused him to change his room more than once during the night.

The morning found him up and seated in his sitting-room as before. But he was worse, and talked with a certain incoherence when he told the Queen that he had been listening to the little birds, and they had reminded him of those he had heard at the Rosenau in his childhood. She felt a quick recoil, and when the doctors showed that their favourable opinion of the day before had undergone a change, she went to her room and it seemed to her as if her heart would break.

Fever had now declared itself unmistakably. The fact was gently broken to the Queen, and she was warned that the illness must run its course, while the knowledge of its nature was to be kept from the Prince. She called to mind every thought that could give her courage; and Princess Alice, her father's true daughter, capable of rising to heights of duty and tenderness the moment she was put to the test, grew brave in her loving devotion, and already afforded the support which the husband and father was no longer fit to give.

Happily for her Majesty, the daily duties of her position as a sovereign, which she could not lay aside though they were no longer shared by the friend of more than twenty years, still occupied a considerable portion of her time. But she wrote in her diary that in fulfilling her task she seemed to live "in a dreadful dream." Do we not also know, many of us, this cruel double life in which the obligations which belong to our circumstances and to old habits contend for mastery with new misery? When she was not thus engaged the Queen sat by her husband, weeping when she could do so unseen.

On the 8th of December the Prince appeared to be going on well, though the desire for change continued strong in him, and he was removed at his earnest request to larger and brighter rooms, adjoining those he had hitherto occupied. According to Lady Bloomfield one of the rooms—certainly called "the Kings' rooms"—into which the Prince was carried, was that in which both William IV. and George IV. had died; and the fact was remembered and referred to by the new tenant, when he was placed where he too was destined to die. The Queen had only once slept there, when her own rooms were being painted, and as it happened, that single occasion was on the night before the day when the Duchess of Kent had her last fatal seizure.

The Prince was pleased with the greater space and light and with the winter sunshine.

For the first time since his illness he asked for music, "a fine chorale." A piano was brought into the room, and his daughter played two hymns—one of them "*Ein fester burg ist unser Gott*," to which he listened with tears in his eyes.

It was Sunday, and Charles Kingsley preached at the Castle. The Queen was present, but she noted sadly that she did not hear a word.

The serious illness of the Prince Consort had become known and excited much alarm, especially among the Cabinet Ministers. They united in urging that fresh medical aid should be procured. Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland were called in. These gentlemen concurred with the other doctors in their opinion of the case as grave, but not presenting any very bad symptoms. The increased tendency of the Prince to wander in his mind was only what was to be expected. The listlessness and irritability characteristic of the disease gave way to pleasure at seeing the Queen and having her with him, to tender caresses, such as stroking her cheek, and simple loving words, fondly cherished, "*Liebes frauchen, gutes weibchen*."* The changes rung on the relationship which had been so perfect and so satisfying.

On the 10th and the 11th the Prince was considered better. He was wheeled into the next room, when he called attention to a picture of the Madonna of which he was fond; he said that the sight of it helped him through half the day.

On the evening of the 11th a slight change in the Prince's breathing was perceptible and occasioned uneasiness. On the 12th it was too evident the fever and shortness of breathing had increased, and on the 13th Dr. Jenner had to tell the Queen the symptom was serious, and that there was a probability of congestion of the lungs. When the sick man was wheeled into the next room as before, he failed to notice his favourite picture, and in place of asking to be placed with his back to the light as he had hitherto done, sat with his hands clasped, gazing abstractedly out of the window. That night the Prince of Wales was summoned from Cambridge, it was said by his sister, Princess Alice, who took upon her the responsibility of bringing him to Windsor.

All through the night at hourly intervals reports were brought to the Queen that the Prince was doing well. At six in the morning Mr. Brown, the Windsor medical attendant of the family for upwards of twenty years, who was believed to be well acquainted with the Prince's constitution, came to the Queen with the glad tidings "that he had no hesitation in saying he thought the Prince was much better, and that there was ground to hope the crisis was over." There are few experiences more piteous than that last flash of life in the socket which throws a parting gleam of hope on the approaching darkness of death.

* "Dear little wife, good little wife"

When the Queen entered the sick-room at seven o'clock on a fine winter morning, she was struck with the unearthly beauty—another not unfamiliar sign—of the face on which the rising sun shone. The eyes unusually bright, gazing as it were on an unseen object, took no notice of her entrance.

The doctors allowed they were “very, very anxious,” but still they would not give up hope. The Queen asked if she might go out for a breath of air, and received an answer with a reservation—“Yes, just close by, for a quarter of an hour.” She walked on one of the terraces with Princess Alice, but they heard a military band playing in the distance, and at that sound, recalling such different scenes, the poor Queen burst into tears, and returned to the Castle.

Sir James Clark said he had seen much worse cases from which there had been recovery. But both the Queen and the doctors remarked the dusky hue stealing over the hands and face, and there were acts which looked like strange involuntary preparations for departure—folding of the arms, arranging of the hair, &c.

The Queen was in great distress, and remained constantly either in the sick-room or in the apartment next to it, where the doctors tried still to speak words of hope to her, but could no longer conceal that the life which was as her life was ebbing away. In the course of the afternoon, when the Queen went up to the Prince, after he had been wheeled into the middle of the room, he said the last loving words, “*Gutes frauchen*,”* kissed her, and with a little moaning sigh laid his head on her shoulder. He dozed and wandered, speaking French sometimes. All his children who were in the country came into the room, and one after the other took his hand, Prince Arthur kissing it as he did so, but the Prince made no sign of knowing them. He roused himself and asked for his private secretary, but again slept. Three of the gentlemen of the household, who had been much about the Prince's person, came up to him and kissed his hand without attracting his attention. All of them were overcome; only she who sat in her place by his side was quiet and still.

So long as enough air passed through the labouring lungs, the doctors would not relinquish the last grain of hope. Even when the Queen found the Prince bathed in the death-sweat, so near do life and death still run, that the attendant medical men ventured to say it might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever.

The Queen bent over the Prince and whispered “*Es ist kleins frauchen*.”† He recognised the voice and answered by bowing his head and kissing her. He was quite calm, only drowsy, and not caring to be disturbed, as he had been wont to be when weary and ill.

* “Good little wife.”

† “It is your little wife.”

The Queen had gone into the next room to weep there when Sir James Clark sent Princess Alice to bring her back. The end had come. With his wife kneeling by his side and holding his hand, his children kneeling around, the Queen's nephew, Prince Ernest Leiningen, the gentlemen of the Prince's suite, General Bruce, General Grey, and Sir Charles Phipps, the Dean of Windsor, and the Prince's favourite German valet, Löhlein, reverently watching the scene, the true husband and tender father, the wise prince and liberal-hearted statesman, the noble Christian man, gently breathed his last. It was a quarter to eleven o'clock on the 14th of December, 1861. He was aged forty-two years.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WITHDRAWAL TO OSBORNE—THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FUNERAL.

THE tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, borne on the wintry midnight air, thrilled many a heart with grief and dismay, as London was roused to the melancholy fact of the terrible bereavement which had befallen the Queen and the country.

To the Prince indeed death had come without terror, even without recoil. Some time before he had told the Queen that he had not her clinging to life, that if he knew it was well with those he cared for, he would be quite ready to die to-morrow. He was perfectly convinced of the future reunion of those who had loved each other on earth, though he did not know under what circumstances it would take place. During one of the happy Highland excursions in 1861, the Prince had remarked to one of the keepers when talking over with him the choice and planting of a deer-forest for the Prince of Wales, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." "He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared," was the Queen's comment on this remark.

But for the Queen, "a widow at forty-two!" was the lamenting cry of the nation which had been so proud of its young Queen, of her love-match, of her happiness as a wife. Now a subtler touch than any which had gone before won all hearts to her, and bowed them before her feet in a very passion of love and loyalty. It was her share in the common birthright of sorrow, with the knowledge that she in whose joy so many had rejoiced was now qualified by piteous human experience to weep with those who wept—that thenceforth throughout her wide dominions every mourner might feel that their Queen mourned with them as only a fellow-sufferer can mourn.* All hearts went out to her in the day of her bitter sorrow. Prayers innumerable were put up for her, and she believed they sustained her when she would otherwise have sunk under the heavy burden.

On the Sunday which dawned on the first day of her Majesty's widowhood, when the

* "The Queen wrote my sister, Lady Normanby, such a beautiful letter after Normanby's death, saying that having drunk the dregs of her cup of grief herself, she knew how to sympathise with others."—LADY BLOOMFIELD.

news of her bereavement—announced in a similiar fashion in many a city cathedral and country church, was conveyed to the people in a great northern city by Dr. Norman MacLeod's praying for the Queen as a widow, a pang of awe and pity smote every hearer ; the minister and the congregation wept together.

The disastrous tidings had to travel far and wide : to the Princess Royal, the daughter in whom her father had taken such pride, who had so grieved to part from him when she left England a happy young bride, who had been so glad to greet him in his own old home only a few months before ; to the sailor son on the other side of the globe ; to the delicate little boy so lately sent in search of health, whose natural cry on the sorrowful tale being told to him was, " Take me to mamma."

Deprived in one year of both mother and husband, alone where family relations were concerned, save for her children ; with her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, a lad of not more than twenty years, the devoted servants of the Queen rallied round her and strove to support and comfort her.

In the absence of the Princess Royal and the Princess of Hohenlohe, the Duchess of Sutherland, one of the Queen's oldest friends, herself a widow, was sent for to be with her royal mistress. Lady Augusta Bruce watched day and night by the daughter as she had watched by the mother. The Queen's people did not know how sore was the struggle, how near they were to losing her. Princess Alice wrote years afterwards of that first dreadful night, of the next three terrible days, with a species of horror, and wondered again and again how she and her mother survived that time. The Queen's weakness was so great that her pulse could hardly be felt. " She spoke constantly about God's knowing best, but showed herself broken-hearted," Lady Bloomfield tells us. It was a sensible relief to the country when it was made public that the Queen had slept for some hours.

The doctors urgently advised that her Majesty should leave Windsor and go to Osborne, but she shrank unconquerably from thus quitting all that was mortal of the Prince till he had been laid to rest. The old King of the Belgians, her second father, afflicted in her affliction as he had gloried in her happiness, added his earnest entreaty to the medical men's opinion, in vain, till the plea was brought forward that for her children's sake—that they might be removed from the fever-tainted atmosphere, the painful step ought to be taken. Even then it was mainly by the influence of the Princess Alice that the Queen, who had proved just and reasonable in all her acts, who had been confirmed by him who was gone in habits of self-control and self-denial, who was the best of mothers, gave up the last sad boon which the poorest might claim, and consented to go immediately with her daughters to Osborne.

But first her Majesty visited Frogmore, where the Duchess of Kent's mausoleum had been built, that she might choose the spot for another and larger mausoleum where the husband and wife would yet lie side by side. It was on the 18th of December that the Queen, accompanied by Princess Alice, drove from the Castle on her melancholy errand. They were received at Frogmore by the Prince of Wales, Prince Louis of Hesse, who had arrived in England, Sir Charles Phipps, and Sir James Clark. Her Majesty walked round the gardens leaning on her daughter's arm, and selected the place where the coffin of the Prince would be finally deposited. Shortly afterwards the sad party left for Osborne, where a veil must be drawn over the sorrow which, like the love that gave it birth, has had few parallels.

The funeral was at Windsor on the 23rd of December. Shortly before twelve o'clock the cortége assembled which was to conduct the remains of the late Prince Consort the short distance from the state entrance of Windsor Castle, through the Norman Tower Gate to St. George's Chapel. Nine mourning-coaches, each drawn by four horses, conveyed the valets, foresters, riders, librarian, and doctors; the equerries, ushers, grooms, gentlemen, and lords in waiting of his late Royal Highness; and the great officers of the Household. One of the Queen's carriages drawn by six horses contained the Prince's coronet borne by Earl Spencer, and his baton, sword, and hat by Lord George Lennox. The hearse, drawn by six horses, was escorted by a detachment of Life Guards.

The carriages of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Cambridge followed. The company which had received commands to be present at the ceremony, including the foreign ambassadors, the Cabinet Ministers, the officers of the household, and many of the nobility and higher clergy, entered St. George's Chapel by the Wolsey door and were conducted to seats in the choir. The Knights of the Garter occupied their stalls. The royal family, with their guests, came privately from the Castle and assembled in the chapter-room. The members of the procession moved up the nave in the same order in which they had been driven to the South porch. Among them were the representatives of all the foreign states connected by blood or marriage with the late Prince, the choir, canons, and Dean of Windsor. After the baton, sword, and the crown, carried on black velvet cushions, came the comptroller in the Chamberlain's department, Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Chamberlain, then the crimson velvet coffin, with the pall borne by the members of the late Prince's suite. Garter-King-at-Arms followed, walking before the chief mourner, the Prince of Wales, who was supported by Prince Arthur, a little lad of eleven, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and attended by General Bruce. Behind came the son-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the cousins—the sons

of the King of the Belgians—with the Duc de Nemours, Prince Louis of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Queen's nephew, Count Gleichen, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. The gentlemen in waiting on the foreign princes wound up the procession.

When the coffin arrived within the ehcir, the crown, baton, sword, and hat were placed on it. That morning a messenger had come from Osborne with three wreaths and a bouquet. The wreaths were simple garlands of moss and violets woven by the three elder princesses; the bouquet of violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was from the Queen. These were laid between the heraldic insignia. The Prince of Wales with his brother and uncle stood at the head, the Lord Chamberlain at the foot, the other mourners and the pallbearers around. Minute-guns were fired at intervals by Horse Artillery in the Long Walk. A guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards, of which the Prince Consort had been colonel, presented arms on the coming of the body and when it was lowered into the grave. During the service the thirty-ninth Psalm, Luther's Hymn, and two chorales were sung.

The Prince of Wales bore up with a brave effort, now and then seeking to soothe his young brother, who, with swollen eyes and tear-stained face, when the long wail of the dirge smote upon his ear, sobbed as if his heart were breaking. At the words—

“To fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no waking,”

part of a favourite chant of the Prince Consort's, both his sons hid their faces and wept. The Duke of Coburg wept incessantly for the comrade of his youth, the friend of his mature years.

Garter-King-at-Arms proclaimed the style and title of the deceased. When he referred to her Majesty with the usual prayer, “Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and happiness,” for the first time in her reign the word “happiness” was omitted and that of “honour” substituted, and the full significance of the change went to the hearts of the listeners with a woeful reminder of what had come and gone. The Prince of Wales advanced first to take his last look into the vault, stood for a moment with clasped hands and burst into tears. In the end Prince Arthur was the more composed of the two fatherless brothers.

As the company retired, the “Dead March in Saul” was pealed forth.

The whole ceremony was modelled on the precedent of other royal funerals, but surely rarely was mourning so keen or sorrow so deep.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SEASON OF THE QUEEN'S GREAT SORROW.

QUEEN VICTORIA was left a widow at the age of forty-two. The Prince Consort was the same age when he breathed his last, on the night of Saturday the 14th December, 1861. A bolt had fallen from the blue, and shattered by one stroke the palace home, which was one of the happiest homes in England, where reverence and duty, domestic peace and family affection, reigned supreme. For twenty-one years it had been an example of conscientious work, faithful fulfilment of obligations, cultured tastes and innocent pleasures, to the whole nation. The people had been proud with an honest pride of the bright spot in their centre, which no political turmoil could disturb. Vice shrank back from it abashed. It was not till within the last few months that sorrow had brushed it with dark wings, when the Queen lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent. English men and women, looking round on other countries and courts, and listening to the scandals which disgraced them, loved to boast of their Queen, good as gold from her fair, frank, English girlhood, of her love match, of her Prince *sans peur et sans reproche*, of their full household of promising boys and girls, with the eldest just gone to carry her youthful energy and enthusiasm for all things lovely and beneficent into a sister country and royal circle—above all, to fill the first place in a heart as true and tender as the hearts she had left behind her—such had been the brilliant, joyous past.

Now the nation was stricken as one man by the appalling calamity which had in a day—an hour—brought crushing desolation where fearless virtue and happiness had dwelt unchallenged. Both Queen and Prince had barely entered on their genial, bountiful prime. They might have reckoned with reasonable security on many long years of usefulness and tranquil bliss spent together, when his princely head was laid in the dust, and she was left a forlorn widow, stripped of her stay and shield, the mother of nine fatherless children—eight of them looking to her alone for guidance, her eldest son

an inexperienced lad of twenty, her youngest child a lisping baby. What was still more grievous to contemplate was the burden of the government of a great country resting on those bowed and quivering woman's shoulders.

Neither was it a season of prosperity and rest either at home or abroad. Lancashire was entering on a ghastly period of starvation caused by the blight on its industries, from the increasing failure of the cotton supply. The most terrible of all colliery accidents held England fascinated with horror for a week. In consequence of a great explosion, and fall of underground roofs and walls, upwards of two hundred men were known to be immured in the Hartley pit. After the most strenuously heroic efforts for their rescue, during a heartrending interval of days and nights, the victims were found seated and lying together in various attitudes of languor and apparent sleep, but in each case with the gray pallor of death on the drooping face and parted lips. The fatal after-damp, together with lack of nourishment, had done its work effectually. The piteous story made its way through the engrossing woe of the palace tragedy, and from the Queen—in her own bitter grief, not yet a month old—went forth the pathetic message of her tenderest sympathy for the poor widows and orphans.

On the other side of the Atlantic English-speaking men, brothers — whether Northerners or Southerners, bound by one mighty union—were in the desperate throes of a fierce civil war. It was with the greatest difficulty that England could be kept out of the strife. The Northerners, or Federals, claimed her support because the question of the abolition of the inhuman institution of slavery which England had put down in her own colonies, was nominally, and to a large extent, the origin of the war.

The Southerners, or Confederates, appealed to another chivalrous instinct of the mother country in the light of a gallant minority struggling for their independence against an overwhelming, domineering majority.

Already "the affair of the *Trent*" had all but thrust England into the mêlée. This rash act by Captain Wilkes, in seizing Messrs. Slidell and Mason when passengers in the English steamer *Trent*, was a violent breach of international law and custom, and an insult to the British flag which might have wrought untold disaster. Happily there was no proof that he had acted at the instigation or with the authority of the Federal government. The wise and liberal counsel of him whom all England was lamenting, the Prince Consort, had just before he succumbed to his last illness urged patience and forbearance until the matter was thoroughly sifted and cleared up. His advice was followed so far by Lord Palmerston and the English Government. President Lincoln's Cabinet disowned any responsibility for Captain Wilkes' proceeding, and acceded to Lord

Palmerston's demand that the prisoners should be set at liberty. Peace between England and America was preserved—not without threatened hostilities and rankling bad feeling on both sides. The sense of injury on the part of Northern America was presently intensified by another source of contention between the two countries. In the course of the American war privateers were employed by the confederates for the purpose of harassing and destroying the shipping of the Northern states. The Confederate states gave large orders for such armed cruisers to be built for them by English and Scotch shipbuilders. Some attempt at disguise was maintained, but the destination of the vessels was easily guessed at, and reported to the Federal government at Washington. Stringent remonstrances were sent thence to the English Government, calling upon it to interfere and prevent such an abuse of its shipbuilding by a nominally friendly power.

Lord Palmerston's Government did not consider itself warranted in interfering with its own shipbuilding trade without absolute proof of its abuse, and this was difficult to get. The English Government accordingly evaded compliance with the American protest, and only after it was too late, when the vessel had sailed, interdicted the departure of the *Alabama*—not named till she was on the high seas “destined to be the most flagrant offender in the whole system.”

The *Alabama* in a short career of less than two years did an immense amount of damage to the merchant vessels of the Northern states. She was not content with having been built in an English shipyard, she habitually hoisted the English flag as a means of bringing the Federal shipping within her reach. When they were at a convenient distance she showed her real colours, boarding the unarmed traders, and when she had plundered her prey, ending frequently by sinking or burning them.

Happily the *Alabama* at last encountered the Northern war-sloop *Kearsage* off Cherbourg, when the marauder was defeated and sunk. Her captain, Sommes, was rescued by an English yacht. He barely fell short of embroiling England and America beyond hope of pacification.

It was on these unsettled, disastrous times, amidst this raging warfare between members of a race sharing in common English descent, and these complicated delicate political questions, that the Queen's sorrowful eyes looked out. She was not free like ordinary women to withdraw herself and mourn her dead in absorbing grief. Bravely and truly she responded to all that was loftiest in her position and in the obligation it involved, as at her first council, when she was but a girl of eighteen, she had amazed the mature statesmen who gathered round her by her absolute freedom from self-consciousness, her simple modesty and sense, and her determination to reign worthily as a constitu-



L. L. WENSTAM SCULPT.

THE FRIENDS OF THE FAIR

tional sovereign, so now she obeyed the call of duty, and found in it God's blessing and her best consolation. When the first term of uncontrollable anguish, known to all mourners like the Queen, had passed, she responded to every claim on her attention; she failed in no obligation. What was, perhaps, hardest of all, she adopted, for her children and the country's sake, every means for the restoration and preservation of her health and strength, which were of inestimable value to the nation.

Early in February, 1862, not two months after his father's death, the Queen sent off the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley and General Bruce, to accomplish the tour in the East which had been planned for him by herself and the Prince Consort in happier circumstances. When her birthday came round in May, she spent it, for the first time, at Balmoral, taking the long journey that she might be not only screened from notice or contact with public ceremonies and festivities, but that she might also be braced by the Highland air, which had always been of benefit to her. To her northern home, which had been specially dear to the Prince as well as to herself, came her friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, obeying her summons. He wrote of their first interview since her widowhood: "After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me with an unutterable expression, which filled my eyes with tears; at once began to speak about the Prince. . . . She spoke of his excellences, his love, his cheerfulness; how he was everything to her; how all on earth seemed dead to her. . . ."

Princess Alice was her mother's only grown-up "home daughter." She had been devoted to the Queen in her hour of trial. The Princess, always thoughtful, unselfish, and wise far beyond her years, had been a refuge and stay to the very ministers of state and members of the household, who had approached Her Majesty through the intelligent, considerately tender girl. She had been able to act on her own responsibility, to assume authority when necessary, and to be a very ministering angel in the hour of need. But her entrance on life, and the period of her betrothal to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, had been already heavily darkened, and the date of her marriage delayed. The Queen would permit this no longer, at whatever loss to herself, however hard it might be to give up her constant companion—the one grown-up daughter still left to her. Her Majesty decided that the marriage should go on as it had been originally planned, and that Princess Alice should accompany her husband to Germany.

The ceremony was performed in strict privacy by the Archbishop of York, officiating for the sick Archbishop of Canterbury, at Osborne, on the 1st of July, 1862. The Queen only appeared for the service; none save the nearest relatives of the bride and bridegroom,

including her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who, in place of her father, gave her away, were present. Her bridesmaids were her three younger sisters, and the only sister of the bridegroom, Princess Anna of Hesse. No gay music, no joy peals of bells, no festive gathering, no concourse of interested spectators celebrated the event. There was the hushed withdrawal into itself of a house of mourning, and the sombre tokens of grief on every side. No contrast could have been greater to the brilliant and glad festivities of the Princess Royal's marriage.

Prince and Princess Louis spent the first three days of their honeymoon at a country-house near Ryde, and quitted England in the following week. The English people, who were dimly conscious of their debt to the young girl, beginning her married life so sadly, were yet to owe her another tribute of gratitude for a labour of love ungrudgingly bestowed.

A month before, in June, the Prince of Wales had returned safe and well from his Eastern tour. But as if the incidents of this year were all to be clouded by that shadow of death which hung over the lonely occupant of the throne, no sooner had the travelling party arrived in England than General Bruce succumbed to the fever against which he had been struggling. He fulfilled his task, and died when the task was completed. The associations connected with his illness were calculated to wring the Queen's heart afresh.

In August Her Majesty was again at Balmoral, with those of her children who were in the country. In the leaves from her journal which she has given to her people, she has described, with natural pathos, the two loving pilgrimages she made at this time. Surrounded by her "six poor orphans," on ponies and on foot, she contrived to drive to the top of Craig Lowrigan, where the cairn in memory of the beloved Prince was about to be reared. She and her children each placed a stone, carved with the initials of the wife or child who had deposited it, on the foundation.

One is reminded of old Scotch customs, half stern, half tender. The dead were wont to be laid in the coffin by the fond, faithful hands, nerved for the last office, of their nearest and dearest. On the first Scotch Sabbath after the funeral, the family repaired in a body to the church to which they belonged. There they listened to the "funeral sermon," often harrowing in its references. Then the mournful group repaired to the newly-made grave. Although they had been the cynosure of all eyes in the congregation, by common consent they were unapproached and ungreeted by friends or acquaintances. Sorrow has its high state, which must not be lightly invaded. It must be treated with the reverence which in other circumstances would only be accorded to rank

and authority. Around the hillock, not yet grown green, there used to stand the kindred in a silence more eloquent than any laboured oration ; sobs, but not speech, might break the homage to the dust beneath.

The Queen's commentary on the stone-laying appeals strongly, in its simplicity, to all who have loved and been bereft. "The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink ; but no pleasure, no joy—all dead !"

The second pilgrimage was to commemorate the Prince's birthday, the 24th of August. The Queen went again with the elder children who were with her to the site of the cairn, and thence to another cairn, erected ten years before to celebrate the taking of the Malakoff. As an instance of the quick sympathy felt and expressed for her, without hesitation, by the Highlanders, which so attached the Queen to them, the speech of Grant, the keeper, on this occasion, deserves mention : "I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday."

A note is struck in one of these pages which points to what was not generally known at the time—the shaken and precarious state of the Queen's health. "Walked down to where the rough road is, and this first short attempt at walking in the heather shook me and tired me much." It must be remembered that Her Majesty was in the prime of life, and not a year before an excellent pedestrian, and that in her earlier days she had been so energetic and indefatigable a dancer as to be capable of dancing "out" three pairs of slippers in the course of one ball.

Farther changes of air and scene were absolutely required for the Queen. No retreat suggested itself more readily than Germany. There she would be among her own and her dead husband's kindred, while the country afforded such sylvan retreats, far from the madding crowd, as she could hope to reach unseen and unmolested. On the other hand Germany, of all countries, was the most penetrated with the anguish of memory and association. The sharp contrast between the conditions of this sojourn and those of earlier, happier visits, the knowledge that Germany had been the Prince's fatherland, his birthplace, the home of his youth, must have pressed nigh to torture on the widowed heart. Perhaps the selection of Germany in the circumstances was one of the instances of that heart-sickness bred by sorrow which causes the sufferer to cling desperately to her grief, to refuse to be withdrawn from it, even to welcome the probing steel of such times, persons, and places as will serve to keep open the gaping wound.

At least the Queen did not shrink from making the efforts desirable for the restoration of her health ; she sailed, accompanied by all the members of her family in England, and by her sister the Princess of Hohenlohe, in the royal yacht on the 1st of September, landing in

Belgium, and making a brief stay with her uncle King Leopold. While at his palace of Lacken, she had her first interview with her future daughter-in-law, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The Princess came with her mother to make a call of condolence on the Queen. Already the marriage of the heir to the English throne was fully planned; a royal alliance was still a matter of care and forethought, although it was no longer of such political significance as when the power of the King was absolute, and he was in the habit of waging war in accordance with private feuds and personal enmities. However, there was still sufficient difficulty in the arrangement, when the bride had to be royal, Protestant, of a suitable age. In addition, she must, if possible, be possessed of antecedents and connections which would recommend her to the people. She must also have such individual personal attractions and feminine charms and virtues as would win and rivet the affections of a suitor, and render her worthy to fill the great post she was called upon to hold, and to secure the favour of the nation.

Princess Alexandra enjoyed all these advantages. The Danes had been in times past our faithful allies, no less than our brave foes. Danish sea-kings had not only invaded England, they had reigned over it with a short but potent sway. Danish blood flowed in English veins. The Princess belonged to a race among the foremost in the annals of the Reformation, and to a family whose domestic record it was good to know; she was young, gentle, and passing fair; she had been seen by the royal lad for whom she was destined, who had confirmed the choice made for him by his elders. Never was a match projected with brighter prospects of prosperity and felicity. The poor Queen must have derived some comfort from this unclouded outlook, and from the knowledge that her dead Prince had helped to choose the future bride, and had regarded her with unqualified approval. The first meeting between the blushing, inexperienced girl, and the sorrow-stricken widowed Queen could not fail in interest.

The Queen went to Rheinhardtsbrunn in Thuringia. It was a secluded, beautifully situated hunting seat of the Coburg family which she had seen, and to which she had taken a fancy in one of her former progresses. There she was joined by all her children in Germany: the Princess Royal with her husband the Crown Prince of Prussia and their little children; the newly-wedded Princess Alice and her husband Prince Louis of Hesse. Prince Alfred, soon to be named heir to his childless uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, came on leave of absence from his ship. Truly her sons and daughters gathered round her, and rose up to comfort her, if earthly comfort would have availed. The Queen did not spare herself a visit to Coburg—the chief inducement being to see once more the Prince's much-prized Baron Stockmar, who had grown too infirm to journey to her.

Back in England, the hard desolation of winter had to be borne. It brought with it the first mournful anniversary of the Prince's death, and the anxiety occasioned by a violent attack of fever sustained by Prince Alfred, with his ship in the Mediterranean. But the gloom was lightened to the Queen by the company of Princess Alice and her husband, who spent the winter with her at Osborne and Windsor, and by a visit from the Queen's future daughter-in-law, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Coming bridals and births were beginning to break in with subdued cheer on the darkness akin to despair, and to touch with healing the heart wounded nigh to death. Yet of this and the two following years, the Queen's devoted daughter, Princess Alice, was wont to refer as "the three terrible years" after her father's death.

As an example of the Queen's settled habits of thought and action, it is said that, for some time after the Prince's death, having known and studied all his pursuits, among them his early interest in his home farm and its stock, she would go, as if mechanically, on the stated days, at the regular hours at which he had been accustomed to visit the offices, to look at the animals for which he had cared.

On the 5th of February, 1863, Parliament was opened by commission, when the country heard, in the Queen's Speech, the formal announcement of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales. The allowance voted to him was £40,000 a year, and that of the Princess was £10,000 a year. On the 7th of March, the Princess Alexandra, with her father and mother, Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, one of her brothers, and her sister, Princess Dagmar, the future Empress of Russia, landed at Gravesend, where the bride was met and gallantly saluted by the bridegroom. The same day, chill, and ending in rain, the young pair had to encounter the ordeal of driving through the great crowds assembled to greet them, and to offer them a hearty welcome, in the principal London thoroughfares, all decorated and festive for the occasion. The match was popular to the last degree. The nation seemed to breathe and look up again after a period of lamentation and woe; a certain amount of fickleness, together with a love of change, must be expected from the multitude. It grows weary and impatient with protracted regrets, though the better part of it is impressed by constancy. Even its volatile majority are disposed to boast of the fidelity of natures less mercurial than those of the mass. Thus the people have loved to speak with bated breath of their Queen's long mourning for the husband of her youth, the father of her children. They have claimed for her that never Queen, never woman, has sorrowed more truly than this brave Queen and tender woman has sorrowed until, in the words of an orator, her widow's tears have become the brightest jewels in her crown. This apprecia-

tion did not prevent the general public from being eager to hail a new and brighter era, and to bid God speed to a younger generation whose lives were still in the sunshine and not in the shade. When all other arguments to excuse incurable buoyancy of heart failed, the plausible theory was urged, not without some reason, that the continued retirement of the Queen from society, with the absence of all court gaiety and pageantry, was injurious to the trade and prosperity of her great capital London. But here, in the persons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, were two youthful representatives who would worthily take up the social leadership, and prove a warrant for state entertainments and the support of such lighter national institutions as the theatre and the opera. Down at Windsor, in the shadow, the Queen sat with Princess Helena and Princess Louise—two fine girls of seventeen and fifteen years of age, in a window of the castle which commands the entrance drive, awaiting in the darkening wet spring afternoon the appearance of the cavalcade.

Three days afterwards, on the 10th of March, 1863, the marriage was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Queen, in her widow's weeds, was not among the company, but she occupied the royal closet which looks down into the chapel and commands a view of what is happening there. With the desire to give and receive sympathy, and to fulfil every obligation—prominent features in her character—she had for her companion the still more recently made widow of General Bruce, who was with the Prince in the East. The Prince of Wales, in his twenty-second year, walked to the altar between his uncle the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his brother-in-law the Crown Prince of Prussia. He wore a general's uniform, with the star of the Order of the Garter

Princess Alexandra, in her nineteenth year, was led in by her father, Prince Christian of Denmark, while she was further supported by the Queen's-cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. She wore white satin, Honiton lace, and silver moire. On her head was the bride's wreath of orange and myrtle blossoms. Her jewels were a necklace, earrings, and brooch of pearls and diamonds, the bridegroom's present, the *rivière* of diamonds, which was the City of London's offering, and the Queen's gift, an opal and diamond bracelet. It seems to have formed part of a *parure* of opals and brilliants, which held a pathetic reference. It was made from a design by the Prince Consort, and was given in the dead Prince's name, as well as in that of the Queen, to the Princess. Her train was borne by eight young English girls, daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls.

Among the royal company, besides the bride's nearest relatives, were the Princess

Royal, leading her little son, Prince William—now Emperor of Germany—Princess Alice, and Prince Louis of Hesse, etc., etc.

The Queen was able to receive her son and daughter-in-law at the grand entrance. The wedding breakfast was held in the great dining-room and in St. George's Hall. The wedding cake, with its Prince of Wales's feather, was a distinguished object in the scene. The Prince and Princess of Wales drove at four o'clock, in an open carriage drawn by four cream-coloured horses, to the railway station. There the warm-hearted, untiring, elder sister and former playfellow of the bridegroom, the Princess Royal, had gone in advance to meet the pair, to bid them good-bye, and to see them off on their honeymoon journey to Osborne. Their future homes in town and country were to be Marlborough House, close to St. James's Palace, and Sandringham, in Norfolk.

Who that remembers that night, when every town great and small throughout the country was brilliantly illuminated, when bonfires blazed on every hilltop and mountain-peak, and festivals, drinking of healths, and cheers long and loud, prevailed far and near, can help realising how the people rejoiced at the auspicious event, and from the depths of their hearts wished the Prince and Princess well. She whom Tennyson greeted—

"Sea-King's daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra,
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all are Danes in our welcome to thee,
 Alexandra"—

could recognise how the great heart of the nation was laid at a girl's feet. Not even the startling memories which a long-unfamiliar name introduced into the church service, recalled of the injuries, the follies, and the sorrows of another young foreign girl, the last Princess of Wales, could moderate the enthusiasm. And in the instance before us the people have never had cause to falter from their allegiance—never has the Princess to whom they offered their homage forfeited, by word or deed, their genuine respect and well-nigh passionate affection.

In less than a month from the royal wedding at Windsor, a royal birth took place there—the Queen had a little grand-daughter born to her in Princess Alice's first child.

In the following month of May, the Queen was so well as to make the exertion of privately inspecting the military hospital at Netley, a favourite institution of the Prince Consort's.

The Queen was at Balmoral for her birthday, and saw the great cairn, thirty-four

feet high, on Craig Lowrigan, finished. The slab on the granite pyramid (which could be seen all down the valley) bore the inscription :—

“To the beloved memory of

ALBERT,

The Great and Good Prince Consort.

Raised by his broken-hearted Widow, VICTORIA R., August 20th, 1862.

‘He being made perfect, in a short time fulfilled a long time : for his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked.’—*Wisdom of Solomon*, iv. 13, 14.”

The appropriate verse from the Apocrypha is said to have been suggested by the Princess Royal.

In August, 1863, the Queen again went to Belgium and Germany. She had with her Princess Helena, the six-year-old Princess Beatrice, Prince Alfred, a lad of twenty, and Prince Leopold, a boy of ten. Her destination was the late Prince Consort’s birth-place, the pleasant country house of Rosenau. There, where she had delighted to dwell with him on his first visit to Germany, she kept his birthday. She was again joined by her elder daughters and their husbands. There were still left of the late Prince’s early teachers and old friends Pastor Meyer, who preached once more before the Queen, and Herr Flörschütz, the Prince’s former tutor. But Baron Stockmar had passed away, so that she could only visit and condole with his widow. The Queen herself was visited by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia ; and, as a matter of course, she was in frequent communication with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his duchess.

The first visit the Queen paid to a subject after her widowhood was unmistakably dictated by pure kindness of heart. It was peculiarly sorrowful, both in its past memories and its present cause. In the far-back joyous holidays of the Queen and the Prince, when they made their earliest acquaintance with the Scotch Highlands, they were entertained in turn, in chivalrous fashion, by the Marquis of Breadalbane, at Taymouth, and by Lord Glenlyon, at Blair. On one of the very last excursions which the Queen took with her husband they re-visited Blair, where they had an eagerly loyal reception from their former host, no longer Lord Glenlyon, but, in the order of succession, Duke of Athole. As on their first visit he had insisted, in his enthusiasm, on riding an unprecedented length of road as their escort, so, on the later occasion, he would walk by the side of their carriage to the “march” or boundary of his lands. There he stopped to drink to their health, and send them away with a parting cheer, delivered in true Highland fashion, and returned by the men in the Queen’s party ; “the pipers played, and all so gay and bright.”

It was only two years since then, when the Prince and the Duke were men in their prime, and now the much-loved Prince had lain nearly as long in his last resting-place, and the poor Duke was dying by inches of a terrible and incurable disease, cancer in the throat. The Queen was come to take farewell of her gallant, devoted servant. On her way North for her usual autumnal stay, after a long journey, she turned aside at Perth, from the ordinary route to Deeside, and travelled by Dunkeld and Pitlochry to Blair-in-Athole. The Duke was unable to meet her, even at the door of his house. He had to wait in his room till she was conducted by the Duchess to the sick man's presence. He was standing in his private sitting-room, where his rifles and the trophies of his former prowess in sport hung. Kissing the Queen's hand he gave her the white rose, the traditional offering of the Dukes of Athole to their Sovereigns when they came into the Murrays' country. As on former occasions he would not be prevented from accompanying the Queen on the first stage of her journey, though he had now to drive in invalid's wraps the short distance to the station. He would himself give the directions for her comfort and well-being; at his request, and led by him, his men raised the customary cheer when the train started. Alas ! poor Queen, and poor Duke !

Her Majesty had now for her near neighbours at the country house of Abergeldie, formerly occupied by the Duchess of Kent, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess Royal and her husband, while Princess Alice and Princess Louis were with the Queen at Balmoral.

A carriage accident, which might have had serious consequences, broke the usual quiet routine of the stay. At the entreaty of Princess Alice, the Queen consented, with some reluctance, to go again on one of those long expeditions among the hills which had formerly been among her chief pleasures. Driving back after nightfall the carriage was overturned. Happily, nothing worse than bruises and sprains, of which the Queen had the principal share, were sustained. But the little party were benighted for a time, and had to sit on the moor, under such shelter as the overturned carriage, with the horses' traces cut, could supply. The keeper in charge of the ponies, sent back in advance, became alarmed by the non-appearance of the carriage, turned back, and arrived in time to afford a means of conveyance to the company. They mounted the ponies, which were led by the attendants with a lantern carried in front, and thus in somewhat of gipsy style the cavalcade turned up the heather-bordered avenue to Balmoral. The most significant passages in the record of the adventure, are those which show the ruling passion. At the moment of the upset,

the Queen had only time to reflect, like most thoughtful men and women in imminent danger, that there were things she had not settled and wanted to do. But almost immediately, when she was raised from her fallen position, and assured that her daughters and the rest of the party were unhurt, she remarked to Princess Alice that it was terrible not to be able to tell the incident as she had told every vicissitude of the past to the Prince, in order to receive his ever-ready sympathy. To which the soothing, earnest voice by her side replied, "But he knows it all, and I am sure he watched over us." Then the Queen took heart of grace, and was thankful that by no imprudence on her part, by nothing she was not in the habit of doing, which her husband would not have sanctioned, had the alarming accident come about.

During this month of October, the Queen made her first appearance in public since the date of the Prince Consort's death, and it was to do him honour. She took the trying step for the purpose of fulfilling what was to her the sacred and, in later years, the acceptable task of unveiling a memorial to her hero. The monument was a statue by Marochetti, erected in the city of Aberdeen. Few things can be more pathetic than some of the details in the Queen's account of her share in the day's proceedings: "Thursday, October 13th, 1863. I was terribly nervous. Longed not to have to go through with this fearful ordeal. Prayed for help, and got up earlier." Accompanied by nearly all her children, her two sons-in-law, and the gentlemen and ladies of her suite, the Queen started "sad and lonely, and so strange without my darling." The brilliant "Queen's weather" with which she had been so often favoured failed her, as if in accordance with the circumstances. On a day of pouring rain, "the long, sad, and terrible procession" (consisting of the representatives of the trades, the members of the university, the sheriff of the county, the Duke of Richmond, the committee of subscribers, the Provost and Town Council, the Queen's household, the members of the Royal family, the Queen, the cavalry, and police) took its way through the crowded streets. "All were kindly, but all were silent," in instinctive accordance with the feelings of the principal actor in the scene. It was "mournful and as unlike former blessed times as could well be conceived. . . . I got out trembling, and when I had arrived, there was no one to direct me, and to say, as formerly, what was to be done. Oh! it was and is too painful, too dreadful!"

The Queen received the Provost's address, and knighted him—"the first since all ended"—with General Grey's sword. Stepping on the uncovered, wet platform, she was able to see that the statue, though small for out-of-doors, was "fine and like." Principal

Campbell's prayer naturally sounded long, though part of it read well afterwards. "I felt very nervous when the statue was uncovered, but much regretted that when they presented arms there was no salute with the drums, bugles, and the pipes, for the bands below were forbidden to play." At whatever pain to itself, the faithful heart would not have had the homage shorn of one atom. "And why was my darling not near me? . . . Reached Balmoral at half-past six, very tired, thankful it was over; but the recollection of the whole scene, of the whole journey without my dear Albert, was dreadful! Formerly, how we should have dwelt on all." Never was gala more robbed of natural gladness, more penetrated with lingering grief.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RESIGNATION—DEATH OF THACKERAY—ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—

WARS IN ASHANTEE, NEW ZEALAND, BETWEEN DENMARK AND PRUSSIA—

VISIT OF GARIBALDI, ETC., ETC.

BUT the season of poignant anguish, which cannot last always without sapping the springs of life and the powers of the mind, was wearing itself out. The end of this year saw some signs of its healthful abatement. It did not interfere with the fact that, on the next anniversary of the Prince's death, the 14th of December, the Queen and her family visited the magnificent mausoleum in process of completion, which had been built to contain the sarcophagus prepared, not for the Prince's coffin alone, but for that of the Queen, which, in future days, was to rest by the side of her husband's coffin. The mausoleum cost more than £200,000, defrayed from the Queen's private purse. Princess Alice, in one of her letters, alluded to the sarcophagus as that wonderfully beautiful tomb by which her mother prayed. From this time it has been customary, on every anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, to hold in the mausoleum a religious service, attended by the Queen and her family.

On the morning of the 24th of December, 1863, the great English humourist, William Makepeace Thackeray, was found dead in bed. The news gave a shock to the whole English-speaking public, for, though his popularity had been comparatively slow of growth, it was by that date firmly established. One of the early contributors to *Punch*, he had shown himself a satirist of no mean order, from the days when he wrote "Barry Lyndon" and "The Hoggarty Diamond," which, to some literary palates, are still, in their causticness, the finest fruits of his genius. In *Vanity Fair* he began to display the rich vein of pathos and tenderness underlying his mocking ridicule of society at large, his biting analysis of the vices, follies, and weaknesses of humanity. The longer he lived and wrote, the more conspicuous and unmistakable grew the warm, loving heart behind its panoply of scathing wit, until one scarcely needed the revelations

from Thackeray's private life, in its manliness, single-heartedness, and gentleness, to realise how he honoured and treasured all that was good, even as he hated and assailed mammon worship, false pretension, hard worldliness, and selfish heartlessness. Through "Pendennis," "The Virginians," "The Newcomes," "Philip,"* etc., etc., the two currents ran—not warring with each other, not detracting from each other, though some people, in shrinking from the one, failed to do justice to the other. As for his noble historical novel, "Esmond," there his cleaving to that which is good and his abhorrence of that which is evil were written in letters of fire. It was a saddened Christmas to intellectual circles in England, and later, in America, when the news was spread abroad that Thackeray had died hardly past middle age, in the mellow vigour of his powers.

On the 8th of January, 1864, the heir to the throne in the third generation—Prince Edward * of Wales—was born prematurely at Frogmore. The puny baby lived, and was baptised in the chapel at Buckingham Palace on the 10th of March, the first anniversary of the Prince and Princess of Wales's marriage, just as by a happy precedent the Princess Royal had been baptised on the first anniversary of the marriage of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Queen was sufficiently well to appear as a sponsor for her grandson, along with the uncle who had taken part in all the chief events of her life—the old King of the Belgians. He had struggled successfully with a dangerous illness after he was well past his three score and ten, in order to be present at the baptism of his great-grand-nephew, the fourth in descent from George III.

When the Queen went to Balmoral for her birthday, she had the pleasure of the company of her brother and sister-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.

In 1864 all London was stirred by the presence of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi. It is hard to say what his fascination was for the mob, that knew little and cared less for Italian unity, and the deliverance of Naples from the misgovernment of a Bourbon. Mr. Justin McCarthy is of opinion that, though the admiration of the crowd was vague, it was perfectly sincere, and that it was founded partly on a conviction of brave deeds done and a cause successfully maintained, and still more on the notion that the hero had somehow opposed and defied the Pope. Perhaps the picturesque, brown face, with the brawny figure in the red shirt, had something to do with the enthusiasm. Never since the arrival in England of Kossuth, a greater and more unblemished hero, had there been such a chorus of acclamation, such a crush in the streets to see and hail with jubilant shouts the deliverer of his country. The aristocracy followed the people in crowding after Garibaldi, "the leaders on both sides, after having looked on for a moment with

* Out of his various names, Edward was finally chosen as that by which he was familiarly known.

contempt, and another moment with amazement, fairly pulled off their hats and ran with the crowd, shouting and hallooing like the rest. The peerage then rushed at Garibaldi. He was beset by dukes, mobbed by countesses." It was a generous ferment, when all is said, a touch of the human nature which makes us all kin, a recognition of heroism, however shown, wherever found.

Wars and rumours of wars were rife. A Convention in which England joined for a time with France and Spain—the professed object of the allies being to protect their subjects in the republic of Mexico—ended, after the withdrawal of England and Spain, in Napoleon III.'s overrunning Mexico with his troops, converting it into a monarchy, and inducing a hapless man, Maximilian of Austria, husband of the Queen's cousin, Princess Charlotte of Belgium, King Leopold's only daughter, to accept the crown with the title of Emperor of Mexico.

The American civil war was over, finished practically by the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg gained by the Northern states. The Southern states, in spite of their gallant generals and brave men, were hopelessly defeated; their rebellion was stamped out, and with it the institution of slavery—the ostensible bone of contention. The result was followed by a hideous political crime—the assassination of the patriotic and sagacious president, Abraham Lincoln. A Kentucky lad, the son of a farmer, working with his own hands on his father's farm, in receipt of but a single year's schooling, he raised himself, by great shrewdness and energy, combined with every manly virtue. He passed, in succession, the different stages of clerk, storekeeper, lawyer, senator, and finally president, when his devotion to the principles of justice and to the maintenance of the union, together with his robust common-sense, qualified him to steer the bark of the great republic through the stormy waters of the civil war. It was hardly ended when, on the 14th of April, 1865, seated in the theatre in Washington, with his wife by his side, a half-crazy actor, John Wilkes Booth, fired a shot at the President, which entered his brain, and proved fatal in the course of a few hours. The Queen, in her horror, and her keen sympathy with the widow, sent an autograph letter of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln.

England had a small war with Ashantee; and there was a bigger and more culpable war between the English colonists in New Zealand and the Maoris. Of all native tribes in Australasia, the Maoris had shown themselves the most intelligent, industrious, and fit for civilisation. Bishop Selwyn had done much to christianise them when the usual quarrel broke out between the white man and the brown with regard to the settler's deliberate appropriation of land belonging to the natives. The Maoris fought with such courage and desperation as to place the colonists in considerable peril. But it is hardly necessary to say

that superior weapons, skill and discipline conquered in the sequel. The government voted a sum of money to pay the expenses of the war to the colonists. As for a large portion of Bishop Selwyn's converts, they became renegades from the christianity which could first rob the chiefs of their territory, and then reward the robbers.

An insurrection in Poland, with which the Emperor of the French was disposed to sympathise, had the usual fate of Polish insurrections—it was crushed by Russia.

A war with which the Queen, through her daughters, had more personal interest was that between Denmark and Prussia on the troublesome Schleswig-Holstein question. Schleswig was partly Danish, with a large infusion of the German element. Holstein and another duchy, Lauenburg, were purely German duchies, governed by the reigning King of Denmark, Duke of Holstein-Lauenburg. Already there had been some restiveness under the Danish rule, with an attempt to establish the duchies as so far separate and independent—upon the principle on which Hungary is united to Austria, and yet not incorporated with it. The Germans in general were deeply interested in the fortunes of their northern brethren. As ill luck would have it, the situation was complicated and intensified by the sudden death, without direct heirs, of Frederick VII. of Denmark, and the succession to the throne of Christian IX., the father of the Princess of Wales. He also succeeded, by the treaty of London, to the northern duchies—ripe for revolt. A rival claimant appeared in the person of Prince Frederick, son of the Duke of Augustenburg, who had hitherto waived his rights. Prussia, with her foreign policy guided by the eminent statesman, Von Bismarck, advocated, for her own reasons, the claim of the Prince of Augustenburg; Austria followed suit. Other German states, among which was Hesse Darmstadt, ranked themselves on the side of King Christian, still the titular Duke of Holstein-Lauenburg. The war raged for months, during which the Queen's two sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Louis of Hesse, had the misfortune to fight on opposite sides.

While the war was still brewing, the Queen went again to Germany and to Coburg, so early as August, 1865. She was accompanied by her youngest son, Prince Leopold, and her three younger daughters, Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice. The special object of her visit steals like a pensive note of domestic peace and household affection across the gathering tumult and discord of war. On the late Prince Consort's birthday, the 26th of August, his widow, who was residing for the occasion at his birth-place, Rosenau, was to unveil in the square of his native town, which he had so often traversed in his happy boyhood, a statue erected to his memory. It was of gilt bronze, ten feet high. Of all the numerous commemorative monuments at the installation of which the Queen presided, this one was the most charged with

fond recollections. The custodian of the statue was the brother who had been the inseparable companion of the Prince's youth—all around were the places and the people, the old friends, the fellow townsmen he had known and loved. After the unveiling, the Queen walked across the square, at the head of her children, and handed to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg flowers to be laid on the pedestal. Each of her sons and daughters followed her example till the fragrant mass rose to the feet of the statue.

In the following month the Queen was at Balmoral. She diversified her stay by two visits, one of two days, the other of nearly a week, to Lord Dalhousie and his sister, Lady Christian Maule, at his Shooting Lodge, near Loch Lee, and to the widowed Duchess of Athole,* at her Cottage at Dunkeld. Neither were visits of ceremony or publicity. The first was a repetition of an excursion taken with the Prince Consort four years before. It was made principally on ponies, where no carriage-road could exist up the wild pass of Invermark. Her Majesty's host and hostess met her midway on the ride, and took her to see the well which had been built to preserve the recollection of an incident that had occurred in her former ride. "It is really beautiful," wrote the Queen in her Journal, "built in white stones in the shape of the ancient Crown of Scotland, and in one of the pillars a plate is inserted, with this inscription:—'Queen Victoria, with the Prince Consort, visited this well, and drank of its refreshing waters, on the 20th September, 1861, in the year of Her Majesty's great sorrow,' and round the spring, which bubbles up beautifully, and quite on a level with the ground, is inscribed, in Old English characters, the following legend:—

'Rest, traveller, on this lonely green,
And drink and pray for Scotland's Queen.' " †

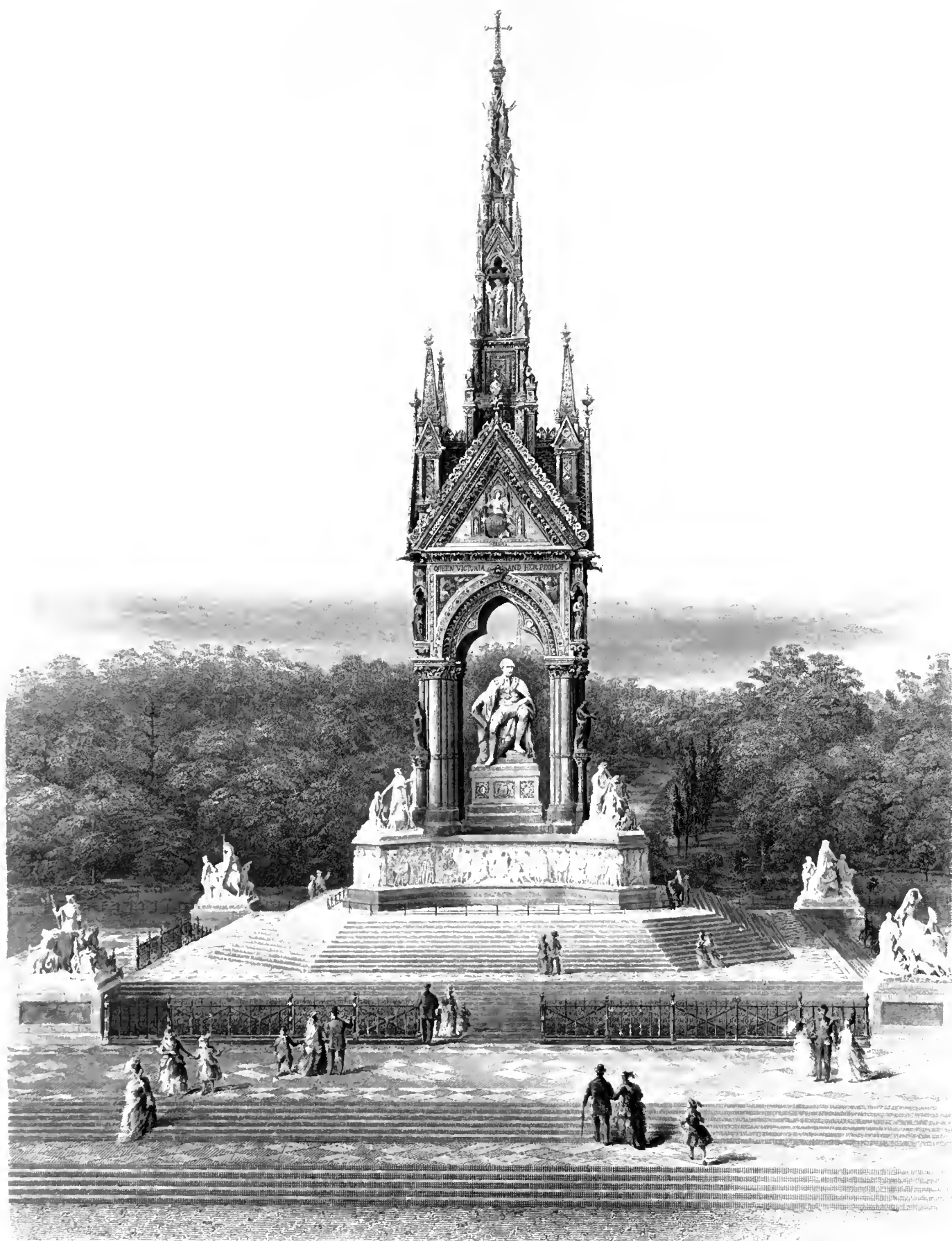
Many a tired wayfarer since 1861, resting and drinking from the Queen's well, has tried to measure alike her great happiness and her great sorrow. Still that sorrow, though softened by time and Christian submission, tinged her whole life.

* Anne Home Drummond, of Blair Drummond, in her youth very beautiful, loved in turn by the heirs of the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, a lady-in-waiting, to whom her mistress the Queen has always been warmly attached.

† A paraphrase of Sir Walter Scott's lines:—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sibyl Grey,
Who built this cross and well."

Marmion.



Still the revival of cherished associations was too much for her, and swept away "the low beginnings of content." The Queen sought, with the piteous lounging which the mourner feels, to live over again at least the outward presentment of the scene from which the inner light has fled. When she again drank from the well, she got from one of the keepers his flask—the same flask which she and the Prince Consort had borrowed and used when she was last in Invermark. The glen, the hills, the picturesque groups around her, seen not only by the setting sun, but by that solemn steadfast after-glow of a vanished presence, were "strange, unnatural, sad." Night fell amidst half-familiar, and yet unfamiliar surroundings, and the sense of loss deepened. "I felt tired and bewildered," wrote the Queen. "For the first time in my life I was alone in a strange house, without either mother or husband, and the thought overwhelmed and distressed me deeply. I had a dear child (Princess Helena) with me, but those loving ones above me were both gone—that support taken away. It seemed so dreadful! How many visits we paid together, my darling and I! how we ever enjoyed them! Even when they were trying and formal, the happiness of being together, and a world in ourselves, was so great."

The Queen's stay with the Duchess of Athole was still more private. It was marred by rainy weather, but as it was the first time Her Majesty had dwelt at Dunkeld, the depressing, inevitable contrast between the experiences of the past and the present was happily obviated. Mist and rain had set in to such an extent during the long and fatiguing journey—partly in carriages, partly on ponies—from Balmoral to Dunkeld, that, though every precaution was taken, and the Duchess came part of the way to escort her royal guest, the whole party were overtaken by darkness. For it was the month of October. The days were shortening rapidly; by six o'clock, in wild weather, the night was come; and by seven it was pitch dark. On leaving the road by Loch Ardie, the two carriages in which the travellers were seated had to pass through a wood. In the pouring rain the foremost coachman mistook a cart track for a carriage road, and the horses stumbled over rough ruts and through deep holes full of water. One of the keepers had to walk with a carriage lamp before the horses; another keeper, John Brown—long the Queen's personal attendant—led the drenched and drooping animals. At last a lodge led into the high road, and all was well, for within no great distance lay the town and abbey of Dunkeld, near which the Duchess's cottage stood in its extensive grounds. A rainy walk—and most people know what that is among such hills as Birnam and Craig-y-Barns—could not spoil everything to fast friends who had suffered sore bereavements in common. There was neither show nor gaiety; the life was even quieter than at Balmoral. Her Majesty breakfasted with the

daughter who accompanied her, and lunched and dined with the Princess, the Duchess, and one or more ladies. When the inclement weather would permit, there were long drives, rides, and rows on the lochs, sometimes in mist and drizzle among beautiful scenery like that which had been some solace to the Queen, even in her deepest affliction; tea among the bracken or the heather, or in some wayside farmhouse—the meal rendered doubly delightful by its scrambling informality to those who have been accustomed all their lives to be sedulously served amidst every accompaniment of comfort and luxury. There were cosy, confidential chats, and time for quiet reading and writing.

The year 1865 was marked by the removal of human land-marks, some of them of long growth, prominent in the history of the country and of the Queen.

Richard Cobden, the great advocate of Free Trade, the originator and one of the two foremost representatives of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was a Sussex man, and, like Abraham Lincoln, the son of a farmer. Cobden, as a lad, entered a London warehouse, which he left for a Manchester factory, rising speedily until he held the position of a successful and prosperous calico printer. His attention was largely attracted to the hindrances and fetters to trade, especially to those produced by the taxes on foreign-grown corn, together with the sufferings caused to the mass of the people by the frequent scarcity of grain, and the famine prices and dear bread which followed on every bad harvest. When the sufferings had been accentuated in war times, particularly during the long Peninsular war, the desperate factory hands, with foreign ports shut against their industries, had repeatedly broken into open riot. England was not sufficiently large, neither was she productive enough in corn, to supply the staff of life, at a reasonable cheapness, to her constantly-increasing population. The taxes on the corn, which foreign countries could furnish in abundance, were balanced on the part of foreign governments by such taxes imposed on the products of English industry (which she was in circumstances to offer to the whole world) as crippled the manufacturer, and deprived him, to a great extent, of any save a home market for his goods. Let there be a free exchange of foreign corn and English cotton and woollen, iron and steel manufactures. The argument might or might not be specious; it was, at least, within the comprehension of the many.

Richard Cobden devoted the prime of his life to what he considered the removal of national abuses. Both in speaking and in writing he showed, to a remarkable extent, the attributes of clearness and vigour which combine to constitute not necessarily an eloquent orator and author, but a leader of the people who can powerfully influence hearers and readers. His personal character was of the highest; his motives were unassailable. The foundation of his theories consisted of "Peace, Retrenchment and Free Trade." His motto



was: "Agitate, agitate, agitate!"—stir up the people to a just conception of their claims and rights. In company with his quaker friend, John Bright, Cobden undertook a crusade against the hostile—for the most part the ignorant or prejudiced opponents of his opinions. The pair might be said to "stump the country" far and wide. The schoolmasters' desks in rural parishes, not less than the crowded platforms in great city halls, rang with vivid representations and earnest appeals.

Entering Parliament as member for Stockport, Cobden's influence was still more keenly felt. He impressed his fellow members with his views till the Conservative leader, Sir Robert Peel, with his party, abolished the obnoxious corn laws, substituting in their stead a sliding scale of duty, which was to afford temporary protection to native agriculture till it was able to stand the introduction of untaxed corn.

Cobden's supporters subscribed seventy thousand pounds to indemnify him for the personal sacrifices which he had made, where his own business was concerned, in bestowing so much of his time and care on what he believed to be the interests of his country. He procured for her an unquestionable boon—the treaty of commerce with France. Having forfeited what might have been a great fortune in trade, Cobden accepted the indemnification tendered him by his countrymen; but he declined any official recognition of his work in bringing about the treaty with France, and enjoined on his wife, beforehand, not to accept the pension of fifteen hundred pounds a-year which the government offered her in her widowhood. He refused a seat and a high post in Her Majesty's cabinet because his principles would not suffer him to approve of the Prime Minister's foreign policy. Cobden also risked, nay, for the moment forfeited, his popularity because, when the country was in a warlike fever, bent on defending Turkey from the inroads of Russia, and determined to assert itself by main force in China, he spoke and wrote against both wars.

Richard Cobden was not above sixty-one years of age when a cold, which he had neglected in order to go up to London and discharge his duties in Parliament, carried him off. In those days, before the long period of reaction and the protracted depression of agriculture, the name of Richard Cobden, the Manchester manufacturer, was one to conjure with, both in high and low places.

In the October of the year 1865, Henry John Temple (Lord Palmerston) died at Brocket Hall, at the age of eighty-one. His early life belonged to another era—one might almost say another world. He was nine years old when the French Revolution was at its height, and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were guillotined. He was at Harrow with Byron, and studied in Edinburgh under Playfair and Dugald Stewart. During the Regency, when the Almack's assemblies were made to give the tone to aristocratic society

which the Court failed to impart, Lord Palmerston was one of the best dancers of the newly-introduced dance—the waltz. He had played chess with Caroline of Brunswick when she dwelt at Blackheath. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years, and was therefore a man of middle age when the Queen ascended the throne. He had entered Parliament when twenty-three. His talents, if not of the very highest order, versatile and singularly available, soon showed themselves. His connection with foreign affairs, by which his statesmanship will be best remembered, began with his appointment as Secretary of War in 1809, when he was only twenty-five years of age. He filled the office for upwards of twenty years, gaining the experience and the marvellous tact by which he was distinguished. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs under Earl Grey in 1830, and with the exception of brief changes of Ministry, which necessitated changes of Ministers, he continued England's representative abroad for twenty more years. His policy, though not always unblemished when straightforwardness and entire fairness to the claims of his neighbours were in question, was largely approved of by the nation. A vote of confidence in him as Foreign Secretary, though keenly opposed by different political sections in the House of Commons, was triumphantly carried. Yet eighteen months afterwards, when Palmerston's former fellow-student in Edinburgh, Lord John Russell, was Prime Minister, Lord John saw it to be his duty to recommend to Her Majesty the removal of Lord Palmerston from office—a recommendation immediately complied with. His disagreements with the head of his Cabinet was caused by a trick Lord Palmerston had acquired of acting on his own authority, without consulting his fellow-ministers. He went still further, he offended the Queen and the Prince Consort by failing to make known to them sufficiently, measures with which Her Majesty ought to have been made acquainted, nay, even by altering passages in State papers after they had been submitted to her. Further, there was a feature in Lord Palmerston's character particularly objectionable to the Prince. It was a real or apparent lack of earnestness in all save what had to do with the honour, as he conceived it, and the interests of England. He was an Englishman of Englishmen, devoted to his country with an absorbing devotion, in which he sometimes failed to see that her highest obligations, her most lasting successes, implied her perfect good faith to other countries and her respect for their rights no less than for her own.

He had all an Englishman's dislike to high-sounding language, to solemn professions, and to the assumption of a loftier code of morality than that which was to be found among fairly good citizens. His oratory, which "never puzzled and never bored" his audience, was easy and colloquial, shrewdly sensible within limits, rather

than profoundly thoughtful or wise. It was more frequently distinguished by gay banter and pleasant jest, than by passionate protests and enthusiastic appeals. He never spoke over the heads of his hearers, and for that reason, as well as for weightier inducements, they believed in and trusted him. Withal he had many of the finer qualities of an Englishman and a gentleman. He was kind-hearted and good-tempered. He indulged in no mean spites or small animosities. He was the least vindictive of men. He fought with unfailing spirit, and gave sharp retorts to sharp assaults in debate, but the moment it was ended he was ready to be on the friendliest terms with his adversaries. His courtesy, like his punctuality, was unfailing. His spirits were as good as his temper. His very physical robustness, which stood him in good stead to his eightieth year, endeared him to "hard Englishmen."

The eclipse in his fortunes, caused by his enforced retirement from the Foreign Office, was short-lived. Three years later, during the stormy period of the Crimean War, after Lord Palmerston had been Home Secretary under Lord Aberdeen's administration, he became himself Prime Minister. His cabinet was succeeded by that of Lord Derby, and when it fell, Lord Palmerston was again called upon to form a Ministry. He did so with great sagacity, and such magnanimity as it was not difficult for him to practise. He summoned several of the most prominent of his late political opponents to take office under him. He appointed Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Richard Cobden would have held office he would have been included in the cabinet. Lord Palmerston was fortunate in his wife. A Prime Minister's wife must, if possible, add to her other gifts the power of playing the part of a *grande dame* in London Society. So well did Lady Palmerston play it, that she is said to have been one of the few Englishwomen who rivalled the famous French *dames de Salon*, in the gracious dignity with which she performed the functions of a hostess. In her inspiring presence, Lord Palmerston was as distinguished a billiard player as he had been a waltzer at Almack's. Lady Palmerston was early trained to her high position, having presided, as Countess Cowper, over the household of Lord Melbourne, whose sister and heiress she was. She brought her second husband as part of her fortune Broom's Barn, in Hampshire, where he died. He, in his turn, made one of her sons, by her first marriage, his heir, giving him the joint names of Cowper-Temple. She was the charming mother of charming daughters, among whom had been one of the Queen's beautiful bridesmaids, Lady Fanny Cowper, afterwards Lady Jocelyn.

According to the gossip of the day, it was the Queen herself who suggested the match

between Palmerston and Countess Cowper to Lord Palmerston. Her Majesty was suffering a little inconvenience in connection with the reception of the wives of foreign ambassadors, from the unusual circumstance that neither the Prime Minister nor the Foreign Secretary was provided with a wife who could help to solve the difficulty. The story went that she said in banter to Lord Palmerston that he ought to marry, and when he asserted in the same tone how hard it would be for him to find a suitable wife, she promptly mentioned a lady to the manner born, Lady Cowper, then in Rome. He was for many years mixed up largely with the Queen's official life. Though she and the Prince Consort had reason to blame his indiscretion in State matters, his age, his long service, his connection with her first Minister, Lord Melbourne—whom he resembled in genial wit and cheery humour, if not altogether in culture, and still less in physical beauty—were attributes not to be overlooked by Her Majesty. Lord Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey with the honours which were his due.

There was still another death which touched the Queen more nearly. It was that of her uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, who died in December, 1865. The attached brother of the widowed Duchess of Kent, he had acted as the Queen's guardian from her earliest years. He had seen in her the heiress to the English throne, which his lamented first wife, Princess Charlotte of Wales, had been when he married her, and afforded a short season of peace and happiness to the troubled young life. Many a year had passed since that happy little household had dwelt one brief year at Claremont, at the end of which the crowning calamity of "dead mother and dead child" befell the nation rejoicing in the hope of a worthy heir to the throne, who could be heartily welcomed as an atonement for previous disappointment and disaster. Prince Leopold, largely by the instrumentality of Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, and Louis Philippe of France, was offered and accepted the crown of Belgium. He married, for his second wife, Princess Louise of Orleans, the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King of France, and Queen Amélie.

The Queen frequently refers to Queen Louise of Belgium in her Journal when abroad, always with an affectionate appreciation of her goodness. She was the mother of two sons and one daughter—named after Princess Charlotte of Wales, the fair-haired, loving English girl whose memory remained with her husband. King Leopold had played a prominent part in Queen Victoria's history. He had supplemented from his private income the by no means ample allowance of the Duchess of Kent, when she lived in retirement with her little daughter at Kensington. He had planned and brought about the Queen's happy marriage with his nephew, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. At

every crisis, in every rejoicing, in every trial of the Queen's life, King Leopold had been ready to come to her aid. His visits during the earlier part of her reign were sufficiently frequent and regular for a suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace to be set apart for his occupation, and used by him on his visits to England. As a constitutional sovereign who reigned wisely and well,* whose throne stood untouched and unshaken by the revolutionary year of 1848, when those of many older sovereignties—including that of his father-in-law, Louis Philippe—were undermined and overturned, he was well qualified to advise his royal kinswoman. Though he had seen five generations of English monarchs and heirs to the monarchy, and survived his second wife, he could still, in his seventy-fifth year, walk thirty miles, and shoot for six hours in winter snow. But, in the following year, he had to submit to a painful and dangerous operation, in order to preserve his life. He was cured so far, but soon after had a slight shock of paralysis, which did not prevent him from being present at the baptism of Prince Edward of Wales. The end came at his palace of Lacken, to which the Queen had paid many visits both before and after the death of the Prince Consort. The death of her uncle was the severance of the last strong tie which linked the Queen's later life with her youthful years.

* When opposed by his cabinet ministers he is said to have brought them round to his side by calmly announcing that he was packing up his personal effects preparatory to quitting the kingdom.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEATH OF QUEEN AMÉLIE.—PROTESTS AGAINST THE QUEEN'S WITHDRAWAL FROM SOCIETY.—
MARRIAGES OF PRINCESS HELENA AND PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE.

IN 1866 the Queen opened Parliament for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort. The ceremony was in half state. The very entrance which had been used on former occasions was disused, the Queen coming in by the Peers' entrance. No flourish of trumpets announced her arrival. She entered, and was received in respectful silence by the great crowd which rose *en masse* to greet her. Her state robe was of very dark purple velvet, trimmed with minever, the nearest approach to mourning which could be adopted at such a time, in such a place. On her head was a small pointed cap of white lace, under her tiara of diamonds. She wore a collar of brilliants, with the blue riband of the Order of the Garter across her breast.

The Queen's eldest unmarried daughters, Princess Helena and Princess Louise, stood on her left hand, and when she had taken her place on the throne, the heir, the Prince of Wales, took his seat on her right hand. The Princess of Wales sat on the woolsack fronting the throne. The Queen's Speech was no longer delivered by herself, with her wonderfully clear enunciation. It was read by the Lord Chancellor; a passage in it announced the approaching marriage of Princess Helena to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, a younger son of the Duke of Augustenburg. Bride and bridegroom-expectant were both within hearing, she in attendance on her mother, while he had been accommodated with a seat on a side bench.

We have no record from the Queen's own hand what that striking spectacle, which a privileged throng flocked to see, cost the central figure in the splendid scene, we can only guess at the rush of the associations, the sense of—

“One mute presence watching all,”

which underlay and pervaded all the state and majesty.

The Parliament thus opened, voted to Princess Helena a dowry of £30,000, with an annuity of £6,000. On Prince Alfred, about to be created Duke of Edinburgh, an annuity of £15,000 was settled.

In March, the Queen reviewed the troops at Aldershot for the first time in five years, and she instituted the Albert Medal as a mark of honour for the men who were the means of saving life in shipwreck and in peril at sea.

The Queen was able again to hear and enjoy the music in which both she and the Prince Consort had formerly delighted. They had been well trained in the gentle science, and he was not only an accomplished organist, he had composed many fugitive pieces of music of acknowledged merit.

In March the Queen's royal hostess on the occasion of her happy informal visit in her yacht to the coast of Normandy and Chateau d'Eu, died in exile at Claremont. Good old Queen Amélie, the widow of Louis Philippe, whom she had outlived sixteen years, was held in much love and veneration by her numerous descendants. She was endeared to the Queen by her many private virtues. The vicissitudes she had faced in her long life of eighty-three years, always with the same quiet dignity and fortitude, had widened her experience. She had the motherliness and consideration for others which it seems natural to expect from the mother of many grown-up sons and daughters. She could not fail to be respected by the French nation, over which her husband—the citizen king, the son of the guillotined Egalité Orleans and the pupil of clever, plausible Madame de Genlis—himself shrewd and affable, reigned successfully, with the aid of his popular minister Guizot, for eighteen years. But Queen Amélie's love of a retired family life, her solid intelligence rather than any mental brilliancy or social gifts, the dash of severity and rigidity in her Roman Catholic devoutness, kept her from exciting any enthusiasm in a volatile race. This prevented her from being, by such superficial attractions as those of grace and graciousness, a help in enhancing and confirming the popularity of the husband to whom she was unfalteringly loyal.

Queen Amélie was one of those Neapolitan princesses, daughters of the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons who have so often figured in alliances with France. She was free from the weakness and the rash folly which distinguished them from the days of the silly reckless Caroline of Naples, sister to Marie Antoinette. Caroline's dogged Austrian blood mingled with that of the more hot-headed Neapolitan Bourbons, in the veins of the ambitious untrustworthy sisters—the Duchess de Berri and the Queen Mother, the widow of Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

The fortunes of the pair—Louis Philippe and Amélie—were at a low ebb when they

were married at Palermo in 1809, six years before the battle of Waterloo. She was twenty-eight and he was thirty-six years of age. Her father had been compelled to resign his throne to Napoleon's Marshal, Murat. Louis Philippe had been a refugee in Switzerland, where he taught mathematics and geography under an assumed name. He had gone to America, where he had acquired some democratic ideas. He had afterwards been living in exile at what was then the lovely little village *ornée* of Twickenham, on the Thames, a place fated to have a long connection with the Orleans family. Louis Philippe had just lost his two younger brothers, who died of consumption, and was joined by his mother and sister, Madame Adelaide—the latter destined to follow his fortunes and be the close friend of his wife in a family relationship and a personal intimacy unbroken for many years. Eventually great private fortunes came to the Orleans family, among them that of the Prince de Condé, and that of the Duc de Penthièvre; but the married life of the heads of the house was begun in exile and adversity.

Twice in the course of the next six years, Louis Philippe and his household ventured back to France—the first time when Napoleon was in Elba, with the good result of the future King's rank in the army, in which he had shown himself a brave soldier, and the forfeited property of the Orleans family being restored to him. Napoleon again at the head of an army, the little household retired promptly to England, but the battle of Waterloo brought them back to Paris—from which they withdrew a second time to the peaceful shades of Twickenham, when Louis Philippe had offended his cousins Louis XVIII. and the Duc d'Artois, by the pronounced liberality of his opinions. In the course of the next two years, however, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans with their children boldly took up their residence at their Château of Neuilly and managed to bring about a show of reconciliation with the reigning sovereign. For the next seven years, probably the happiest in Queen Amélie's life, she and her husband with their large family lived as private persons, save that they gathered round them the leaders on their side of French politics, and the noted representatives of science and literature.

At the revolution of 1830, when Charles X. was forced to abdicate, the Chambers, by a large majority, offered Louis Philippe the crown. He accepted it, and wore it till 1848. He was liked for a period as the Citizen King, the upholder of a limited monarchy, the asserter of the people's rights, the promoter of national industries, and, as a consequence, of national prosperity.

The tide turned when Louis Philippe's schemes for the aggrandisement of his family, the unscrupulousness with which he pursued his object, and the double-dealing of which he could be guilty, alike in home and foreign policy, proved incontestably that the

Rousseau-derived lessons of Madame de Genlis had imparted only a sentimental and skin-deep philosophy and liberality, and that amidst it lurked the craft and greed and, if it might be, the despotism of former times.

In 1848 Louis Philippe was induced to abdicate in his turn. He fled to England, under the middle-class disguise of a stout, ruddy old "Mr. Smith." The various members of his numerous family, whom the memories of the great revolution were calculated to inspire with panic, dispersed in different directions, and arrived in groups of two and three, without suffering much molestation by the way, in their adopted country.

The Queen was full of sympathy for their reverses, though her political relations with Louis Philippe had latterly been severely strained. She had felt lively indignation at the deceit practised upon her during one of her visits to the Château d'Eu, when the King had taken pains to impress upon her that he was guiltless of any design to bring about the Spanish marriages—that of Queen Isabella to her cousin, the elder son of Don Carlos, and that of her younger sister, the Infanta Louisa, to Louis Philippe's own young son, the Duc de Montpensier—a scheme which he was at that moment pushing on to its disastrous conclusion. But now that the King was condemned to eat the fruit of his devices, pity took the place of indignation.

The Queen immediately offered Claremont, which had been King Leopold's gift to her on her marriage, as a residence for the exiled family. There Louis Philippe died, two years after his abdication, in 1850, at the age of seventy-seven; and there Queen Amélie died in 1866.

When Queen Victoria first became acquainted with the royal couple, it was on what was still the unusual occasion of an English sovereign paying a friendly visit as the object of a summer trip in the royal yacht to a foreign king—not in his capital, not in any of his palaces, but as he was ruralising at his seaside retreat. The Queen had been greatly delighted with the novelty of the expedition. Another attraction was found for her in the large, joyous young family party gathered round their elders. Queen Victoria herself had been practically, if not literally, an only as well as a fatherless child. The Prince Consort had been one of two brothers, brought up by their father and grandmother in a home from which the mother had early withdrawn. There was a peculiar charm for both in the cheerful, affectionate *camaraderie*, the gay sociality of a large attached family circle, with its varied individualities and interests. In 1848 the family were rudely scattered.

At Claremont, after Louis Philippe's death, further sorrows and joys came to Queen Amélie, whose brave head, crowned with its snowy pyramids of curls, long kept its honoured place in the centre of her children and grandchildren. She survived two of her

daughters-in-law—the Duchesse de Nemours, who died in childbirth at Claremont in 1857, and the widowed Duchesse d'Orleans, who had gone back to her native Germany with her sons, dying in the following year, 1858. Queen Amélie was spared to witness the marriages of four of her grandchildren in the small Catholic church of the ancient little town of Kingston-on-Thames, with which she had been wonderfully familiar from the days when she was a young wife living in exile with her Duke at Twickenham.

In 1863 the younger son of the late Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Chartres, was married to a cousin, the daughter of the Prince de Joinville. At the same place, in the next year, Chartres' elder brother, the Comte de Paris (the "little Paris" of the Château d'Eu days), was married to another cousin, a daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. At last the aged Amélie laid down her burden of years and cares, hopes and fears.

In 1866 the Queen sent her first message—one of congratulation and peaceful good wishes—to the American President by the Atlantic cable.

In the decline of trade, a dissatisfied mood prevailed among various classes in England. The public, hardly knowing who or what to blame for the commercial stagnation, began to reflect in a vexed, aggrieved manner on the Queen's long absence from society. No doubt, the classes were also a little wounded and mortified in their genuine loyalty, because they no longer saw their sovereign among them. The murmuring produced a manly and a womanly protest. In answer to a speech made at a public meeting in connection with trade, in St. James's Hall, when the speaker had not hesitated to imply that the Queen was allowing her private grief to render her blind to the interests of her people, John Bright, the Quaker, the unflinching champion of Free Trade and of the people's rights, rose and replied with indignation. He was not accustomed to stand up for crowned heads, he mentioned, but he ventured to say that a woman—be she queen of a great country or wife of a working man—who could keep alive a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affections, was not likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy.

The Queen's protest was uttered with pathetic dignity in a statement which appeared in *The Times*. It was made not so much to silence discontented cavilling as in an anxious desire to save her people from farther disappointment where she was concerned, since a rumour was in circulation that she was about once more to take her place in society, and to mix in it as she had done before the death of the Prince Consort. She thanked her people for their wish that she should reappear among them. She explained why this could no longer be. Her health and strength had been sorely tried. They were not fit to sustain the excitement and fatigue which they had been wont to bear without suffering. She had to husband them for the constant work and grave responsibility of

her more serious duties. In these she trusted she would not fail; but in order that she might not, she must be relieved (as she could be by the substitutes provided for her in her grown-up children) from the lighter obligations of her rank. Yet when she could accomplish anything which would promote the social welfare of her subjects, she would endeavour to do it.

Two marriages in the English royal family occurred in rapid succession in the months of June and July, 1866. One of them was destined to be of importance in the line of succession to the throne. It was that of the Queen's cousin, Princess Mary of Cambridge, to Francis, Duke of Teck, a cadet of the house of Wurtemberg, and remotely descended from George II. of England, through George's eldest daughter, Anne, Princess of Orange.

Princess Mary was like the Queen's daughters and the Queen herself, essentially an English princess. She was the younger daughter of Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, the youngest grown-up son of King George III.

The Duchess of Cambridge, the daughter of a Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, lived to a great age, and had spent many years in England. She died in 1889 at St. James's Palace, in which she had rooms. She was the last of the royal family who retained personal recollections of the England of an earlier generation, of the Court of the Prince Regent, of the venerable King George III., dwelling in bodily and mental darkness at Windsor, of stout-hearted little Queen Charlotte, mistress of herself and her surroundings to the last.

Princess Mary's elder sister, Princess Augusta of Cambridge, eleven years the senior of the two, had passed her first years in Germany, when her father was the representative of his brother, King William, in Hanover. At the age of twenty-one she had married a German prince (the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), and became practically a German princess. But Princess Mary grew up in England. A charming picture of her as a little English girl was painted by Landseer, and exhibited after his death. She is represented in a green velvet frock, making a dog, nearly as large as herself, beg for the coveted morsel on his nose. She was seven years older than the Princess Royal, and before she grew up Princess Mary, as her elder sister Princess Augusta had been for a short time, was the solitary specimen of royal young ladyhood in England.

The Cambridge family resided at Kew, where the small, inconvenient country palace in which George III. and Queen Charlotte, when young married people, were fond of leading a simple domestic life, has fallen into disuse. Still, the name of Kew, as associated with the royal family, sounds pleasantly in English ears. Apparently Cambridge House or Cottage, on Kew Green, opposite the old church, has had equally

pleasant associations for the family giving it its name. For at Kew Princess Mary's father was buried, according to his own desire, in the parish church, among the parishioners with whom he had been accustomed to worship. There Princess Mary was confirmed, and there she elected to be married, "among her own people." A girl of seventeen at the time of her father's death, she was a beautiful woman of thirty-three at the date of her marriage in Kew Church, in the presence of the Queen and other members of the royal family.

So far did Parliament recognise the distinction between the German and English princesses, the daughters of the Duke of Cambridge, that, while to the Princess Augusta settled in Germany, it had voted an annuity of £3,000, to Princess Mary, settled in England, it gave an annuity of £5,000. Princess Mary's first married home was in Kensington Palace, where she had children born to her. Later, she has occupied the White House in Richmond Park. English in her interests and tastes, ready to help in every good work, her comely matronly presence and genial smile have been familiar among the great and the small of the people of London for many a year.

In less than a month from the June day on which Princess Mary was married, on the 7th of July, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. He was thirty-six and she was twenty-one years of age. The consideration that her marriage would not prevent her from remaining in England, where the Queen needed the presence of grown-up daughters, was one of the recommendations of the marriage. Another was the estimable character of the bridegroom; a third was to be found in the wish of the bride, the person most concerned in the match. She walked to the altar in her bridal white between Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, followed by the usual eight noble bridesmaids. Prince Christian was supported by Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, nephew to Queen Adelaide, married to a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and long resident in England. Prince and Princess Christian's home was, for a time, Frogmore, afterwards it has been Cumberland Lodge, near Windsor. Cumberland Lodge was built originally for William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. It has the cannon which Cumberland took on the field of Culloden still on the terrace of the house.

The arrangement which retained Princess Helena in England has been fully vindicated by her loyal devotion to her duties, and by the many acts of family affection and kindly assistance to all with whom she has come in contact, that have endeared her to her country people.

CHAPTER XL.

DEATH OF PRINCE SIGISMUND OF PRUSSIA.—WAR IN GERMANY.—LIFE AT BALMORAL.—VISIT TO DUNKELD.—OPENING OF THE ALBERT HALL, KENSINGTON, ETC., ETC.

IN Germany the Princess Royal met the first of her domestic losses in the death of her little son, Prince Sigismund. Princess Alice's fortunes were under a dark cloud. The war between Prussia and Denmark, with Austria and several German states for Danish allies, was approaching its bitter end, where the defeated Danish party were concerned. The Prussian army was so near Darmstadt that its cannonading could be heard in the ordinarily dull little German town, with its barrack-like palaces. Money was scarce in the Royal house, and even a princess had to submit to many restrictions, nigh to privations. Princess Alice bore them with gentle patience, as she strove to relieve the heavier sufferings around her. The Prussian army took possession of the town. In addition to poverty and the presence of the conquerors, with the wounded men of both sides in their train, small-pox and cholera broke out. Princess Alice visited the hospitals daily till her third daughter was born, while the standard of the absent Prince Louis lay hidden in his wife's bedroom. The child was named "Irene," in honour of the peace which was presently proclaimed, her godfathers being the officers and men of her father's regiment.

She has lived to marry a prince of that Prussian house with which Darmstadt was then at war. Her husband is her cousin, Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia. The peace involved the discomfiture of Austria, the loss of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, and the annexation to Prussia (in the United Germany the statesman, Von Bismarck, was building up) of Hanover and Hesse-Cassel. It is said, that had it not been for the friendly interposition of the Crown Prince of Prussia, Hesse-Darmstadt would also have been blotted out of existence as an independent state.

The Queen looked on sadly from a distance at these changes. She could make gifts of money or send one of her physicians and one of her ladies to aid and comfort the Princess

in her silent endurance of tribulation. Further the Queen could not go, for the peace of Europe might not be endangered by rash interference with the belligerent nations over which England had no control.

At home there was by comparison tranquillity and a measure of prosperity in spite of grumblers. The Queen had never really fallen a victim to the absorbing grief which saps the mind and possibly deadens the conscience. At the worst she had struggled with queenly courage to play a part worthy of herself and worthy of him whose absence from her side she could never cease to lament, even when she had learnt the lesson of resignation as the years revolved, though she still wore deep mourning and her servants were also in mourning. She was regaining her cheerfulness, especially in the rural scenes of the Highland home she has loved so well.

There is a subdued brightness in a little picture from an evening at Balmoral which Dr. Norman Macleod has preserved for us. The Queen had acquired the art of spinning, and was fond of practising the primitive industry. While she sat "turning" her wheel, the friend she had long prized, to whom she had looked instinctively for consolation in her sorest need, read aloud to her. (One imagines the golden rays of the setting sun, or the ruddy glow of a peat fire kindling the interested faces of the little group.)

The book chosen was "Burns' Poems," and the portions selected were "Tam o' Shanter" and "A Man's a Man for a' That," her favourite because of its honest, manly plain-speaking, and in spite of what might have sounded its democratic ring.

The Queen knew intimately her humble neighbours in the little village of Crathie, and could visit them familiarly, entering into their joys and especially into their sorrows. It is to such a close and sacred association that Dr. Guthrie, the great Free Church orator and ardent supporter of "ragged schools," referred, when he wrote of one cottage: "Within these walls the Queen had stood, with her kind hands smoothing the thorns of a dying man's pillow. There, left alone with him at her own request, she had sat by the bed of death—a Queen ministering to the comfort of a saint, preparing one of her humblest subjects to meet the Sovereign of us all. The scene, as we pictured it, seemed like the breaking of the day when old prophecies shall be fulfilled—Kings become nursing fathers and Queens nursing mothers of the Church. Whether at the Scotch communion service or at a death-bed or the grave-side, the Queen testified by her presence and sympathy to the oneness of humanity."

The Queen paid a second visit to the Duchess of Athole at Dunkeld—still in October mist and rain for the most part. But Her Majesty was getting better able for the pleasures of the quiet country life which she and the Prince had enjoyed above all

things. Not only were there the luncheons and afternoon teas by rock-sides, or on heathery knolls, or in remote shooting lodges and farm-houses, the Queen was present at a servants' ball given by the Duchess to her household, gardeners, foresters, and their wives, together with the Queen's servants and men, down to her guard of eight men belonging to the Duchess or to the town of Dunkeld, two of whom watched by turns every night (a little shadow on the freedom and peace of the scene). The Queen was vexed that all her gillies were not there because the defaulters "had not any proper shoes," they said. Lady Ely and the gentlemen-in-waiting looked in—Princess Louise and Prince Arthur danced frequently—even the Duchess's old French maid danced! Her Majesty expressed her cordial approval of the very good time of the fiddlers and the animation of the dances.

One of the excursions, when the veil of mist rose at intervals, was a drive of upwards of seventy miles to the neighbourhood of Taymouth. The Queen was personally unknown to the country people around her, and she was able to look undisturbed at the place where she had received her first friendly reception in the Highlands. "Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy," was the pensive reflection; "how many are gone who were with us then! I am very thankful to have seen it (the castle) again," was her last comment. Yes, the time for thankfulness had come; "sorrow's crown of sorrow," was losing its thorns. The old memories held as much sweetness as sadness, they no longer crushed her with anguish. She liked to think and to say how the Prince would have admired those trees and relished these homely dainties.

The Queen opened the water-works at Aberdeen three years after her mournful visit to inaugurate the statue to the Prince Consort. For the first time since his death, she found strength and composure to read herself to the listening, gratified audience, the reply to the Provost's address.

In London, the generous American citizen, Peabody, built his model dwelling-houses for working-men. The Queen as a grateful acknowledgment sent him her miniature, with an autograph letter.

Her Majesty opened Parliament in person in 1867, as in the previous year, with her speech read by the Lord Chancellor. A far more trying ceremony, in the course of which the Queen's feelings nearly overcame her, was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Albert Hall at Kensington. It was a building in the service of Art and Science, which had been a cherished project of the Prince Consort, the fulfilment of which he was not permitted to see. She was accompanied by her younger daughters, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, her young son, Prince Leopold, and her son-in-law, Prince Christian. She was received by the Lord Chamberlain, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edin-

burgh. The Prince of Wales spoke the welcoming speech, and presented the customary bouquet. The Queen took it, kissing her sons, and replying in a voice which was hardly audible. She referred to the struggle she had undergone before she had brought herself to take part in the day's proceedings, but said that she had been supported by the thought that she was thus promoting her husband's design.

This year Her Majesty laid before the public "The Early Days of the Prince Consort"—a portion of what was to be his grandest and most lasting monument. Much of the information was supplied by the Queen, while the work was done under the superintendence of General Grey, equerry to the late Prince, and subsequently to the Queen. It was impossible for English men and women to read this and the later instalments of the life without realising fully, as they had been somewhat slow to do, the Prince's fine qualities of head and heart. Rather too much of the German habit of theorising, and of, as it were, tabulating and reducing to a prescribed rule every subject which interested him, is all that, to an English mind, fettered in any degree his clear foresight and sound judgment. His purity of heart and life, the disinterested unselfishness which merged his personality in that of the Queen, and left private ambition out of the question, those who run may read.

In 1867 there were Fenian disturbances at Clerkenwell and Manchester, and still more serious riots in Ireland, where there had to be a temporary suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

The Queen had for visitors in the course of the summer, the Queen of Prussia, the Empress of the French, and the Sultan of Turkey. The last was the lion of the London season.

A tragic episode occurred at a grand ball given by the Secretary of State for India, when Princess Alice—then on a visit to her mother—led the procession on the arm of the Sultan, and opened the ball with Sir Stafford Northcote for her partner, the Sultan looking on as at a spectacle provided for his entertainment. Madame Musurus, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, when in the act of accompanying some friends to the supper room, dropped down dead.

The Queen held a naval review on board her yacht off Spithead in honour of the Grand Turk. The weather was calculated to disturb the serenity of the ruler of the Bosphorus. Notwithstanding the tumult of wind and wave, Her Majesty conferred on her Eastern ally the Order of the Garter, in accordance with the understanding that, being already a Knight of the Bath, it was the only other Order he cared to receive.

Among the domestic annals of the Royal house figured the painful rheumatic illness of

the Princess of Wales after the birth of her daughter, the Princess Louise; and the birth at Windsor of Princess Christian's elder son.

The Queen gave a great garden party at Windsor, forty of the royal carriages conveying her guests to and from the station. Tents were erected on the terraces, and in the park at Frogmore. Her Majesty's band and a London Glee and Madrigal Company supplied the music.

During the autumn journey to the Highlands, Her Majesty stopped half-way for the purpose of making a short stay at Fleurs, the house of the Duke of Roxburgh and his Duchess, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. Something of the festal character of her earlier progresses was revived on this occasion. On the night of her arrival, bonfires were lit on every hill-top. There were as many as fifteen on the Duke's property alone.

At the entrance of one of the country towns she passed through, girls in white strewed flowers in her path. She paid visits to the vale of the Yarrow, Melrose, and Abbotsford. When the little Princess was at Kensington Palace, Sir Walter Scott, just emerging from his disguise as "the Great Unknown," was invited by the Duchess of Kent, on one of the occasions when he was in London, to come to the Palace and be presented to her and her daughter. Sir Walter, who was loyal to the finger-tips, as a matter of course appreciated the honour, and put in writing his first impression of the fair-haired heiress to the throne, and of the gracious lady who was doing the honours of the reception.

Only a dim memory could have lingered in the child's mind of a big, lame man, with keen eyes under shaggy grey brows, and the long upper lip, a national trait seen also in Sir David Wilkie, Lord Brougham, and Carlyle. Since then she had learnt to know, through his works, the great novelist—still more the masterly exponent of Scotch nature, animated and inanimate. If there is any foreign nation more than another which is open to the attractions of historical romance in all their human breadth and scenic picturesqueness, and can value as it observes the chief of historical romance-writers, it is the German race. That race supplies a compound strain in the Queen's blood, and from it the Prince Consort sprang. The Queen looked with appreciation on "fair Melrose," on the Wizard's grave, on the Eildon hills, which tradition said his magic cleft in twain, on the fairy castle of a still greater magician, which was so great a delight to its founder till the evil days came. They bent but could not break him in his courage and steadfastness. She saw the last homely clothes he wore, the stick which steadied his failing steps, the stuffed effigy of "Maida," which said so much to a true dog-lover, the neatly-written MSS. and in pathetic contrast the blurred lines of his last journal, where the stiff, cramped fingers had

striven to perform their task to the end. She responded to the request that she should write her name in his journal, qualifying the act with the modest entry in her own journal that she felt it presumption. But it would have pleased the chivalrous heart of Sir Walter to know that the little hand of his liege lady, the hand of the child he had seen at Kensington, which had grown to wield worthily a mighty sceptre, thus paid its tribute to his genius.

In 1867, in September, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Lady Ely, and the usual attendants, made ~~one~~ ^{on} their long excursions in carriages and on ponies in order to pay a visit of severate Prince, the Duke of Richmond at his shooting lodge of Glenfeddich, in the heart ~~then~~ ^{then} to read this. On the way an accident, common enough to humbler travellers but passing ~~sublime~~ ^{valuable} to Her Majesty, occurred. Her luggage was detained so long that she and her companions had to dine in their riding-habits, and make what shift they could for sleeping gear. The lost luggage turned up next day, and a showery morning clearing in time, the glens, "burnies," and hills, with here and there an old castle, offered their wonted charm. No less than eight stags were seen at a distance. "Oh! had dearest Albert been here with his rifle!" was the instinctive cry of the faithful heart which could not forget.

During the following month, on the twenty-eighth anniversary of the engagement to her young lover—which had been so blest, that even though death had parted the pair, the survivor could say of the day, "How I can bless it!"—the Queen unveiled the statue of the Prince Consort, which she gave to her Balmoral people. The weather was wet, but it was not allowed to interfere with the ceremony, which in its simplicity had almost a domestic character. Conspicuous in the little gathering of servants and tenants, with the detachment of Highland soldiers drawn up behind the statue, the Queen and her children then in the Highlands stood in the rain in front of the statue. A verse of the hundredth psalm was sung; Mr. Taylor (the parish minister) prayed, and the statue was uncovered; the soldiers presenting arms, and the pipers playing. Dr. Robertson, the Queen's commissioner, spoke in the name of the people to thank the Queen for her gift. The soldiers fired a *feu de joie*, all cheered, and "God save the Queen" was sung as a finale.

On the last day of October, Her Majesty had an opportunity of witnessing, and even of joining in, the picturesque Highland mode of celebrating the ancient festival of Hallowe'en. Burns' verses have preserved the Lowland customs on the same occasion. They are largely confined to various rites—social and solitary—with the object of penetrating into the secrets of futurity. The proceedings do not include the torch-

light procession which is so marked a feature of a Highland Hallowe'en. The Queen hurried home from her drive in the gloaming, to be met by the keepers and their wives and children, and by the gillies and people of the village of Crathie, all bearing torches. Alighted at the house, the party walked round it, the pipers playing, Princess Louise and Prince Leopold leading the way, the Queen and Lady Ely coming next, the rest of the gathering following, all bearing torches, which as they flamed on the different members of the company, and occasionally flared up so as to afford a brief glimpse of the bold landscape close at hand, must have had a sufficiently weird effect. The performance ended with the piling up of the torches so as to form a bonfire, and the dancing by the gillies and servants of reels on the turf to the music of the pipes.

In 1867, the terrible news arrived from Mexico that the republican Mexicans, after they had overpowered the Imperial party, had deliberately shot the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian (Archduke of Austria), in retaliation for a rash proclamation which he had been induced to issue, that any insurgents found in arms against him and his government should be taken and shot. Already his sorely troubled young wife, the Empress Charlotte, the cherished only daughter of the Queen's uncle, the late King Leopold, had quitted the country in order to visit, in turn, the different European courts and implore aid for her Emperor. In the course of an interview with the Pope, the double tragedy was revealed to the horrified listeners. Her brain had given way, and she was hopelessly insane from that time. Her husband was aware of the fact, for within the last few minutes before he was shot, when he drew out a miniature of her, looked at it and kissed it, and bade the priest in attendance tell "Löttchen" that his last thought was of her, he added—if she were ever able to receive and understand the tender message. The most careful human precautions, the most well-founded human hopes may easily be frustrated in the Providence of God, as if to show that it is not man but God who rules men's destinies. The anxious search of the old King of the Belgians for a good man to be his daughter's husband, and for a safe and sheltered lot in life for her, ended in this ghastly result. Well for King Leopold that he lay at rest in the royal vault, or saw, "with larger, other eyes than ours," the destruction of his plans and hopes. Sorrow, death, and dark disaster had indeed crossed the paths and ended the careers of two out of the three young bridegrooms from Portugal, Austria, and Germany, who had made a gallant trio, adding to the gaiety of the happiest of Royal homes, shortly before the marriage of the Princess Royal. In Portugal both bride and bridegroom were dead in the

bloom of their youth. In Mexico there was a dishonoured grave, and, back in the Princess Charlotte's native Belgium, a distracted soul sought rest in vain.

In the following year, 1868, the first volume of "Leaves from the Queen's Journal" took her people into her confidence, into her heart of hearts, bidding them mourn with her, while she permitted them to feel the very ache of her anguish, asking them to recognise how glad life had been to her in the crowning gift which had been taken back in the supreme wisdom of the Giver. But the very memory of the gift in its nobleness and sweetness was helping to console her, and to render her equal to the long life crowded with events both joyful and sorrowful, which still lay before her.

England was outraged, and the Queen alarmed and wounded, by a dastardly attempt on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh, near Port Jackson, New South Wales. He was in the act of receiving the hospitality of the friends of the Sailors' Home when he was shot in the back by a man named O'Farrell. Happily the injury was slight.

Two public ceremonies came into this year's record of the Queen's life. The first was the laying of the foundation-stone of the great London hospital of St. Thomas's, on the banks of the Thames, which owed its origin, in the first place, to Edward VI. The second was the review of the highly gratified Volunteers, to the number of twenty-seven thousand, in Windsor Park.

In the course of the summer of 1868 the Queen had a new and refreshing experience. When she had gone abroad before, it had been to make royal progresses among friends and kindred; or to hide away for a season with her crushed and bleeding heart; or to discharge some duty which her tender conscience laid upon her. There had not been much regard paid to special novelty and beauty of scenery in these expeditions. But this year the Queen satisfied her curiosity and gratified her taste in scenery, while physically she had the advantage of breathing the air blowing fresh from snow-crowned mountains, bringing new vigour and elasticity to the unbraced and languid mind and body. Her destination was Switzerland, and it was by the lovely Lake of Lucerne, among the all-encircling mountains, that she was to stay with her younger children and her suite for a period of two months of well-won rest and recreation. The Pension Wallis, on the Hill Gibraltar, situated sufficiently above the lake to be free from the oppressive heat which summer sometimes brings to the occupants of the hotels and houses on the edge of the water, was engaged for Her Majesty's use. At her feet beneath the pine-clad hill lay the little town, red-roofed, with ancient walls and water-tower. The covered bridge with the blue-green water

swirling under foot, and overhead the rude version of Holbein's "Dance of Death," were within walking distance. So was Thorwaldsen's Lion, wounded to death, his paw resting on the broken lilies of France, a fine pathetic monument to the faithful Swiss Guards who were overpowered and slain at their post, dying in vain for their master, Louis XVI., in the corridors, courts, and streets in and about the Tuileries during the horrors of the great French Revolution.

Within easy reach also, was the venerable organ with the thrilling "human voice" forming part of its notes, and the statue to Arnold of Winkelried grasping the Austrian spears to his bosom in order to make a way over his fallen body for his countrymen on the battle-field of Sempach. Guarding the town end of the lake towered the giant sentries of the Rhigi and Mont Pilatus, with the mediæval legend. The time-serving supercilious Roman Governor to whom Divine Truth in transcendent majesty and crystal purity was presented without avail, was doomed, in monkish story, to wander thenceforth, washing and wringing his hands in everlasting bootless remorse. A homelier and yet still a fanciful image is that which makes of Pilatus a weather prophet, and judges whether "fair" or "rain" will be the watchword of the day according to his assumption of no more than his cloud cap, or his girding himself with his cloud-sword, or his fatal shaking out and drawing close the voluminous folds of his cloud mantle. From the summit of the Rhigi, which the Queen was able to mount on her pony, could be seen the sites of nearly all the various battlefields on which the gallant little Swiss nation secured its freedom, together with eleven lakes, silver in the sunshine, leaden before sunrise and after sunset, and looking always strangely fixed and still, like the eyes of the dead, on account of the great height from which are viewed the motionless mirrors of the mountain land.

On the lake of Lucerne, with its wooded and winding shores, and lofty mountains twice as high as the Scotch mountains, the little steamer which the Queen chartered carried her into the heart of Tell's country to Altorf itself and the square where legend insists, in spite of philosophic incredulous historians, the Austrian Governor, Gessler, compelled the *biedermann* to hit with his arrow the apple on his son's head. The Queen made such good use of her stay in an enchanting region that she even extended her investigations to a link in the chain of the desolate Engelberg mountains.

A valued friend who had vivid associations with the long train of years which had come and gone since Princess Victoria ascended the throne a girl of eighteen, was lost by death to the Queen in 1868. Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, was daughter of the Earl of Carlisle and grand-daughter of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty

Lady Harriet Howard inherited. She had in her matronhood as Duchess of Sutherland the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Europe, as she was also one of the most upright, gracious, and kind-hearted ladies of her generation. When Harriet Beecher Stowe visited England, the Puritan Minister's wife was received at Sutherland House as a familiar friend, and warmly congratulated on the blow which the publication and popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had dealt to the barbarous institution of slavery. The Duchess of Sutherland was the Queen's first Mistress of the Robes. It was she who, during the drive back from Westminster on the Coronation Day, is said to have been seen struggling with the crown, which had been moulded on too large and heavy a scale for the youthful head it was destined to encircle, and was therefore in danger of slipping over the forehead and disarranging the smooth braids of fair hair on which it rested. At the awful season of the Queen's unlooked-for bereavement, before her elder sister, Princess Hohenlohe, or the Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, could hurry from Germany to be with the widow, Princess Alice and the distressed household summoned to their aid Her Majesty's old friend the Duchess of Sutherland, herself a newly-made widow, for the Duke of Sutherland had passed away in the same year as that in which the Prince Consort died. The Duchess joined with the young Princess and with Lady Augusta Bruce, who never left her royal mistress, day or night, in seeking to sustain her in the sore calamity.

Of the Duchess's four lovely daughters, three were duchesses in their turn, the Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Leinster, and the Duchess of Westminster. Two out of the three, the Duchess of Argyle and the Duchess of Westminster, with their sister, Lady Blantyre, died when little over forty years of age. The Duchess of Leinster faded away unobserved, in her grief for the death of the Duke. Two of Duchess Harriet's grandchildren have married into the Royal Family—the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duchess of Argyle, with the Princess Louise; and Lady Margaret Grosvenor, youngest daughter of the Duchess of Westminster, with Prince Adolphus of Teck, eldest son of Princess Mary of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck.

END OF VOL. II.



